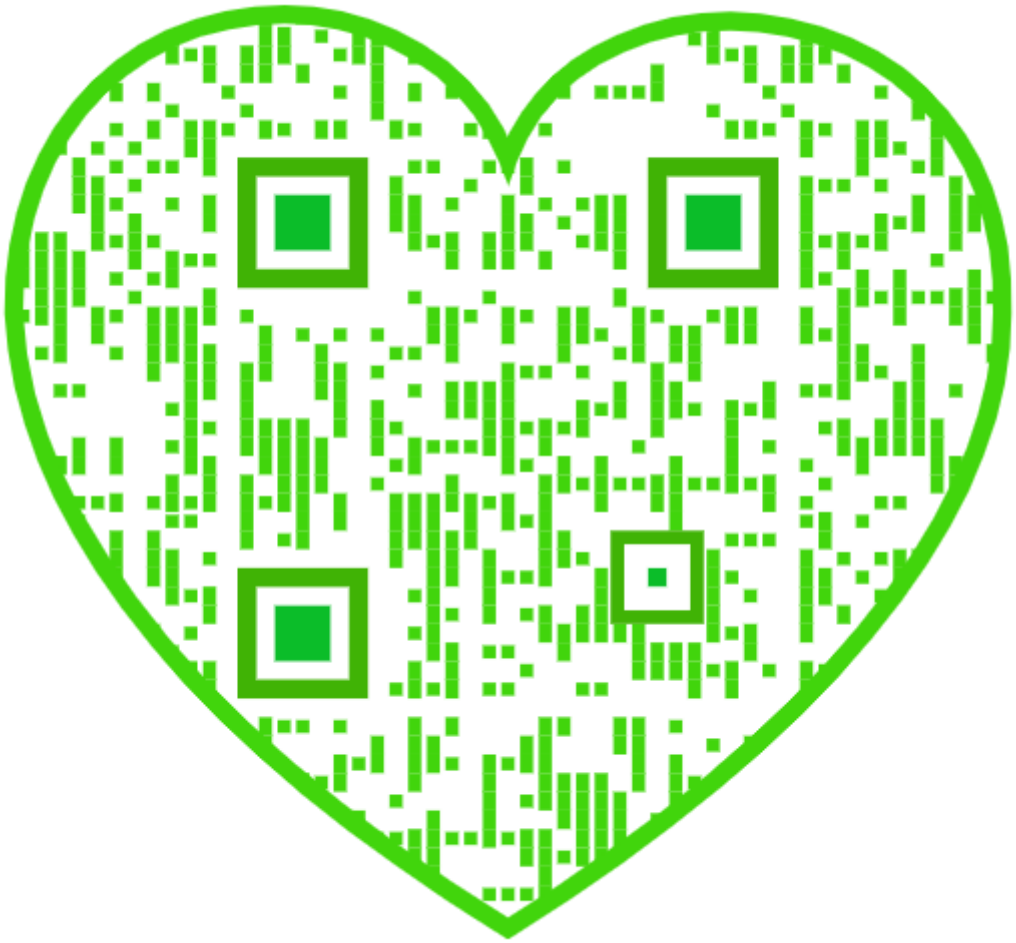
Elson, William H.
Elson readers /
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 04923 5422

ERS' EDITION

THE ELSON READERS

BOOK FOUR



THE ELSON READERS

BOOK FOUR

(*REVISION OF ELSON PRIMARY SCHOOL READER, BOOK FOUR*)

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR OF GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

4—R

591730
C

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

For permission to use copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is made to *The Outlook* for "Agreed to Disagree" by Sydney Dayre; to D. Appleton & Company for "Planting the Tree" by Henry Abbey; to A. Flanagan Company for "How the Chipmunk Got Its Stripes," from *Nature Myths* by Flora J. Cooke; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for "A Brave Boy's Adventure" by J. P. Kennedy, and "Early Settlers," from *Stories of a Naturalist* by John J. Audubon; to James Whitcomb Riley for "No Boy Knows" (copyright, 1902), from *A Book of Joyous Children;* to Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for "Some Glimpses of Lincoln," from *The True Story of Lincoln* by Elbridge S. Brooks.

PREFACE

This book recognizes that the Fourth is a transition-grade. In earlier grades emphasis is placed on learning to read, on the mechanics of reading; in later grades attention centers on reading to learn, on the *uses* of reading; in the Fourth grade, the emphasis is shifting from the one viewpoint to the other.

Plan of Organization

This change of emphasis calls for definite organization. A book that is to build up ideas and inspire worthy ideals must present its content so unified as to make deep and lasting impressions. In the Elson Reader, Book Four, the selections are grouped in five main parts, centering about the following themes: love of home and country; the joy of adventures; the charms of nature; ideals of heroic service to others; friendship for some great American authors.

This book is unique in its provisions for ensuring that the pupil will gain clear and lasting impressions of its content. First, a helpful introduction, called "Your Book-Comrade," shows the pupil a pleasing prospect of the five groups of stories and poems, awakening keen interest and pointing out the controlling ideas of the book as a whole. Second, "A Forward Look," at the beginning of each part, shows how each selection unites with others in teamwork, to bring out the main thought of the group, and "A Backward Look," at the end of each part, takes stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from the reading. These unique features aid the pupil to see the book as a whole, dominated by a few fundamental ideals — instead of viewing it as a scrap-book of miscellaneous selections about many different things.

Variety of Literature

This Reader makes a many-sided appeal to the pupil's interest. There are stories and poems for festival and anniversary days, and for patriotic and "good citizenship" exercises. The book presents material of unusual value for the appreciation of nature, including poems rich in imagery, and stories that will arouse the child's

interest in the facts of nature, such as the selections by Thoreau and Baynes, the naturalist-author who organized the Long Island bird club, of which Colonel Roosevelt was president. There are longer stories particularly suited to the needs of rapid silent reading for the story-plot, and shorter selections for reading aloud and for detailed study. There are dramatizations and a pleasing pageant for entertainments, and other selections suited to dramatic treatment — excellent project material.

Service and Citizenship

The book is strong in ethical values, and rich in ideals of home and country, helpfulness to others, coöperation, and good-citizenship — ideals of which American children gained a new conception during the World War and which the school reader should perpetuate. Not only are these ideals the theme of many of the stories and poems, but they are driven home by the fact that they are the dominant ideas of certain groups of selections that work together to produce a lasting impression.

Definite Helps

The following definite helps are provided to aid the pupil to enjoy his reading and to gain the full benefit from it:

(*a*) A complete Glossary gives the meaning and pronunciation of the words, trains pupils in alphabetical arrangement, and establishes the "dictionary habit."

(*b*) Helps to Study contain questions and suggestions that make clear the main idea, stimulate thinking, and bring out modern parallels to the situations found in the stories.

(*c*) A definite plan of study called "How to Enjoy Your Reading" (page 16) trains the pupil from the first to make intelligent use of the many helpful devices of the Reader.

(*d*) Suggestions for increasing speed in Silent Reading, and definite questions that furnish a program of procedure for developing and testing efficiency are provided for certain of the longer selections. See pages 336, 337, etc.

CONTENTS

PAGE

YOUR BOOK-COMRADE—An Invitation to Boys and Girls 8

PART I. OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOMES

A Forward Look 11

LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES 13
A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON 17
A SONG FOR FLAG DAY ..... *Wilbur D. Nesbit* 19
A STORY OF THE FLAG ..... *Victor Mapes* 20
SOME GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN ..... *Elbridge S. Brooks* 23
HOW THEODORE ROOSEVELT OVERCAME HIS HANDICAP 25
A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR ..... *Edna V. Riddleberger* 28
THE QUEST ..... *Eudora Bumstead* 33
LITTLE BROWN HANDS ..... *Mary H. Krout* 34
EVENING AT THE FARM ..... *John T. Trowbridge* 36
A DOG OF FLANDERS ..... *Louise de la Ramée* 38
A BOY'S SONG ..... *James Hogg* 47
NO BOY KNOWS ..... *James Whitcomb Riley* 48
A FAREWELL ..... *Charles Kingsley* 49
WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID ..... *Frank L. Stanton* 50
PIONEER TALES ..... *David Crockett* 53
EARLY SETTLERS ..... *John James Audubon* 59
DANIEL BOONE ..... *J. M. Peck* 62
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY ..... *Bradford's History* 66
PROVERBS OF SOLOMON ..... *The Bible* 79

A Backward Look 80

PART II. FAIRYLAND AND ADVENTURE

		PAGE
A Forward Look		81
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS	*Lewis Carroll*	83
THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT	*Edward Lear*	92
RUMPELSTILTSKIN	*Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm*	95
THE WISE JACKAL	*A Tale from India*	103
THE FOOLISH JACKAL	*A Tale from India*	108
THE PORCELAIN STOVE	*Louise de la Ramée*	110
THAT CALF	*Alice Cary*	130
AGREED TO DISAGREE	*Sydney Dayre*	132
A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE	*J. P. Kennedy*	134
THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE	*Adapted from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol"*	144
A Backward Look		157

PART III. THE WORLD OF NATURE

A Forward Look		159
PLANTING THE TREE	*Henry Abbey*	161
HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN	*Susan Coolidge*	162
MAY	*George Macdonald*	164
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP	*Edith M. Thomas*	164
THE TREE	*Björnstjerne Björnson*	166
THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN	*Henry D. Thoreau*	167
HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES	*Flora J. Cooke*	169
THE BLUEBIRD	*Emily Huntington Miller*	171
THE SINGING LESSON	*Jean Ingelow*	172
HUMILITY	*James Montgomery*	173
BOB WHITE	*George Cooper*	174
BEES AND FLOWERS	*Arabella B. Buckley*	175
THE BEE AND THE FLOWER	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	178
TAKING LUNCH WITH A WILD GROUSE	*Ernest Harold Baynes*	179
THE CHILD'S WORLD	*William B. Rands*	183
THE BROOK-SONG	*James Whitcomb Riley*	184
THE RIVULET	*Lucy Larcom*	185
RAINING	*Robert Loveman*	186
A WONDERFUL WEAVER	*George Cooper*	187
MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB	*Ivan A. Slivitski*	188
THE MONTHS—A PAGEANT	*Christina G. Rossetti*	200
A Backward Look		213

PART IV. FAMOUS HEROES OF LONG AGO

PAGE

A Forward Look 215

BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE 217
SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR 235
ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT 253
Clara E. Lynch

A Backward Look 271

PART V. GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

A Forward Look 273

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN 275
THE WHARF 276
PROVERBS FROM *Poor Richard's Almanac* 277
A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD 278

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER 279
THE DROVERS 280
THE FISHERMEN 283
THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH 285

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW 288
DAYBREAK 289
RAIN IN SUMMER 289
HIAWATHA'S FISHING 291

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE 298
THE SUNKEN TREASURE 299
THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER 306

A Backward Look 325

HELPS TO STUDY 328

GLOSSARY 341

YOUR BOOK-COMRADE

An Invitation to Boys and Girls

I suppose some of you boys and girls think that I am only a book, only some sheets of paper with a lot of words printed all over me. But if you will make a friend of me, you will find that I am really the most interesting comrade you ever had.

Your schoolmates can play games with you, to be sure, and perhaps now and then can tell you something interesting that has happened to them. But every day *I* can tell you stories of exciting things that have happened all over the world, all sorts of stories about all sorts of people and animals and fairies, at all sorts of times.

Let me take you by the hand and whisk you away to scenes in far-off India or frozen Russia or the campfire of Indians. In truth I will speak to you with so many different voices that I cannot begin to tell you all of the interesting folk who will talk to you out of my pages. Just turn back a moment to those queer-looking pages 5, 6, and 7 called "Contents," and you will see that I can tell you about five quite different kinds of things.

First I can give you a glimpse of some of the things that make us love this big country of ours, and show you how much we owe to such great men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and even to a little gray pigeon that saved hundreds of brave American soldiers in the World War we have just won. I will give you a peek, too, at the life of the early settlers, fighting against wild animals and Indians.

And next I can whisk you away into the fairyland of adventure where you will meet funny people and still funnier animals, until you laugh aloud with the joy of it all. Some of these scenes will carry you into a land of magic nonsense, while others will show you exciting adventures that sometimes happen to real boys and girls.

Then again I can lead you into the wonderland of Nature and show you the beautiful things that live or grow all about you. Perhaps you have never thought before how sweet the song of the bluebird can be, or how interesting our frisky little squirrel friends can prove.

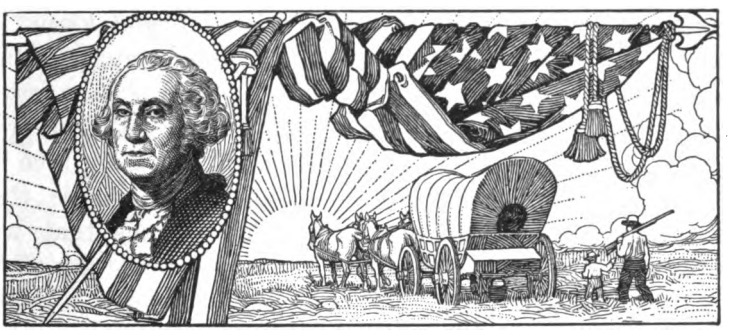
And then all of a sudden, if you will come with me, I shall lead you away back into far-off lands across the sea, into a time that passed away hundreds of years ago. There you will see acting before your very eyes some of the great world heroes, Beowulf and Sigurd and Roland, whose lives were so noble that men ever since have kept their memories fresh.

Last of all, I shall bring you back to your own country, where you shall visit some famous American authors who wrote stories and poems so full of charm that all the world began to think of America as a land of books, as well as a land of freedom.

Now I have shown you some of the wonderful stories you may share with me if you will only make me your comrade. And one of the best things about me is the fact that I have thousands and thousands of brothers, who will gladly be your comrades, too. Every year of your life will be made happier and wiser and richer, if you will welcome the great family of books as your friends.

Part I

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOMES



A Forward Look

First of all, come with me — your book, your comrade — for a peep back into the days when America was young. We shall start with a little journey to a farmhouse near Philadelphia. Before your eyes will be seen a little American girl, brave enough to stand up for her rights even in the presence of a British general. And then you will catch a glimpse of George Washington and, a little later on, of Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps you will chuckle a bit at the words you hear them saying, but you will see, too, why these great Americans were able to lead our country in times of danger.

But now the scene changes. For I am a magic comrade, and in a twinkling I am leading you across the sea into the land of France. Open wide your eyes — it

is a true incident you are about to see. A small group of American soldiers are bravely fighting for their country in the World War. See! All around them are great armies of Germans: but a little gray pigeon saves their lives!

Perhaps you are wondering how the story of a bird can teach you a lesson in patriotism; for you know, of course, that the pigeon cannot love our country. But the pigeon's love of *home*, though it is only a coop in an army camp, saved the lives of our soldiers. Surely the love of home is a wonderful thing. Your own love of home, and your faithfulness to the simple duties that make home worth while, are the very things that will make you a good citizen. For good Americans are those who not only salute the flag, but who loyally try to make their homes — whether on farms, in villages, or in cities — cleaner and better.

So come with me back from the land of France and wander for a while among little scenes that show the happy, busy, home-life in America.

Last of all, let me lead you back to catch a glimpse of the busy life led by the early settlers of our country, the men who cleared the forests for their homes in the days before America was great. You will see how work and thrift made them happy, useful citizens. Then you will begin to understand how much of your peace and comfort today you owe to the brave men and women who long ago toiled to make this country a safe, prosperous home for you. You, too, can do your part in making your home and country better and cleaner and safer. Even a young American — though he cannot be a hardy pioneer — can be a useful citizen.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES

At the time of the Revolutionary War, a brave little American girl named Anne Randolph lived on a farm not far from Philadelphia. Her father and her two brothers had joined the American army under the command of George Washington. Anne and her mother were left alone to take care of the farm.

Two years before the time of this story Anne's father had given her a beautiful calf as a pet, and the two had become great friends. Whenever Anne went into the field, the young cow came to be petted.

At one time during the war the English army was in Philadelphia. The soldiers, as they marched through

the country, took the wheat and the corn of the farmers, and their horses and cattle as well.

One day the soldiers came to the farm of Mr. Randolph and seized Anne's pet cow. They tied a rope about her horns and drove her away. In great grief, Anne begged for her pet, but without success.

It did not take long for Anne to think what to do. She ran to the stable, saddled her pony, and then rode at full speed to see Lord Cornwallis, the general of the English army. It was a very brave thing for a little girl only twelve years of age to do.

A soldier was marching back and forth in front of the general's quarters. "What do you want?" he asked Anne, as she galloped up.

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," she said.

The soldier let her pass, thinking, no doubt, that she had very important news to tell. Lord Cornwallis and some of his friends were at dinner when little Anne rushed into the room.

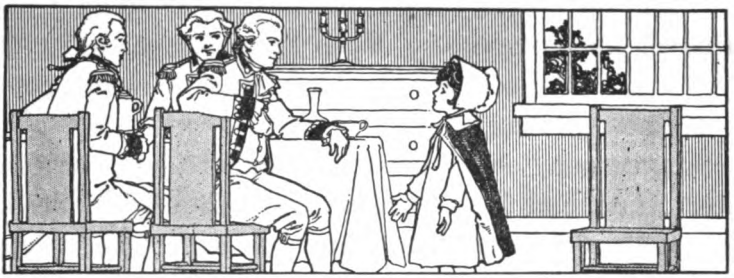
"What do you want, my child?" asked the general.

"I want my cow, sir. Your soldiers have taken her away, and I have come to get her. Oh, please, sir, you must let me have her."

"And who are you, my little girl?" asked the general, kindly.

"I am Anne Randolph, and I live three miles from here with my mother. Have you seen my cow, sir?"

"Have you no father or brothers, Anne?"



"Yes, sir, but they are in the army."

"In which army?"

"In the American army, sir."

"Oho! so they are rebels, are they?"

"Oh, yes, sir, we are all rebels about here, sir."

"And you are a bit of a rebel yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, I was born so."

The general threw back his head and laughed. "And your cow is a rebel, too, I suppose."

"I think so, sir. She is the nicest cow I ever knew."

The general and his officers laughed again. "Look here, my little rebel," said Lord Cornwallis soberly, "don't you know that we are here to fight the rebels?"

"Yes, sir, but you are not here to fight a little American girl," Anne answered. "Oh, sir," she continued, "I raised my cow myself. She has always been mine. She can't belong to you. I would never steal your cow, sir," the little girl said, proudly.

The general rose. "Come here, my child. I promise you that your cow shall be safe in your barn tomor-

row; and here, take these," he said, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles. "Keep them to remember me by. And if the soldiers trouble your cow again, come to me at once."

"Gentlemen," said Lord Cornwallis to his officers, after Anne had left, "this country is certain to be free, with such brave little rebels in it as this."

The general kept his promise, and the next morning Anne's cow was once more in her own snug stable.

How to Enjoy Your Reading

What a joy it is to read a good story like "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles"! But some of that joy is lost if you cannot understand all the words or thoughts. This book contains helps to enable you to get full enjoyment from your reading.

First, the main idea of each group of selections is made clear by "A Forward Look" (see page 11) and "A Backward Look" (see page 80).

Next, there are many pictures that show the most interesting scenes. As you read a story, be sure to look closely at the pictures.

Then, there is a short dictionary called a "Glossary" (pages 341–352) that gives the meaning and pronunciation of the words. If you find in some story or poem a word that you do not know, look it up in this Glossary. For example, find the meaning of "rebel" in the story you have just read. By using this Glossary you will learn how to use that wonderful book, the big dictionary.

And last, if you do not understand some group of words in the story, turn to the "Helps to Study," pages 328–340. Sometimes, too, these Helps to Study ask questions that will set you thinking. And the more you think, the more you will enjoy this book.

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON

A man often shows his true greatness by some very simple act of kindness. For example, you may get a glimpse of George Washington from a kindly little act, which, we may be sure, taught a corporal in the American army to know him better than ever before.

Early one morning Washington went alone to see for himself what his soldiers were doing in a camp which he had ordered to be fortified. The weather was so cold that he wore a long overcoat with a great cape. The coat hid his uniform, and his hat and cape did not leave much of his face to be seen. For this reason, the soldiers who saw him did not know that the tall man passing by was their great general, George Washington.

At one point in his walk he came upon a few men who, under the command of a corporal, were building a breastwork of logs. The soldiers were bending over a very heavy log, and were just about to raise it to the top of the breastwork, when General Washington came walking by.

The corporal stood at one side giving orders. "Heave ho!" he cried. "All together! Up with it! Now!" The men lifted with all their might, but they could not raise it quite high enough.

The corporal shouted again, "Heave! Up with it! Up! Up!" but he did not put his hand to it himself. The men struggled and strained; but they had done their best, and the heavy log was about to sink back into their arms.

At this moment Washington ran to them, and with his great strength gave them the help they needed. The log was quickly lifted upon the breastwork and rolled into place. The grateful men thanked the stranger, but the corporal paid no attention to him.

Then Washington turned to him and said in a stern voice, "Why don't you help your men with this heavy lifting?"

"Why don't I?" said the man. "Don't you see that I am the corporal?"

"Indeed!" replied Washington, as he unbuttoned his coat and showed his uniform. "Well, I am the commander-in-chief! The next time you have a log too heavy for your men to lift, send for me." Then turning upon his heel, he walked away.

We may be sure that the corporal learned a lesson that many men need to learn, and that the soldiers came to know their great general better than they had ever known him before.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY*

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white —
The good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright —
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat,
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag —
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope —
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

— *Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

* From *The Trail to Boyland*, by Wilbur D. Nesbit, copyright 1904; used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A STORY OF THE FLAG

A few years before the World War, our country's flag was not so well known in France as it is today. During the war it floated from many buildings in Paris by the side of the flag of France. But at the time of this story it was a rare thing to see the Stars and Stripes in lands across the sea, and one little American boy traveling in France with me missed the sight of his own country's flag very greatly. Frank's adventure in Paris, several years before the World War, is worth telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been in Paris nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag.

On the morning of the Fourth, however, a number of flags were hanging out from the American shops. They looked strange to us, and the idea came to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world — and that his own nation was a kind of big family to which he belonged. The Fourth of July was a sort of big family birthday, and the flags were out to tell the Frenchmen and everybody not to forget the fact.

A feeling of this kind came over Frank that morning, and he called out, "There's another!" every

time a new flag came into view. He stopped two or three times to count the number in sight, and showed in many ways that he had come to a new understanding of America and the American flag.

That morning Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than he, came to our hotel, and they went off together to see the sights.

When Frank returned and came up to the room where I was waiting, I noticed a small American flag-pin in the lapel of his coat.

"George had two," he said in answer to my question, "and he gave me this one. He's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them so that people may know that we are Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got this?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, supposing it had come from George's house.

"We took it off Lafayette's tomb," he answered.

I opened my eyes in surprise and he went on:

"George says the American Consul put it on the tomb last Fourth of July for our government, because Lafayette helped us in the Revolutionary War.

"He says that they ought to put on a new flag every Fourth of July," explained Frank. "But the American Consul is a new man, George thinks, for he forgot to do it. So we bought a flag and did it. We went

to a store and for twenty francs bought an American flag just like the old one. George and I each paid half.

"We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on the tomb, but we didn't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech, thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it didn't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we placed the new flag on the tomb, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away.

"We drew lots for it afterwards, and I am going to take it home with me. Somebody ought to have it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, wasn't it?"

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers saw on Lafayette's tomb that year as a mark of the American nation's respect for the great Frenchman was the one put there by two boys. Frank has the old flag carefully hung on the wall of his little room in America.

But this particular flag is not the only one that has become dear to him. He now understands that every American flag represents his own nation, which is one big family with liberty and justice for all.

— *Victor Mapes — Adapted.*

SOME GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he was the postmaster at his home village of New Salem, Illinois. The duties were not very hard, for people did not write many letters in those days. Indeed, the mail was so small that it is said the post-master of New Salem carried the post-office in his hat. He would go off on a trip and take the post-office along with him, delivering letters on the way.

Lincoln's strong love of fair play was so well known that he was often called upon to settle disputes among his neighbors. In this way he came to be looked upon as the peacemaker of the village.

One day Lincoln acted as umpire in a quarrel which had arisen between two young fellows very much smaller than himself. One of these boys, angry because

the dispute had been decided against him, said boastfully to Lincoln, "See here, Abe! I'll lick you."

The tall umpire looked down at his small challenger. "All right," he said, "but let's fight fair. You are so small that there isn't much of you for me to hit, but I am so big that you can't help hitting me. So you make a chalk mark on me that will show just your size. When we fight, you must hit me inside this mark, or it will not count as fair."

This idea was so funny that the little bully began to laugh. Of course that took all the anger out of him, and the quarrel ended as a joke.

At another time, Lincoln came upon a poor man who was chopping up an old hut into firewood. The day was raw, and the man looked too weak for such hard work. He was barefooted and so thinly clad that he was shivering with cold.

Lincoln stopped and called out, "See here! how much do you get for this job?"

"A dollar," said the man. "I've got to have the dollar to get some shoes."

"You go home and warm yourself," said Lincoln, taking the ax from the wood-chopper. Then he swung the ax as only Abraham Lincoln could, and in a short time the old hut was chopped into firewood. The poor wood-chopper got his dollar and his shoes, and he never forgot the kindness of Abraham Lincoln.

— *Elbridge S. Brooks — Adapted.*

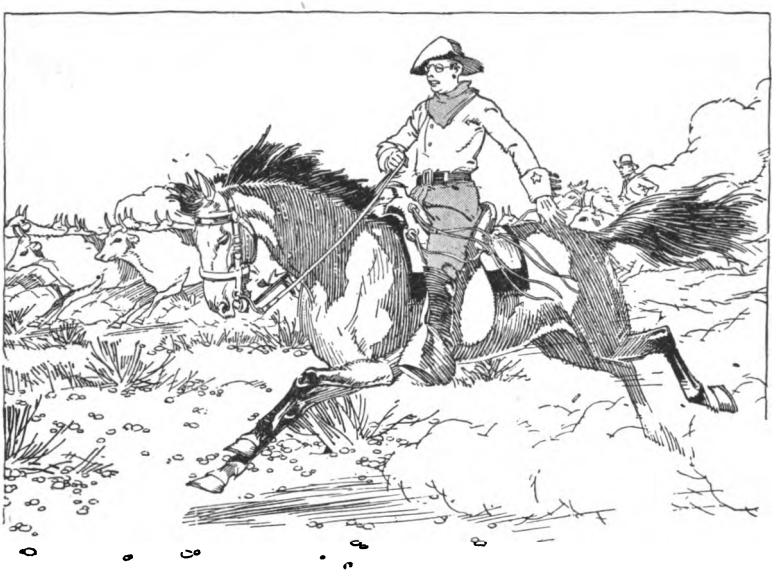
HOW THEODORE ROOSEVELT OVERCAME HIS HANDICAP

One day, when Theodore Roosevelt was a boy, his father said to him: "You have a good mind, but you have not a good body. It is hard work to build up the body, but it is well worth doing." And how young Theodore did build up his body, until he was as strong as other boys of his age, shows his great pluck and perseverance.

Much to his parents' sorrow Theodore Roosevelt was born a weakling, and spent his childhood days in pain. Until he was twelve years old, a younger brother protected him and fought his battles for him. Sleepless nights and many attacks of illness had made him a timid boy, with no confidence in his own power to do things.

Shut off from the companionship of boys, he very early learned to depend upon the companionship of books. But books will not build up a weak body. So the young Theodore found to his sorrow and shame.

Once when his brother was not near to defend him, two younger boys challenged him to fight. It was not a case of two against one, as they came at him singly. It was a fair enough fight. But they tossed the young Theodore around almost as easily as the wind tosses a dry leaf. This so filled him with shame



that he vowed he would make his muscles as strong and sound as his mind.

So he went to an old prize-fighter and asked him to give him boxing lessons. He took up wrestling, also, and began regular daily work in a gymnasium which his father fitted up for him. Fortunately for him, Theodore Roosevelt was the son of well-to-do parents, who were able to give him all the advantages and training that money could buy.

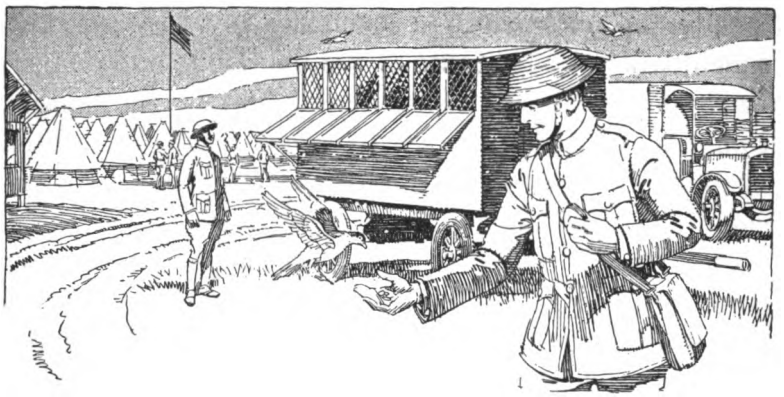
But money could not buy pluck and perseverance. These the boy supplied himself, until he grew from a weak, undersized boy to a strong, athletic young man.

After he left college he spent nearly two years on a ranch, where he led a life of toil, hardship, and danger. Each day he spent hours and hours in the saddle, rounding up the cattle with other cowboys. Often at night he slept out under the stars. Thus he overcame his handicap.

How different was the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln. Instead of being handicapped by illness, young Abe was a strong, healthy boy from birth. He rapidly grew into a stalwart young man, noted for miles and miles around his little backwoods cabin for his great strength and endurance. But he was born in such great poverty that during his boyhood and youth he had very little opportunity to go to school.

He could be spared from hard work on the farm for only a month or two each year. His poverty and his lack of schooling, however, did not keep him from learning. By spending his spare time reading all the good books he could borrow from his neighbors, he gradually educated himself. Young Abraham Lincoln fought for his mind as young Theodore Roosevelt fought for his muscles.

Pluck and perseverance are two weapons that will overcome any handicap.



A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR

Cher Ami is his name, which in the French language means "Dear Friend." Well does this little homing pigeon deserve his name, since he proved himself to be a true friend in time of great need. He is only a small blue-gray and white bird, with a wound mark across his breast, and with only one leg. But he won the Distinguished Service Cross by saving the lives of one hundred ninety-four American soldiers in the World War. And this is how he did it.

While our soldier boys were marching through France to bear America's part in the World War, thousands of homing pigeons, like little soldiers of the air, were making long, tiresome flights to carry messages for America and her Allies. Thus they were doing their part to help win the war.

With important messages placed inside of small metal tubes which were fastened to one leg, these strong birds flew for miles and miles over land and sea. There was a small army of many thousands of them flying up, up, up, day after day, far above the smoke of battle. Reaching the clear upper air, out of range of the sharp-shooters' guns, they quickly returned to their homes, which might be far, far away, or just a few miles behind the battle lines. There the messages were read and help sent where it was needed.

Plucky little Cher Ami, the hero of this story, belonged to Pigeon Company No. 1, which contained about one thousand birds. When the famous 77th Division of the American Army was ordered to the front, Cher Ami and a number of other soldier birds were ordered with it. Their big home-coop on wheels moved with the marching soldiers and went into camp with them, about thirty miles back of the battle lines. After a few days Cher Ami and his brother birds were given a little freedom, so that they could learn their way over the surrounding country. Straight as an arrow they would fly back to their home-coop in the big army camp.

One October day the 77th Division was ordered to advance to a certain point of the enemy's line. A few soldier birds were carried in baskets by the advancing soldiers. Among them was Cher Ami. The soldiers marched forward in the night, met the enemy,

and after eighteen hours' fighting, reached the place in the Argonne woods to which they had been ordered.

Parts of two battalions, about four hundred eighty soldiers in all, were a little in advance of the main body of troops. They reached a hillside thickly covered with trees, which gave them shelter, and a stream of water offered them cooling drink. Feeling protected by their comrades in the rear, the tired men dropped where they stood, and slept.

But in the morning they found to their surprise that the Germans had surrounded them in the night, and cut them off from the main body of American troops. Knowing that on account of their small number they would not be able to break through the German lines, they protected themselves as best they could from the enemy's guns, and prepared to hold the hill.

For three days they held the hillside while their comrades in the rear tried to break through to help them. Their food gave out, and they became almost crazed for want of water, for the Germans had cut them off from the hillside stream. But when asked by the Germans to surrender, these gallant men steadfastly refused. They had sent up pigeons, one by one, asking for help, only to see them shot down by the German sharp-shooters. At last they were desperate indeed.

As nothing had been heard from them for several days, it was supposed at army headquarters that they had either all been killed, or that they had surrendered to the Germans. So they were given up for lost.

With no food, no water, and little ammunition, their condition seemed hopeless. At this critical moment little Cher Ami was lifted from his basket, a message tube was fastened to his left leg, and he was tossed high in the air.

Crack, crack! went the guns of the German sharpshooters. Little Cher Ami paused in his flight, and fluttered a moment as if he would fall. "All is lost!" thought the men as they saw the soldier bird waver.

But in a moment they watched the plucky little bird steady himself in the air and rise gradually higher and higher until he was lost in the distance.

Like a blue-gray streak he darted through the quiet upper air, and soon dropped down on the roof of his home-coop at army headquarters.

There the watchful sergeant picked him up, a poor wounded soldier bird with a bloody streak across his breast and his left leg shot nearly away. But the message tube was still clinging to the little broken leg.

And so Cher Ami saved what was left of the Lost Battalion, for fresh troops were quickly sent forward. Breaking through the German lines they rescued one hundred ninety-four starving American soldiers. These were all that were left of the four hundred eighty brave men who had advanced to the hill.

For this service plucky little Cher Ami was given the Distinguished Service Cross. He is the only pigeon in the American soldier-bird army that received this honor. But little does he know or care. He hobbles around on one leg, with his bullet scar across his breast, knowing or caring for nothing but home. For after all, it was Cher Ami's love of home that made him soar above German bullets into cloud-land, and that guided him safely to his own home roof with his precious message.

Surely the love of home is a wonderful thing.

— *Edna V. Riddleberger.*

THE QUEST

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he traveled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.

He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

— *Eudora Bumstead.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

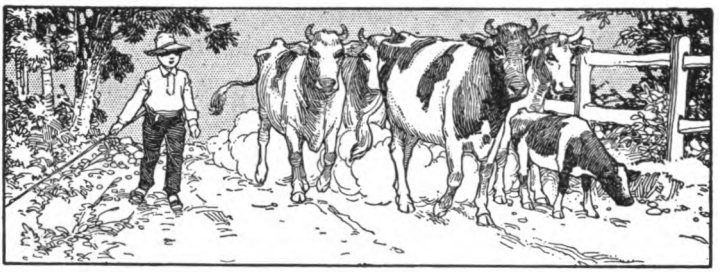
They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
  They gather the elderbloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
  In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
  And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
  On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
  And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
  Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
  Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
  By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
  The humble and poor become great;
And so, from these brown-handed children
  Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
  The noble and wise of the land,
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
  Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— *Mary H. Krout.*



EVENING AT THE FARM

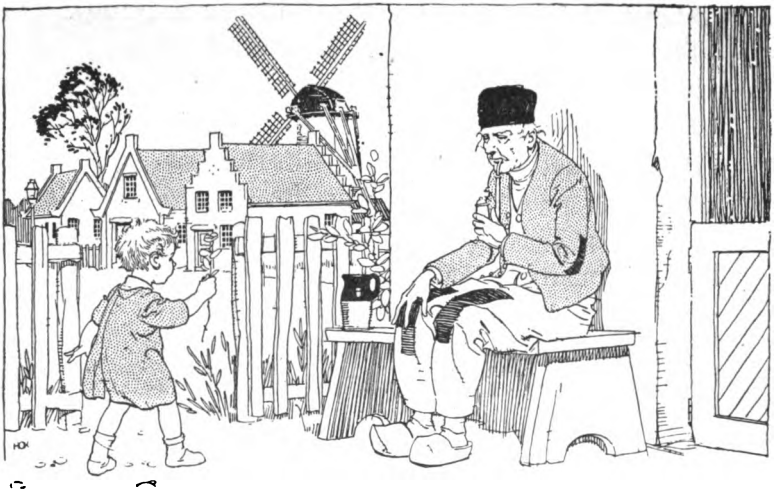
Over the hill the farm-boy goes.
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling —
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;

About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling —
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So! so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets' ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

— *John T. Trowbridge.*



A DOG OF FLANDERS

THE OLD MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DOG

Nello and Patrasche were friends in a friendship that had grown day by day, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a small village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat pastures and corn-lands.

It had about a score of houses, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the center of the village stood a windmill, a landmark to all the level country round.

The little hut on the edge of the village was the home of old Jehan Daas, who had been a soldier, and who had brought from the wars nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When the old man was eighty years old, his daughter had died and had left him her two-year-old son. He could hardly support himself, but he took the child uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello — a pet name for Nicolas — grew rapidly, and the old man and the little child lived contentedly.

It was a very plain little mud-hut, indeed, but it was as clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of garden ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins.

They were very poor, terribly poor. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a truthful, kindhearted child, and they were happy together.

THE EARLY LIFE OF PATRASCHE

Patrasche was their helper and their friend. Patrasche was hands and feet to both of them. Without Patrasche where would they have been?

For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog. He was a dog of Flanders — yellow of hide, large of head and

limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed but muscular.

In his thirteenth month Patrasche had been sold to a hard-hearted peddler, who heaped his cart full of pots and pans and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and forced Patrasche to draw the load as best he might. He himself walked along lazily by the side of the cart, smoking his black pipe.

Happily for Patrasche he was very strong. So he did not die, but managed to live on under burdens, hunger, thirst, and blows.

One day, Patrasche was going as usual along one of the roads that lead to Antwerp. It was midsummer, and very warm. His cart was heavy, piled high with goods of metal and earthenware. His owner walked on without noticing him except by the crack of the whip.

Thus the dog struggled along on a scorching road, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse for him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve. Blind with dust, sore with blows, and weary with the weight of his load, Patrasche, for once, staggered and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun. His master gave him kicks and blows, which had been often the only food and drink, the only reward, offered to him. But Patrasche

was beyond the reach of any torture. He lay, as if dead, in the white summer dust.

After a while, finding his blows useless, the peddler, thinking him dead, struck off the leather bands of the harness, and kicked his body aside into the grass. Then he pushed the cart lazily along the road, and left the dying dog.

JEHAN DAAS FINDS PATRASCHE

It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons and in carts, went by. Some saw the poor beast; most did not even look; all passed on. A dead dog more or less — it was nothing in Flanders; it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was poorly clad, and he dragged his way slowly through the dust.

He saw Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside; then kneeled down in the grass and weeds of the ditch, and looked at the dog with kindly eyes of pity.

There was with him a little, rosy, fair-haired child, who pattered in amidst the weeds, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing upon the great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met — the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

Old Jehan Daas was a man with a kind heart, so with much labor he drew the sufferer to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw away. There he tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had been brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away. Health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four strong legs.

Now for many weeks he had been powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying sounds of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they had grown to care for him —

this lonely old man and the happy little boy. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived.

When he was well enough to try a low, weak bark, they laughed aloud, and almost wept for joy at such a sign of his recovery. Little Nello, in delight, hung chains of daisies around his neck.

So, when Patrasche arose, big and strong again, his great eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no blows to drive him. And in his heart he felt a mighty love, which never changed. For Patrasche was grateful. He lay watching with grave, tender eyes the movements of his friends.

Jehan Daas could now do nothing for his living but limp about with a small cart, in which he daily carried into the town of Antwerp the milk-cans of neighbors who owned cattle. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was not strong, and Antwerp was a league off.

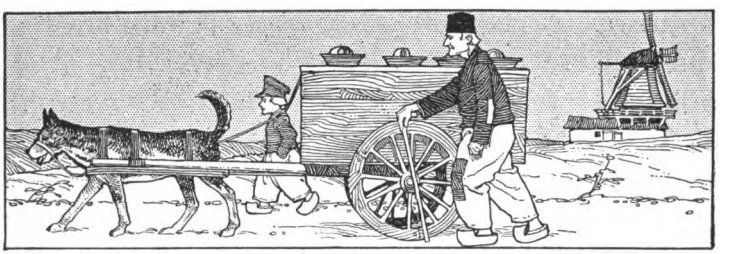
PATRASCHE A FAITHFUL SERVANT

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go, that first day when he had got well, and was lying in the sun with a wreath of daisies around his neck.

The next morning, before the old man had touched the cart, Patrasche arose and walked to it and placed

himself between its handles. He showed, as plainly as dumb signs could show, his desire to work in return for the kindness he had received.

Jehan Daas pushed him away, for the old man was one of those who thought it a shame to make dogs do hard work. But Patrasche would not be denied. Finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart with his teeth.



At last the old man gave way to the persistence and the gratitude of the dog he had rescued. He made his cart so that Patrasche could pull it, and this the faithful dog did every morning of his life from that time.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the sick dog in the ditch. For he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year. He would not have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud, if it had not been for the strength of the grateful animal.

As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the heavy burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this light cart and its brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender touch and with a kindly word.

Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would — to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child, or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately for him, his former owner had suddenly died, and so never disturbed him in his new and well-loved home.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas became so crippled with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more.

Then little Nello, now grown to his sixth year, and knowing the town well from having gone with his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart. He sold the milk, received the coins, and brought back the change to the owners with a pretty manner that charmed all who saw him.

The little boy was a beautiful child, with dark, grave eyes and fair locks. Many an artist sketched the group as it went by him — the green cart with the brass cans of milk, and the great tawny-colored

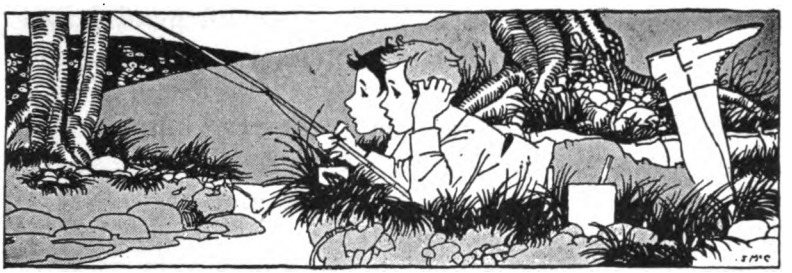
dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him, which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, innocent, happy face.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out. He could sit in the doorway in the sun, and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze, and dream, and pray a little; and then awake again as the clock tolled three, and watch for their return.

On their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bark of joy, and Nello would tell with pride the doings of the day. Then they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain. After twilight the boy and the dog would lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

So the days and years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy and innocent and healthful.

— *Louise de la Ramée — Abridged.*



A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

— *James Hogg.*

NO BOY KNOWS

There are many things that boys may know —
Why this and that are thus and so,
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it;
Boys know new things every day —
When they study, or when they play,
When they idle, or sow and reap —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen — or should at least —
May know that the round old earth rolls east,
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain —
Ever repeating their parts again —
Are all just water, and the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long, glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine;
He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went — and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Oh, I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the fragrant drowse on the parlor floor
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then —
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust bloom —
A sweet white cot — and a cricket's cheep —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said, "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green,
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisy's breast.

"From the blossoming dells,
Where the violet dwells,
The cattle came with their clanging bells
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet.

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses, little ones played;
And the sunshine in showers,
Through all the bright hours,
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze,
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my knees.

"But how soon," said the wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might.
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me,
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-night?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

PIONEER TALES

BRINGING HOME THE POWDER

In the fall of 1822 I found bear very plentiful, and, indeed, all sorts of game except buffalo. I supplied my family very well with wild meat till Christmas, at which time my powder gave out; and I had none either to fire Christmas guns or to hunt with. I had a brother-in-law who had now moved out and settled about six miles west of me, on the opposite side of the Obion River. He had brought me a keg of powder, but I had never taken it home.

There had just been a big freshet, and the low grounds were flooded. I knew the stream which I would have to cross was at least a mile wide, as the

water was from hill to hill, and yet I determined to go on over in some way or other so as to get my powder. I told this to my wife, but she opposed it with all her might. I still insisted, telling her we had no powder for Christmas, and worse than all, we were out of meat.

So I took my woolen wrappers and a pair of moccasins, and put them on, and tied up some dry clothes and a pair of shoes and stockings, and started. But I did not know, before, how much anybody could suffer and yet not die.

The snow was about four inches deep when I started, and when I got to the water, which was only about a quarter of a mile off, it looked like an ocean. I waded till I came to the channel, which I crossed on a high log. I then took to the water again, having my gun and all my hunting tools along, and waded till I came to a deep slough that was wider than the river itself. I had crossed it often on a log; but to my surprise, when I got there, no log was to be seen.

The log was now under about three feet of water, and the water under it I judged to be about eight or ten feet deep. After studying a little what I should do, I put down my gun and cut a strong pole. I felt about with my pole till I found the log, which was just about as deep under the water as I had thought. So I picked up my gun and with my strong pole in one hand, I started across the log. I felt my way along

with my feet, in water about waist deep. By the time I reached the other side I had very little feeling in my feet and legs, as I had been all the time in the water except the time I was crossing the high log over the river.

I went but a short distance before I came to another slough, over which there was a log, but it was floating on the water. I thought I could walk it, and so I mounted on it; but when I got to the middle of the deep water, somehow it turned over, and I went up to my head. I waded out of this deep water and went ahead till I came to high ground, where I stopped to pull off my wet clothes and put on the others; these I had held up with my gun above the water, when I fell in.

At last I got them on, but my flesh had no feeling in it, I was so cold. I now thought I would run, so as to warm myself a little, but I couldn't step more than half the length of my foot for some time. After a while I got better, and went on five miles to the house of my brother-in-law, having not even smelled fire from the time I started. I got there late in the evening, and he was much surprised at seeing me at such a time. I stayed all night; and as the next morning was most piercing cold, they persuaded me not to go home that day.

I agreed to that, and then went out and killed two deer; but the weather got worse instead of better.

I stayed that night, and in the morning they still insisted I couldn't get home. I knew the water would be frozen over, but not hard enough to bear me, and so I agreed to stay that day. I went out hunting again, and pursued a big bear all day, but didn't kill him.

The next morning was bitter cold, but I knew my family was without meat, and I determined to get home to them.

I took my keg of powder and all my hunting tools, and started out. When I got to the water, it was a sheet of ice as far as I could see. I started to cross it, but hadn't gone far before it broke through with me; and so I took out my tomahawk, and broke my way along before me.

At last I got to where the ice would bear me for a short distance, and I mounted on it, and went ahead; but it soon broke in again, and I had to wade on till I came to my floating log. I found it so tight this time that it couldn't give me another fall, as it was frozen in with the ice.

I crossed over this log without much difficulty, and worked along till I got to my log under the water. The swiftness of the current had prevented the water from freezing over it, and so I had to wade, just as I did when I crossed it before. When I finally got home, I was nearly dead, but I had my powder, and that was what I had gone for.

THE BEAR HUNT

One morning I left my son at the camp, and a friend and I started out for a hunt. When we had gone about a mile, we started a very large bear, which ran into a thicket.

When we came to the thicket we had to leave our horses. We went ahead on foot for some little time, when we met a bear coming straight toward us, and I started my tired dogs after him.

I followed on to about the middle of the thicket, when my dogs pursued him so hard that they made him climb an old stump about twenty feet high. I got in shooting distance of him and fired, but I was so tired out from running that I couldn't hold my gun steady; but I broke his shoulder, and he fell.

I loaded my gun as soon as possible, and shot him again and killed him. Just then my friend came up. We skinned the bear, packed the meat on our horses, and then started back to camp.

We had gone only a little way when I heard my dogs barking again. I jumped down from my horse and gave him up to my friend, and told him I would follow the dogs. He went on to the camp, and I went ahead after my dogs with all my might, till at last night came on, and I lost my way in the darkness.

I suffered terribly that night with cold, as my leather breeches, and everything else I had on, were

wet and frozen. My fire was very bad, and I couldn't find anything that would burn well to make it any better; and so I knew I should freeze if I didn't warm myself in some way by exercise.

So I would jump up and down with all my might, and throw myself into all sorts of motions. But all this would not do, for my blood was now getting cold. I was so tired, too, that I could hardly walk; but I thought I would do the very best I could to save my life, and then, if I died, nobody would be to blame.

So I went up to a tree about two feet through, with not a limb on it for thirty feet, and I would climb up to the limbs and then lock my arms together around it and slide down to the bottom. This exercise would make the inside of my legs and arms feel warm and good.

I continued this till daylight in the morning, and how often I climbed up my tree and slid down I don't know, but I think at least a hundred times.

In the morning I set out to hunt for my camp. I found it after a while, and my son and my friend were very glad to see me get back, for they were about to give me up for lost.

— *David Crockett.*

EARLY SETTLERS

I think I see the early settlers harnessing their horses, and hitching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children.

On the outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms. Several axes are fastened to the wagon, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans.

A driver rides one saddled horse; the wife is mounted on another. The husband shoulders his gun, and his sons drive the cattle ahead, followed by the hounds and other dogs.

Their day's journey is short. The cattle, stubborn or wild, often leave the road for the woods, giving the travelers much trouble. A basket which has been accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push the wagon. By sunset they have gone perhaps twenty miles. The weary travelers gather around a fire, supper is prepared, and there they pass the night.

Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of the journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been traveling from the beginning of May to the first of September.

With heavy hearts they approach the Mississippi. They cross the river, and select a place where they build a cabin.

A small patch of ground is cleared by the ax and fire. A bell is fastened to each of the cattle before it is let loose in the canebrake. The horses remain about the house, where they find food.

From the first trading boat that stops at their landing they get flour and fish-hooks and ammunition. The looms are set up, the spinning-wheels soon furnish yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes and put on new suits.

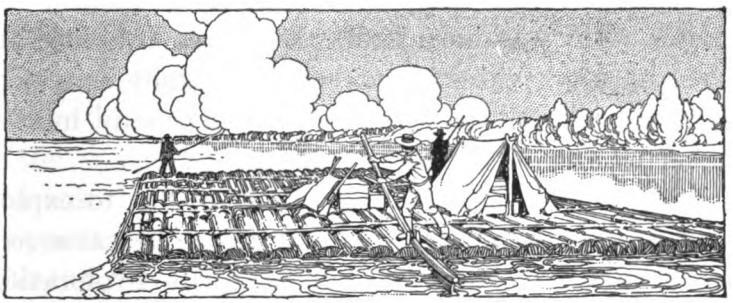
The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flatboat a supply of live poultry has been bought.

October colors the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy, the days hot and the nights chill; and the family in a few days are attacked by ague.

Fortunately, the unhealthy season soon passes, and the hoar-frosts come. Gradually, each one recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, and their trunks cut, split, and corded in front of the building. Soon a steamer calls to buy the wood, and thus the settlers add to their comfort during the winter.

This gives new courage to them; they work still harder, and when spring returns, the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's flesh, turkeys, ducks, and geese, with now and then some fish, have kept up their

strength; and now their field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has increased.



The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber. Saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore. When the next freshet sets it afloat, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream.

After many difficulties they arrive at New Orleans, where they sell their logs. They supply themselves with such articles as will add to their comfort.

Then with light hearts they return home on the upper deck of a steamer.

Every year increases their savings. They now own a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and comforts of every kind.

— *John James Audubon.*

DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone was a noted American pioneer and hunter. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1735, and when he was eighteen years old his family moved to North Carolina. From there he made many hunting and exploring trips into the wilderness.

In 1769 with five companions he set out to explore what is now the state of Kentucky, where he was several times captured by the Indians. His explorations caused settlers to flock to the new rich lands west of the mountains. For this service to his country, Congress gave him a tract of land.

The settlements in Kentucky were very frequently attacked by the Indians. Upon one occasion Boone was captured by them and held for some months in captivity. A large sum was offered for his ransom; but the Indians had become so much attached to him for his courage and skill in hunting that they refused to part with him. He was finally received into the tribe, and adopted by an old chief in the place of a dead son.

While he was a captive, he was kindly treated but strictly watched. Whenever he was allowed to go hunting, the balls for his gun were counted, and upon his return he had to show enough game to account for each ball and charge of powder he had used. But he

divided a numbers of balls, with the halves of which he could kill turkeys, raccoons, squirrels, and other small game. And by using small charges of powder he saved several charges for his own use, in case he should find a chance to escape.

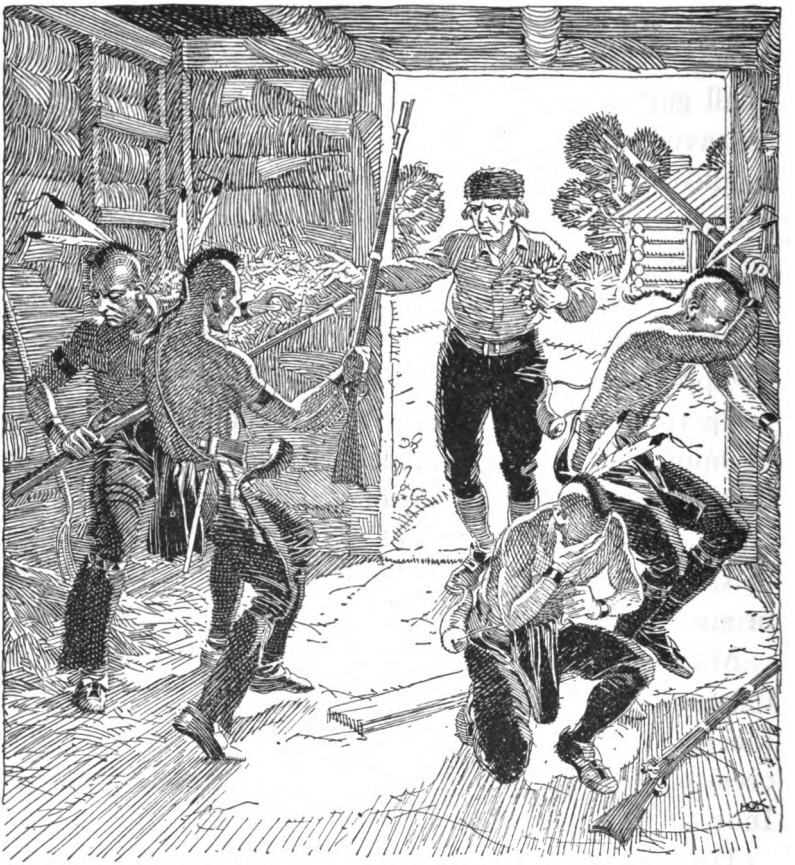
Early in June, being with the tribe at Chillicothe, in Ohio, he saw that they were making preparations for the warpath, and learned that they were going to attack the fort at Boonesborough. He watched for an opportunity to warn the garrison.

On the morning of the 16th of June, he went forth to hunt as usual, and struck through the woods for Boonesborough, a distance of one hundred sixty miles. He reached it at the end of five days — a remarkable feat, when we remember that he was obliged to travel in such a way as to throw the Indians off his trail.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, the settlements of the whites were not much disturbed by the Indians; but there was not entire peace. On one occasion Boone was nearly taken prisoner by four Indians who came to his farm.

They found him in the upper part of a small outbuilding used for drying tobacco. Entering the lower part, and calling him by name, they told him that he was their prisoner, and that he could escape from them no more.

Although they stood pointing their guns at him, he replied with perfect coolness. He told them that he



was willing to go with them, but begged that they give him a little time to finish the work he was doing — removing some dry tobacco.

Drawing their attention in this way, he suddenly jumped down among them with his arms full of dried tobacco, and flung it into their faces. While they were

choked and blinded with the dust, Boone ran quickly to his cabin, where he had his gun and powder. The Indians went off, outwitted, having learned another of the hunter's tricks.

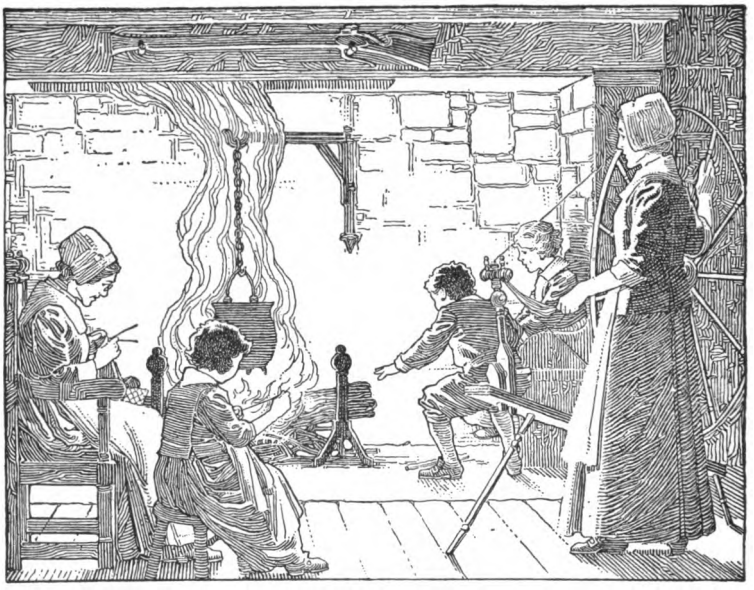
The old age of Boone was passed in quiet happiness among his children, who gave him affectionate care. Almost to the very last he continued his favorite employment of hunting.

In his old age he was honored as a famous pioneer. His life and adventures were written and talked about; and many persons came to see him and hear his story from his own lips.

Boone was vigorous and athletic, but in strength and size he was not beyond the average. There was nothing rough or fierce in his manners; he was remarkable for his gentleness and quietness.

Although Daniel Boone was a man of few words, yet he was always willing to answer the questions which visitors put to him. His affections were strong, and he tenderly loved the members of his family. To his dying day he never could speak without tears of his son, who had been killed by the Indians.

— *J. M. Peck.*



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

Time — November, 1621

Scene — A Log House in Plymouth Colony

Persons:

FATHER AND MOTHER
BETTY, EDWARD, RICHARD — Their Children
AUNT RUTH
MILES STANDISH
PRISCILLA MULLENS
JOHN ALDEN
MARY, ROBERT — Orphans
SQUANTO and Other Indians

[An iron pot hangs over an open fire, and in it a porridge of Indian meal is steaming. Betty and Edward sit on the fireplace seat. The Mother spins, Aunt Ruth knits, and Mary sews.]

MOTHER. Turn that largest log, Edward. The air grows sharp. We must have a bright fire for father's return. Robert and Richard will soon be here, too.

BETTY. Where are they, mother?

MOTHER. Father is at the town-meeting. Richard and Robert are helping Isaac Allerton to build his house.

AUNT RUTH. [*Looking up from her knitting.*] Hard work seems to agree with the lads. They are doing well, too. They have helped in the building of nearly every house in the village. They will be master-builders before we know it.

MOTHER. Stir the samp, Betty. Our master-builders will be hungry, and supper must not be late.

MARY. You are always kind and thoughtful. I shall never forget your goodness to me since my dear father and mother died in the terrible days of the great sickness. [*She bows her head and weeps gently.*]

MOTHER. [*Cheerfully.*] Wipe away those tears, Mary, and let us think of our many mercies. The best cure for sorrow is work, and that you have had in plenty here. You have been a great help to us. I am glad that you were sent here when the homeless were divided amongst us.

BETTY. I am glad, too, that you live with us, Mary. You teach me so many useful things. May I get my sampler and work on it now, while you sew? Will you show me what stitches to take next?

MOTHER. All in good time, Betty, but just now you must watch the porridge, and stir it when needful.

EDWARD. [*Eagerly.*] I hear steps, mother!

MOTHER. It must be your father. Run quickly, Betty, and open the door. Stir that log, Edward.

BETTY. [*Looking out of window.*] It is father, and John Alden is with him.

Father and John Alden Enter.

FATHER. Come in, John, and sit by our fire for a little while. The good wife will be glad to have a chat with you ere you go on your way.

JOHN ALDEN. [*Nodding to all.*] Good-day to you. How warm and comfortable you are here!

MOTHER. Yes, things are much better with Plymouth Colony than they were a year ago.

MARY. Oh, that terrible winter! I can never forget it.

MOTHER. It is better to think of the good we have than to grieve over what we cannot change.

FATHER. We have much to be thankful for. Less than a year ago we were doling out our small supply of Indian corn, and fearing that soon even that would be gone.

JOHN ALDEN. Well do I remember the day when our ration was but five kernels each. Now we have food in plenty. [*He goes to fire and warms hands.*]

AUNT RUTH. How thankful we should be that our lives were spared in that dreadful time, and that our harvest has been abundant.

FATHER. That is what Governor Bradford said today in the town-meeting, and so he has set a day for public thanksgiving. We are to gather at the meeting-house for prayer and praise. Afterwards there is to be a great feast. For three days we are to make merry.

MOTHER. Governor Bradford sets us all a good example. None of us can forget that sad day, ere we had left the *Mayflower*, when he came back to the ship to find his wife dead by drowning. Yet no one ever saw him give way to selfish grief.

JOHN ALDEN. And in the time of the great sickness he and Miles Standish were untiring in their loving care for the sick and dying.

MARY. It seems hard that our brave Captain's love and care could not save the life of sweet Rose Standish.

MOTHER. When sorrow is bravely borne it makes the heart tender. Miles Standish is a bluff soldier, but no one has a kinder heart.

EDWARD. [*Suddenly interrupting.*] Oh, father! tell us about the feast. Are the children to go?

FATHER. Everyone is to go. Even the Indians are to be bidden, that thus they may learn we are truly their friends, and that we wish to share our abundance with them.

EDWARD. [*Getting up and going to Father.*] But the feast, father! Do tell us about the feast!

FATHER. In good time you shall hear about the feast, but a thankful heart is better than a feast. Do not forget to give thanks in your heart for our present peace and plenty.

BETTY. Oh, but we do give thanks, father! Every day of our lives we are glad that we are no longer hungry.

MARY. And we give thanks that Squanto is our friend and helps us to be friendly with the other Indians.

BETTY. They look so savage and so strong, father, and there are so many of them! Every night when I climb to our dark loft to sleep I am glad that we do not need to fear the Indians.

EDWARD. [*Going to Betty and speaking proudly.*] When I am a man, Betty, I will be a soldier like Captain Miles Standish. I will carry a matchlock and a sword. Then you need never fear the Indians.

FATHER. Let us hope that Massasoit and his men may keep the peace with us so well that there will be no need for matchlocks and swords when you are a man, Edward.

MOTHER. Squanto is a true friend to us. He has been a great help in this new home of ours. He will do all he can in helping us to keep peace with Massasoit.

JOHN ALDEN. He has taught us many things. We knew nothing about maize until he taught us to plant it in hills.

FATHER. [*Nodding his approval.*] And to hoe the earth around the stalks, if we would have fat ears.

EDWARD. Squanto taught Robert and Richard how to catch eels. They go down to the shore and tread them out of the mud with their feet. Sometimes the mud is full of fat eels. Oh, I wish I were as big as Richard, so that I might learn to tread out eels! [*In his excitement he goes through the motion of treading out eels.*]

MOTHER. Often we would have gone hungry, had it not been for a pot of good eel broth.

AUNT RUTH. Squanto showed the lads where to find lobsters, too, and how to catch them.

MARY. And he taught us how to pound the maize into meal, and how to cook the meal.

BETTY. [*Leaving kettle and going to Mother.*] Mother, will you teach me how to make a journey-cake from pounded meal?

MOTHER. Yes, Betty, but do not forget to stir the meal in the kettle, else we may have scorched samp before we have a journey-cake.

[Betty goes back hastily to the fire-seat and again stirs the samp. At this moment laughter and boyish voices are heard outside. The door suddenly opens, and the two lads, Robert and Richard, enter.]

AUNT RUTH. Here are our builders. How did Isaac Allerton's house fare at your hands today?

ROBERT. It is almost finished. There were five of us at work on it this afternoon.

FATHER. You have done well. This is the seventh dwelling-house in Plymouth; with the meeting-house and the store-houses it makes a year's work that our builders may be proud of. [*A knock on the door is heard.*] Hurry and open the door, Richard.

Priscilla Mullens Enters.

MOTHER. Good-day to you, Priscilla. How is it that you are out at this time of day? You are always so busy for others when it nears the time for the evening meal. [*Gives Priscilla a chair near the fire.*]

PRISCILLA. It is the news of the great feast that has brought me here when I should be at the fire-side stirring samp, like Betty. I came to see if you can spare Mary to help me tomorrow. Do you know that Massasoit and his ninety men are to be here for three days? Is not that a goodly number for the four busy wives of Plymouth to feed?

MOTHER. It is true, Priscilla, that the great sickness left but four wives in the Colony, but the maidens are strong and willing. You are but a maiden, Priscilla, but you have a woman's heart, and as I see you so cheerful and so busy day after day, you seem to me to have the strength and the will of ten.

AUNT RUTH. We must all work to prepare for the feast. It is well that we have such a goodly supply of plums and grapes.

MOTHER. This feast will not be like our English feasts. We cannot make the old dainties. We have neither milk nor eggs. We have no good beef and mutton, and no flour to make fine bread.

FATHER. [*Cheerily.*] We must not wish for these things, wife. We have found a land of freedom. We will take what it can give us and be thankful.

MOTHER. I know; I know! We will do our best.

AUNT RUTH. We have an abundance of corn for samp and hominy and Betty's journey-cakes.

PRISCILLA. I have been trying my hand at these great golden pumpkins. They make fine pie. I want Mary to help me make many of them.

AUNT RUTH. [*Moving her chair nearer to Priscilla.*] We have heard of your pumpkin pies. Now every cook in the colony wants to try her skill at them. There will be no lack of pumpkin pies at the Governor's Thanksgiving feast.

PRISCILLA. Tomorrow we must get up early. The days will not be long enough for all we have to do.

MOTHER. And night is a poor time to work, when our only light is firelight and a fish-oil lamp.

MARY. I wish we had the tallow candles of England.

FATHER. Have patience. In good time we shall be able to send a ship's load back to England. Then we may get cows in return, and we shall no longer miss the milk and butter and cheese, and the beef and tallow, of our English home.

JOHN ALDEN. Governor Bradford says that now the harvest is over we must get together a cargo of beaver-fur and sassafras to send back on the next ship that brings colonists to Plymouth.

PRISCILLA. [*Arising.*] I must go, now, to make supper for our household.

JOHN ALDEN. [*Hastily arising.*] I will walk home with you, Priscilla, if I may.

Priscilla and John Alden Go Out.

EDWARD. [*Going over to his Mother.*] Since Priscilla and Mary are to make so many pumpkin pies for the feast, may I have two pieces, mother?

MOTHER. He who eats must first earn. What can you do for the great feast, Edward?

EDWARD. Oh, I had not thought of that! Let me see! I can bring wood for the fire and carry water.

BETTY. And I can scour the trenchers, and rub the pewter platters until they shine. Mother says that dingy pewter is the housekeeper's disgrace.

FATHER. There are lobsters and fish in the ocean, and eels on the shore. There are turkeys and deer and bear in the forest. It may be that your mother will not miss the English dainties, after all.

EDWARD. [*Going excitedly to his Father.*] Oh, father! Are you going to hunt for turkeys? May I go with you? Do you think that I can shoot a bear? Or maybe a deer? Then Betty can have a deer-skin dress such as Squanto says the Indian maids wear.

ROBERT. Squanto says that the bears are very fierce, and that the deer are so swift that they can run away much faster than a small boy with a heavy matchlock can follow.

RICHARD. Do not try for a bear, Edward, until you have learned to shoot, else we may have a sad Thanksgiving day.

FATHER. [*Sitting down and lifting Edward to his knee.*] Keep away from the forest, Edward, until you are older. Have you forgotten how John Billington was lost in it for five days?

MOTHER. And was found among unfriendly Indians, twenty miles from home?

AUNT RUTH. And that it took ten men, well armed, to persuade the Indians to give him up?

[The sound of heavy footsteps is heard outside. Robert runs to the window and looks out. Seeing Captain Miles Standish, he throws the door wide open. Standish, with matchlock on shoulder, enters.]

MILES STANDISH. Good-day to you all! Who among you is for a hunt tomorrow? We shall need many turkeys to feed Massasoit and his ninety men.

FATHER. Welcome, Captain! There are three here to join you, for Richard shall go with us tomorrow, on his first hunt.

RICHARD. How glad I am, father, that you will let me go! Squanto says the turkeys are very plentiful this year, and big and fat, as well.

FATHER. I have heard that an Indian once brought in a turkey weighing thirty pounds. We shall have need of such fowl if Massasoit's men are as keen of appetite as usual.

MILES STANDISH. After the hunt we will practice at arms that we may make a brave show at the Governor's feast. Then the Indians will see how well we can defend ourselves.

FATHER. [*Hearing footsteps.*] Go to the door, Richard, and see who are outside.

[Richard goes outside and in a moment returns with Squanto and three other Indians.]

RICHARD. Father, here are Squanto and three other Indians. They wish to tell Captain Miles Standish that they are on their way to Massasoit's camp.

MILES STANDISH. [*Going up to Squanto.*] Welcome, Squanto. What is it you wish?

SQUANTO. The white men make a great feast. Squanto goes to tell Massasoit to bring all his men.

MILES STANDISH. Tell Massasoit that the Governor wishes him and his men to stay with us for three days. We will do our best to feast them well.

SQUANTO. Squanto will tell Massasoit. But first Massasoit will go on a great hunt. He will bring many deer for the feast.

Squanto and other Indians Go Out.

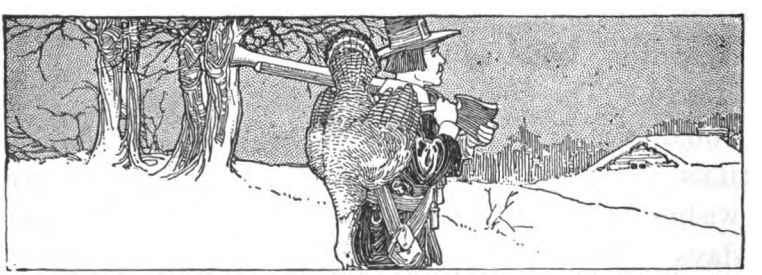
MILES STANDISH. Right glad will we be if Massasoit and his men do not come empty handed. Ninety Indians will be a goodly number to feed. Good-night. We will count on you and these two strong lads to help in the great hunt tomorrow.

Miles Standish, matchlock on his shoulder, goes out.

FATHER. Let us get to our supper and then to bed. We have busy days before us. And as we prepare for our feast I hope that Edward and Betty will not think more of the good things to eat than of the goodness of God in guiding us to this free land.

MOTHER. And give thanks, too, that we are all here together, well and strong and happy, and ready to rejoice on our first THANKSGIVING DAY.

— *Based on Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."*



PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son;
But he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver and gold.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;
But the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

A faithful witness will not lie;
But a false witness will utter lies.

A soft answer turneth away wrath,
But grievous words stir up anger.

A wise son maketh a glad father;
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.

Pride goeth before destruction,
And a haughty spirit before a fall.

— *The Bible.*

A Backward Look

Your little journeys with your book-comrade have shown you scenes in American life from the time of our first Thanksgiving Day, when only a few white men lived in this country, to the time of the World War, when the United States had grown to be a great nation. In these journeys you saw some of the men and women and even children who helped make our country what it is today.

Wise leadership, courage, thrift, willingness to work hard, fairness, good humor, determination to overcome handicaps, and strong love of home — all these are needed to build a great nation. Which of these qualities was shown by the little American girl in the first story of the book? Which were shown by General Washington in "A Glimpse of Washington"? Name at least four selections in Part I that show how thrifty and hard-working the early settlers in America were. Are Americans as thrifty today? Mention at least one selection that tells of each of the good qualities in the list given above.

Why did the pigeon, "Cher Ami," save the American soldiers? What other selections in Part I tell of love of home? What can a child do to prove that he really loves his home and that he means to make it better? Is such a child a good American citizen?

Read again the Proverbs on page 79. In what way is the last of these Proverbs illustrated by "A Glimpse of Washington"? Name as many selections as you can find in Part I that illustrate others of these Proverbs.

Part II

FAIRYLAND AND ADVENTURE

A Forward Look

You will remember that this book-comrade of yours has promised to lead you on a little journey into the land of fairies and adventure, where you will meet "funny people and still funnier animals." So let us go together into the Wonderland that a little girl named Alice found when she dreamed that she had walked through a magic looking-glass. Funny people, indeed, live in that land of make-believe — a fairy Queen who boasted because she could "read words of one letter," and another strange Queen who — but come, see with your own eyes these queer folk of topsy-turvy land.

And then we shall wander through another nonsense country, where sits the Quangle Wangle, wearing a beaver

hat one hundred feet in width! Thousands of girls and boys, before you, have visited these scenes and had a hearty laugh at the queer people and animals that Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear made live, for your amusement, in an imagined world.

Whisk! My magic power carries you now to far-off India. Again you laugh, for a wise jackal and a foolish one are playing queer tricks on other animals in that strange land.

But not all the adventures worth peeping at happen in the country of the fairies. Many an exciting adventure comes to girls and boys like you, all over the world. So you, too, will think when you look with me, your book-comrade, at a little boy named August. See! he is climbing into a big porcelain stove, and hiding there, and some men are carrying him in it to a wonderful palace, where — but soon you will be seeing for yourself the whole exciting story.

Another magic journey takes us back into the early days of America. There you will hold your breath while you watch a brave boy helping to capture five British soldiers. And last, in your wanderings through this wonderland of adventures and fairies, you will see the good fairy of Christmastide making clear to all the world what the real Christmas spirit can do even for a man with a heart as hard as stone.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

ALICE BECOMES A QUEEN

"Well!" said Alice. "I never expected I should be a queen so soon."

So she got up and walked about — rather stiffly just at first, as she was afraid that the crown might come off; but she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see her, "and if I really am a queen," she said as she sat down again, "I shall be able to manage it quite well in time."

Everything was happening so oddly that she didn't feel a bit surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one on each

side. "Please, would you tell me ——" she began, looking timidly at the Red Queen.

"Speak when you're spoken to!" the queen sharply interrupted her.

"But if everybody obeyed that rule," said Alice, who was always ready for a little argument, "and if you only spoke when you were spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, you see nobody would ever say anything, so that ——"

"Ridiculous!" cried the queen. "Why, don't you see, child ——" here she broke off with a frown, and, after thinking for a minute, suddenly changed the subject of the conversation. "What do you mean by 'If you really are a queen'? What right have you to call yourself so? You can't be a queen, you know, till you've passed the proper examination."

"I only said 'if'!" Alice pleaded, in a piteous tone.

The two queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked, with a little shudder, "She says she only said 'if'——"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" the White Queen moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth — think before you speak — and write it down afterwards."

"I'm sure I didn't mean ——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That's just what I complain of! You should have meant! What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child's more important than a joke, I hope. You couldn't deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I don't deny things with my hands," Alice objected.

"Nobody said you did," said the Red Queen. "I said you couldn't if you tried."

"She's in that state of mind," said the White Queen, "that she wants to deny something — only she doesn't know what to deny!"

"A nasty, vicious temper," the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, "I invite you to Alice's dinner-party this afternoon."

The White Queen smiled and said, "And I invite you."

"I didn't know I was to have a party at all," said Alice; "but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests."

"We gave you the opportunity of doing it," the Red Queen remarked; "but I dare say you've not had many lessons in manners yet."

ALICE'S EXAMINATION

"Manners are not taught in lessons," said Alice. "Lessons teach you to do sums and things of that sort."

"Can you do Addition?" the White Queen asked. "What's one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"I don't know," said Alice. "I lost count."

"She can't do Addition," the Red Queen interrupted. "Can you do Subtraction? Take nine from eight."

"Nine from eight — I can't, you know," Alice replied very readily; "but ——"

"She can't do Subtraction," said the White Queen. "Can you do Division? Divide a loaf by a knife — what's the answer to that?"

"I suppose ——" Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. "Bread and butter, of course. Try another Subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?"

Alice considered. "The bone wouldn't remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog wouldn't remain; it would come to bite me — and I'm sure I shouldn't remain!"

"Then you think nothing would remain?" said the Red Queen.

"I think that's the answer."

"Wrong, as usual," said the Red Queen; "the dog's temper would remain."

"But I don't see how ——"

"Why, look here!" the Red Queen cried. "The dog would lose its temper, wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps it would," Alice replied cautiously.

"Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!" the queen exclaimed triumphantly.

Alice said, as gravely as she could, "They might go different ways."

But she couldn't help thinking to herself, "What dreadful nonsense we are talking!"

"She can't do sums a bit!" the queens said together, with great emphasis.

"Can you do sums?" Alice said, turning suddenly on the White Queen, for she didn't like being found fault with so much.

The queen gasped and shut her eyes. "I can do Addition," she said, "if you give me time; but I can't do Subtraction under any circumstances!"

"Of course you know your A B C?" said the Red Queen.

"To be sure I do," said Alice.

"So do I," the White Queen whispered; "we'll often say it over together, dear. And I'll tell you a secret — I can read words of one letter! Isn't that grand? However, don't be discouraged. You'll come to it in time."

Here the Red Queen began again. "Can you answer useful questions?" she said. "How is bread made?"

"I know that!" Alice cried eagerly. "You take some flour ——"

"Where do you pick the flower?" the White Queen asked. "In a garden, or in the hedges?"

"Well, it isn't picked at all," Alice explained; "it's ground ——"

"How many acres of ground?" said the White Queen. "You mustn't leave out so many things."

"Fan her head!" the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. "She'll be feverish after so much thinking." So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

"She's all right again now," said the Red Queen. "Do you know languages? What's the French for fiddle-de-dee?"

"Fiddle-de-dee's not English," Alice replied.

"Who ever said it was?" said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. "If you'll tell me what language 'fiddle-de-dee' is, I'll tell you the French for it!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly, and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Don't let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder — no, no!" she hastily corrected herself, "I meant the other way."

"It's too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you've once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

A STRANGE COUNTRY

"Which reminds me —" the White Queen said, looking down and nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, "we had such a thunder-storm last Tuesday — I mean one of the last set of Tuesdays, you know."

Alice was puzzled. "In our country," she remarked, "there's only one day at a time."

The Red Queen said: "That's a poor, thin way of doing things. Now here, we mostly have days and nights two or three at a time, and sometimes in the winter we take as many as five nights together — for warmth, you know."

"Are five nights warmer than one night, then?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Five times as warm, of course."

"But they should be five times as cold, by the same rule ——"

"Just so!" cried the Red Queen. "Five times as warm, and five times as cold — just as I'm five times as rich as you are, and five times as clever!"

Alice sighed and gave it up. "It's exactly like a riddle with no answer!" she thought.

Here the White Queen began again. "It was such a thunder-storm, you can't think!" ("She never could, you know," said the Red Queen.) "And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in — and it went rolling round the room in great lumps — and knocking over the tables and things — till I was so frightened I couldn't remember my own name!"

Alice thought to herself: "I never should try to remember my name in the middle of an accident! What would be the use of it?" but she did not say this aloud for fear of hurting the poor queen's feelings.

"Your Majesty must excuse her," the Red Queen said to Alice, taking one of the White Queen's hands in her own, and gently stroking it; "she means well, but she can't help saying foolish things, as a general rule."

The White Queen looked timidly at Alice, who felt she ought to say something kind, but really couldn't think of anything at the moment.

"She never was really well brought up," the Red Queen went on; "but it's amazing how good-tempered she is! Pat her on the head, and see how pleased she'll be!" But this was more than Alice had courage to do.

"A little kindness — and putting her hair in papers — would do wonders with her ——"

The White Queen gave a deep sigh, and laid her head on Alice's shoulder. "I am so sleepy," she moaned.

"She's tired, poor thing!" said the Red Queen. "Smooth her hair — lend her your nightcap — and sing her a soothing lullaby."

"I haven't a nightcap with me," said Alice, as she tried to obey the first direction; "and I don't know any soothing lullabies."

"I must do it myself, then," said the Red Queen, and she began:

"Hush-a-by, lady, in Alice's lap!
Till the feast's ready we've time for a nap;
When the feast's over, we'll go to the ball —
Red Queen, and White Queen, and Alice, and all."

"And now that you know the words," she added, as she put her head down on Alice's other shoulder, "just sing it through to me. I'm getting sleepy, too." In another moment both queens were fast asleep, and snoring loud.

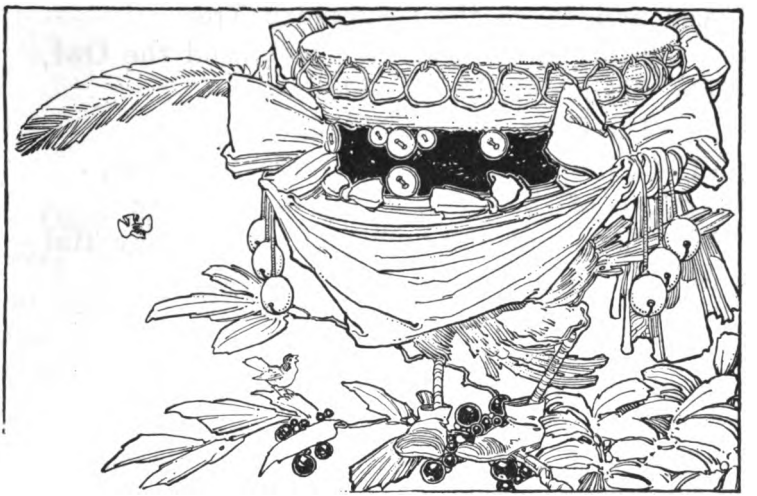
"What am I to do?" exclaimed Alice, looking about in great perplexity, as first one round head and then the other rolled down from her shoulder, and lay like a heavy lump in her lap. "I don't think it ever happened before, that anyone had to take care of two queens asleep at once!"

— *Lewis Carrell*

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!



But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did ever you see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat —
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat —
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"When all these creatures move
What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon
They danced to the flute of the Blue Baboon,
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
And all were as happy as happy could be,
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

— *Edward Lear.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

THE MILLER'S BOAST

Once upon a time there was a miller who had a very beautiful daughter. She was so beautiful and so clever that he was always boasting about her loveliness and the wonderful things she could do.

One day the miller had to go to the palace to see the king on business, and as he wanted to appear very important, he said to the king, "Your Majesty has very good straw here in the royal barns, but I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

"Indeed," said the king; "she must be very clever. Send your daughter up to the palace at once that I may see what she can do." Now the king was very fond of gold.

The miller began to feel uncomfortable and to wish that he had not boasted quite so much, but he had to do as the king commanded. So he took his daughter up to the palace, and as soon as the king saw her, he led her into a large room filled with straw.

There he gave her a stool and a spinning wheel, and said, "Now, pretty one, see how quickly you can spin this straw into gold. I will come back tomorrow morning, and if it is not done then, I shall give orders that you are to be put to death."

The poor maiden sat and wept. She had never heard of such a thing as spinning straw into gold, and to save her life she could not think how it was to be done. She wept till she could scarcely see out of her eyes; then suddenly she heard a door creak, and a funny little man came hopping into the room.

"What are you crying about?" he asked. "You will spoil your pretty eyes if you do not stop. Tell me what is the matter, and I will try to help you."

"Oh, sir," said the maiden, "the king has ordered me to spin all this straw into gold before tomorrow

morning. If it is not done I shall lose my life, and I don't even know how to begin."

"What will you give me if I spin it for you?" asked the little man.

"I will give you my beautiful necklace," answered the maiden gladly.

Then the dwarf sat down at the spinning-wheel and began to spin. Whir, whir, went the straw, and out it came in shining threads, till all the straw was gone, and the gold thread lay in a glistening heap.

"Good-bye," said the little man, bowing and taking the necklace. Before the miller's daughter could say "Thank you," he had hopped out of the room.

The next morning the king came very early to see if the straw was really turned into gold. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the shining pile, but it only made him want more. He led the maiden away quickly to another room, bigger than the first and also filled with straw, and told her that she must spin that into gold too.

"And if it is not done by tomorrow morning, you will know what to expect," he said.

This was really very hard, just when the poor girl thought her life was saved. She sat down by the spinning-wheel and began to weep more bitterly than ever, for though she had watched the little dwarf spinning the straw, she did not know at all how it was turned into gold.

But the moment she began to weep, the door flew open again and the little man came hopping in just as he had done the day before.

"Come, come," he said, "no more tears! What will you give me if I help you again?"

"I will give you my diamond ring," said the maiden joyfully. And again the dwarf sat down at the spinning-wheel, and again the wheel went whizzing round and round till all the straw was spun into gold.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the maiden. But he was gone before she could say another word.

The king's eyes sparkled with pleasure when he came next morning and saw the large pile of gold.

"This is really a wonderfully clever little maiden," he said to himself.

Then he took her to a still larger room filled with straw, and smiling kindly at her, he said, "If you can spin all this straw into gold before tomorrow morning, I will marry you, and you shall be queen." He felt sure he would never find a richer or more beautiful wife in the whole world.

A STRANGE BARGAIN

The king had not been gone more than a moment when in hopped the dwarf again, and you may be sure the miller's daughter was very glad to see him.

"What will you give me this time, if I do your work for you?" asked the little man.

Now the maiden had nothing more to give and did not know what to do. But the dwarf thought of a plan.

"You can make me a promise," he said. "When you are queen, and your first little baby is born, you shall give it to me."

The poor maiden thought there was very little chance of her ever being queen, so she promised at once, caring only about how she might save her life.

Then the dwarf spun the straw into gold, and the golden pile was so high that it reached the ceiling.

The next morning the king came as usual and was so pleased with the gold and the beauty of the maiden that he began to prepare at once for the wedding. He gave her the most beautiful clothes and shining jewels, and they drove away together in a golden coach to church and were married without delay.

The queen was now so happy that she forgot all her troubles, and never once thought of the promise which she had made to the dwarf. And as time went on a beautiful little baby was born, and the queen was happier than ever.

"I shall never know what it is to be sad again," she said, as she held the baby close in her arms.

But at that very moment a door creaked, and looking up, the queen saw the same little dwarf come hopping in, just as he had done when he had come to spin the straw into gold.

"What do you want?" asked the queen, holding her baby more tightly, and looking at the dwarf with frightened eyes.

"I want the baby," answered the little man. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

Then the poor queen remembered how she had said she would give her first little baby to the dwarf, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, take anything else, only leave me my baby!" she cried. And she wept so bitterly that the dwarf was quite sorry for her. He had a kind heart, and he thought he would give the queen one more chance.

"If you can find out what my name is in three days, you shall keep your child," he said. Then he hopped quickly away.

The queen could not sleep that night, but lay awake thinking of all the names she had ever heard. When the little man came in the morning she began guessing the most difficult names she could think of. But to every name the dwarf answered with a merry grin, "No, that is not my name."

The next day the queen sent messengers over the whole country to collect all the curious names they could find. When the little man appeared she asked, "Is it Spindleshanks, or Squint-eye, or Bandy-legs?"

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man, laughing.

Then the queen grew anxious, for there was only one day left, and she sent more messengers out to

search for other names. But the messengers came back and said that they could find no new names.

Only one had a story to tell. He told how he had searched far and near until he came to the wildest part of a dark mountain. There, on the edge of a pine forest, he had come upon a little man dancing and shouting in front of a tiny, red-roofed cottage. The little man had been baking, and he had a tray of loaves on his head. The loaves bounced up and down as he danced and sang:

"Today I brew, tonight I bake,
Tomorrow I shall the queen's child take;
For, guess as she may, she never can know
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin, O."

Then the queen clapped her hands with joy, for she was sure the little man was the dwarf who was coming to take away her baby.

Very early next morning the dwarf arrived and hopped into the queen's room. He had brought a soft white blanket to wrap the baby in, for he was kind-hearted and did not want it to catch cold.

So he spread out the blanket and turned to the queen, saying gayly, "Well, have you guessed my name?"

The queen was smiling, too, but she pretended she was still trying to guess.

"Is it William?" she asked.

"No, it is not!" shouted the little man joyfully.

"Is it George?" she said.

"No, it is not!" cried the little man, hopping round on one leg.

"Is it John?" she asked sadly, as if she had come to the end of her questions.

"No, it is not John!" laughed the little man, preparing to wrap the baby up in the blanket.

"Then it must be Rumpelstiltskin!" she cried.

"The witches must have told you! The witches must have told you! Oh, bother the witches!" screamed the little man, dancing with rage and disappointment, as he hopped back to his little cottage, carrying the empty blanket. And the queen never saw Rumpelstiltskin again.

— *Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.*

THE WISE JACKAL

THE TIGER AND THE BRAHMAN

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a cage. He tried to get out through the bars, but they were too strong for him. He was so angry that he rolled and bit with rage. Just then a poor Brahman came by.

"Let me out of this cage, good Brahman. Oh! do let me out!" cried the tiger.

"Oh, no! my friend, I dare not do that," replied the Brahman. "You would eat me, if I did."

"Not at all!" cried the tiger. "How can you think such a thing? Let me out! Do let me out! I will thank you all my life."

Then the tiger sighed and wept and threw himself against the bars. The good Brahman felt so sorry for him that at last he opened the door of the cage. Out jumped the tiger and seized the poor man.

"How foolish you were to let me out!" he said. "I have been in that cage a long time, and I am so hungry that I shall eat you for my dinner!"

The Brahman was terribly frightened. "Give me a little time," he begged. "Let us talk it over. I think you are not treating me fairly. Is this the way to repay kindness? There is a village near by. Let us go there and find three men. We will tell them the story and let them decide."

"No, indeed!" said the tiger. "I never go to the village by day. And why should men decide? They are often foolish. But I will agree to this: You may walk down the road and choose three things that you see on the way; tell them what has happened, and ask them if I am more unjust than men are. Then you must come back to the cage. I will do as they decide."

So the Brahman walked along until he came to a fig tree. He told his story to the tree. "Now, has the tiger treated me fairly?" he asked.

The fig tree looked at him coldly. "What have you to complain about?" it said. "Just see how I am treated! I give food and shelter to everyone who passes by. But what do I get in return? Men tear down my branches to feed their cattle. The tiger is treating you as well as men treat me."

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went on until he saw a buffalo. One end of a long pole was tied over the buffalo's head, the other was fastened to a great wheel. All day long the buffalo was made to go round and round, turning the heavy wheel of the well that watered the fields.

The Brahman told his story to the buffalo. "Am I not treated very badly?" he asked. "Is the tiger doing right to reward my kindness in this way?"

"You are foolish to expect anything better," said the buffalo. "Look at me! While I gave milk, men fed

me on cotton-seed and oil-cake. Now that I am old, what do they do? They yoke me here to turn this heavy well-wheel all day long, and they feed me on scraps. The tiger treats you as well as men treat me."

The Brahman felt very unhappy. "I have one more chance," he said, "but I will go no farther; I will ask the road." So he told his story to the road.

"My dear sir," said the road, "you do not know men as I do. Here am I, useful to everyone. Rich and poor, great and small, tread on me as they go by. What do they give me in return? Nothing but the ashes of their pipes, and the husks of their grain!"

THE JACKAL OUTWITS THE TIGER

"I may as well go back," said the Brahman, "and let the tiger eat me." But on the way he met a jackal.

"Why do you look so unhappy?" asked the jackal.

Then the Brahman told him all that had happened. "I don't understand you," said the jackal. "Tell it all over again. I seem to get it all mixed up."

Then the Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal shook his head. He did not seem to understand.

"It's very odd," he said sadly. "But it seems to go in at one ear and out at the other. Let us go back to the place where it all happened. Then perhaps you can make me understand."

So they went back to the cage. The tiger stood there, waiting for the poor Brahman.

"You have been away a long time," he growled.

"Give me five minutes more," begged the Brahman. "I want to explain things to this jackal."

"I'll give you just five minutes," said the tiger.

So the Brahman told everything all over again to the jackal, making the story as long as he could.

"Oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing his paws. "Let me see; how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by —"

"Pooh!" cried the tiger. "How stupid you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal. "Yes! *I* was in the cage. No, I wasn't. Dear, dear! where are my wits? Let me see — the tiger stood by the Brahman, and the cage came walking by. No, that's not right, either! Well don't mind me, but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!"

"Yes, you *shall* understand!" cried the tiger in a rage. "I'll *make* you understand! Look here! I am the tiger. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger," answered the jackal.

"This is the Brahman. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And this is the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"And *I* was in the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes — no. Please, Sir Tiger —"

"Well, what is it?" cried the tiger, in great anger.

"Please, Sir Tiger," said the jackal, "how did you get into the cage?"

"How did I get into the cage?" growled the tiger. "Why, there is only one way to get into the cage!"

"Oh, dear me!" said the jackal. "What a poor head I have! It is beginning to whirl again. Please don't be angry, Sir Tiger, but what *is* the only way to get into the cage?"

At this, the tiger was filled with rage. He jumped into the cage. "This way!" he roared. "This is the only way to get into the cage. Now do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand perfectly," grinned the jackal, as he fastened the door quickly. The tiger was caught again, and the good Brahman was saved

— *A Tale from India.*

THE FOOLISH JACKAL

Once upon a time a camel and a jackal were great friends. One day the jackal said to the camel, "I know where there is a fine field of sugar-cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I will show you where it is. While you are feeding on sugar-cane, I will hunt for crabs and fishes; so we shall both have a good dinner."

"Very well," said the camel, and he took the jackal on his back and swam across the river. When they reached the other side, the camel began eating the sugar-cane, and the jackal ran along the river bank, eating bits of fishes, crabs, and minnows.

Now the jackal was so small and so quick that he had finished his dinner before the big, slow camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls. Then he began to run round and round the field, yelping at every jump with all his might.

The people of the village near by heard him, and said, "There is a jackal in the sugar-cane field; he will scratch holes in the ground and spoil the crop." So they all went down to drive him away.

When they got there they were surprised to find not only a jackal but a camel, who was eating the sugar-cane! The angry villagers beat the poor camel and drove him out of the field.

"We had better go home," said the jackal to the camel, after the villagers had gone. "Very well," said the camel, "jump upon my back as you did in coming over."

Taking the jackal on his back, the camel started across the river. When they had reached deep water, the camel said, "That was a pretty trick you played on me, friend jackal! No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you started out running and yelping and making such a noise as to arouse the whole village. You brought all the people down to the sugar-cane to beat me black-and-blue and drive me out of the field, before I had eaten more than two mouthfuls. Why did you make such a noise?"

"I don't know," said the jackal. "It is a habit I have; I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The camel waded on, but the water became deeper and deeper until at last he had to swim. Then turning to the jackal, the camel said, "I want to roll over in the water."

"Oh, don't do that!" cried the jackal; "why do you want to roll over in the water?"

"I don't know," answered the camel. "It is a habit I have; I always like to roll a little after dinner."

So the camel rolled over in the deep water and the jackal fell off. The poor jackal was nearly drowned, but the camel easily swam to shore.

— *A Tale from India.*

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

AUGUST'S HOME

August lived in a little town in Europe called Hall. It is on a wide river, and it has green meadows and great mountains all about it. It has paved streets and charming little shops and a grand old church. Then there is the Tower, looking down on a long wooden bridge, and the broad, rapid river.

August was a small boy of nine years at the time of this story — a chubby-faced little man with rosy cheeks, big hazel eyes, and clusters of curls, as brown as ripe nuts. His mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were many mouths at home to feed. He had been sent on a long errand one afternoon and had been delayed. He was half-frozen, but he kept up his courage by saying over and over again to himself, "I shall soon be at home with dear Hirschvogel."

He went on through the streets and at twilight reached his father's house.

At his knock the solid oak door was opened, and the boy darted in, and shouted, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died!"

It was a large room into which he rushed with so much pleasure. At one end of it, sending out warmth

and color together, as the lamp shed its rays upon it, was a big stove of porcelain, shining with all the hues of a queen's jewels. It had mounted upon it armed figures, and flowers, and a great golden crown upon the highest point of all.

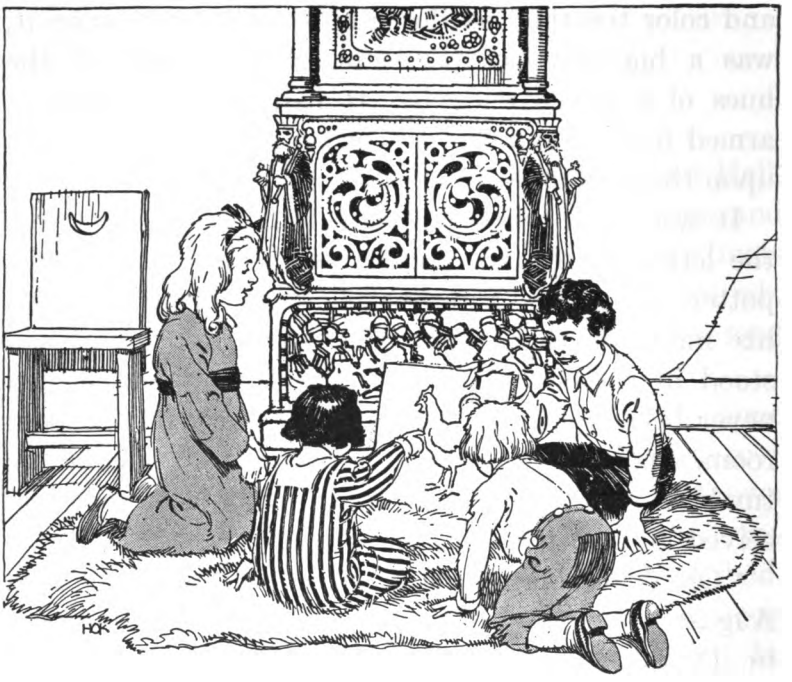
It was a stove of the year 1532, and on it were the letters A. R. H., for it was the work of a great potter, Augustin Hirschvogel, who always signed his mark in that way. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces; it was a royal thing. Yet it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor room, sending down comfort into the troop of children, tumbled together on a wolfskin at its feet, who received August with shouts of joy.

"Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August, kissing its gilded lion's claws. "Is father not in, Dorothea?" he said, speaking to his oldest sister.

"No, dear. He is late. But father says we are never to wait for him; we will have supper, now you have come home," said Dorothea.

After supper the three eldest boys slipped off to bed, being tired with a hard day's work. Dorothea drew her spinning-wheel near to the stove and set it whirring, and the little ones got August down upon the wolfskin and asked him for a picture or a story. For August was the artist of the family.

He had a piece of smooth board that his father had given him, and some sticks of charcoal, and he



would draw a hundred things he had seen in the day, sweeping each out with his elbow when the children had seen enough of it.

He would sketch faces and dogs' heads, and men in sledges, and old women in their furs, and pine-trees, and cocks and hens, and all sorts of animals. It was all very rough, for there was no one to teach him. But it was all life-like, and kept the children shrieking with laughter, or watching breathless, with wide-open, wondering eyes.

"Tell us a story, August," they cried, when they had seen charcoal pictures till they were tired. And August did as he did every night, nearly — looked up at the stove and told the children what he imagined of the adventures of the man who was pictured on it, from his cradle to his grave.

The stove, as I have said, was a very grand thing. It was of great height and breadth, with all the shining colors that Hirschvogel had learned to give to his enamels. There was the statue of a king at each corner, modeled with much skill.

August's grandfather had dug the stove up out of some ruins where he was working, and finding it without a flaw, had taken it home. That was now sixty years past, and ever since then the stove had stood in the big, empty room, warming the grandfather, his children, and his grandchildren.

Once a traveling peddler had told them that the letters on it meant Augustin Hirschvogel, and that Hirschvogel had been a great potter and painter, like his father before him. He said that Hirschvogel had made many such stoves, all wonders of beauty, putting all his heart and his soul and his faith into his work, and thinking but little of gold or praise.

So the stove had come to be called Hirschvogel in the family. And little August was very proud because he had been named after that famous old potter who had made so glorious a thing.

All the children loved the stove, but August loved it most of all. He used to say to himself, "When I am a man I will make such things, too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room in a house that I will build. That is what I will do when I am a man."

August lay now in the warmth of the stove and told the children marvelous stories.

In the midst of their chatter and laughter a blast of freezing air reached them even in the warmth of the old wolfskin and the great stove. The door had opened; it was their father who had come home.

That night their father answered the welcome of his children very wearily, and sat down heavily.

"Take the children to bed," he said, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind, curled up before the stove.

Dorothea came down from putting the little ones into their beds, then sat down to her spinning, saying nothing.

THE STOVE IS SOLD

Suddenly August's father struck his hand on the table. "I have sold Hirschvogel," he said; and his voice was husky and ashamed. The spinning-wheel stopped. August sprang up.

"I have sold it to a traveling trader in such things for two hundred florins. I owe double that. He

saw it this morning when you were all out. He will take it away tomorrow."

August went close to his father. "It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father!" The boy's eyes were wide open, fastened on his father's. His face had grown as white as his sister's; his chest heaved. "It is not true! It is not true!" he repeated.

"You will find it true," said his father. "The dealer has paid me half the money tonight, and will pay me the other half tomorrow when he takes it away. No doubt it is worth more, but beggars cannot be choosers. The black stove in the kitchen will warm you all just as well. Who would keep a gilded thing in a house like this, when one can make two hundred florins by it? 'It is a stove for a museum,' the trader said when he saw it. To a museum let it go."

"Oh! father!" August cried, throwing himself on his knees at his father's feet, his face very white. "Sell Hirschvogel! you could not do such a thing—you could not!—you who have always been gentle and good, and who have sat in the warmth here with our mother. Oh, listen; I will go and try to get work tomorrow! I will ask them to let me cut ice or make the paths through the snow. There must be something that I could do, and I will beg the people we owe money to, to wait; they are all neighbors; they will wait for it. But sell Hirschvogel!—oh,

never, never, never! Give the florins back to the man. Oh, father, dear father! do hear me!"

"You are a little fool," said his father, harshly, as they had never heard him speak before. "Get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. Be thankful I can get bread for you. Get on your legs, I say, and go to bed."

Sorrowfully August left the room. All that night he lay tossing on his bed. In the morning, while it was yet dark, the three elder brothers came down, each bearing his lantern and going to his work in the stone-yard and timber-yard and salt-works.

August had not slept, but he arose and went down to take a last look at the beautiful stove, just in time to hear loud blows made by the heavy iron knocker of the house-door. A strange voice called out, "Let me in! There is no time to lose! Let me in! Do you hear? I have come to take the great stove."

As his father came into the room and opened the door, August sprang up, screaming, "You shall never touch it! You shall never touch it!"

"Who shall prevent us?" laughed a big man, amused at the fierce little figure.

"I!" said August. "You shall never have it! You shall kill me first!"

"You are like a little mad dog," said the big man.

So his father put him out from the back entrance, and the buyers of the beautiful stove set to work to

pack it and bear it out to an ox-cart which was waiting.

August stood for a time, leaning sick and faint against the back wall of the house. The wall looked out upon a yard where there was a well. Into the yard an old neighbor hobbled for water, and seeing the boy, said to him:

"Child, is it true your father is selling the big painted stove?"

August nodded his head, then burst into tears.

"Go after it when you are bigger," said the neighbor, with a good-natured wish to cheer him up a little. "The world is a small thing after all; your stove will be safe enough, whoever gets it."

AUGUST GOES WITH THE STOVE

August remained leaning against the wall; his head was buzzing and his heart fluttering with a new idea. "Go after it," had said the old man. August thought, "Why not go with it?"

It was taken by the men to the railway station and was to be sent by a freight-train which was to pass in half an hour.

August made a bold plan in his little mind. Where Hirschvogel went, he would go. He gave one terrible thought to Dorothea—poor, gentle Dorothea!—then set to work. How he managed it he never knew

clearly himself, but when the freight-train moved out of Hall, August was hidden behind the stove. He was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he meant to be closer still. For he meant to get inside Hirschvogel itself.

Being a shrewd little boy, and having a few pieces of money in his pocket, earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station, and this he ate in the darkness.

When he had eaten, not as much as he wanted, but as much as he thought wise (for who could say when he would be able to buy anything more?) he set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the bands of straw which wrapped the stove. He gnawed and nibbled and pulled, just as a mouse would have done, making his hole where he guessed the opening of the stove was — the opening through which he had so often thrust the big oak logs.

He had hard work getting through the straw and twisted ropes; but get through them he did, and found the door of the stove. He slipped through, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up there.

Air came in through the brass fret-work of the stove. With great care he leaned out, drew the hay and straw together and replaced the ropes, so that no one would ever have dreamed a little mouse had been at them. Then he curled himself up again, and,

being safe inside dear Hirschvogel and very cold, he fell fast asleep.

The slow train took the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go over the ground that the mail-trains cover in a forenoon.

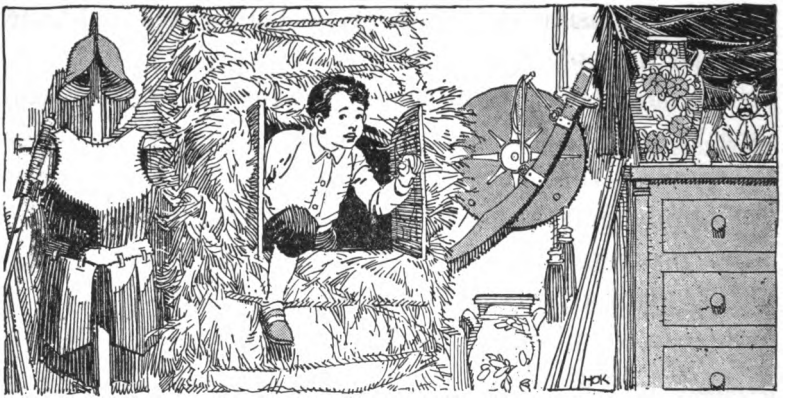
Happily for August, the thick wrappings of the stove protected him from the cold, else he must have died — frozen. He still had some of his loaf, and a little — a very little — of his sausage. But he began to suffer from thirst, and this frightened him more than anything else; for Dorothea had read to him one night a story of the tortures some wrecked men had suffered because they could not find any water but the salt sea. It was many hours since he had taken a drink.

He had begun to get used to his prison, and a little used to the pounding and rattling and shaking. All in the dark he was, and terribly thirsty; but he kept feeling the sides of the giant stove and saying, softly, "Take care of me; oh, take care of me, dear Hirschvogel!"

At last the train stopped with a jar and a jerk, and he could hear men crying the name of some town.

Then he felt himself carried on the shoulders of men, rolled along on a truck, and set down, where he knew not, only he knew he was thirsty — so thirsty!

"I shall not unpack it till Anton comes," he heard a man's voice say; and then he heard a key turn in a



lock. By the stillness he knew he was alone, and ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a square room filled with pictures, carvings, old blue jugs, old steel armor, shields, daggers, Chinese idols, china, Turkish rugs, and all the articles of a bric-a-brac dealer's.

It seemed a wonderful place to him; but, oh! was there one drop of water in it all? That was his single thought; for his tongue was parching, and his throat felt on fire, and his chest began to be dry and choked as with dust. There was not a drop of water, but there was a window, and beyond the window was a stone ledge covered with snow.

August cast one look at the locked door, darted out of his hiding-place, ran and opened the window, and crammed the snow into his mouth again and again. Then he flew back into the stove, drew the hay and

straw over the place by which he had entered, tied the cords, and shut the brass door down on himself. He had brought some big icicles with him, and by them his thirst was quenched. Then he sat listening, once more with his natural boldness.

THE STOVE IS SOLD AGAIN

By and by the key turned in the lock of the door. He heard heavy footsteps and the voice of the man who had said to him, "You are like a little mad dog." The voice said, "You have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have bought for two hundred florins. Never did you do such a piece of work."

Then the other voice grumbled, and the heart of the child went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat. They began to strip the stove of its wrappings. Soon they uncovered it; that he knew by the exclamations of wonder which broke from the man who had not seen it before.

"A right royal thing! Magnificent! Matchless!"

After praising and marveling, the men moved to a distance and began talking of sums of money. All August could make out was that the king — the king — the king was used very often as they talked. After a while they seemed to agree to something, and were in great glee. He had made out from their talk that they were going to show Hirschvogel to some great person.

Presently the door opened. He could hear the two dealers' voices and the voice of another person, clearer and softer, close by the boy's ear, which exclaimed, "Beautiful!" August almost lost his terror in his thrill of pride that his beloved Hirschvogel was being thus admired in the great city.

"Beautiful!" said the stranger a second time, and then examined the stove in all its parts. After a while the men went away, leaving August and Hirschvogel to pass the night there.

"Oh, save me; take care of me!" he prayed to the old stove, and forgot, poor little man, that he had come on this wild chase to save and to take care of Hirschvogel! After a time he dropped asleep, as children can do when they weep.

August awoke with a start, just as the clocks of the city struck six in the morning. All was dark around him. Was it still night, or had morning come?

Tramp, tramp, came a heavy step up the stair. Then the dealers began to wrap up the stove once more in its straw and cords. Presently they called up their porters, and the stove was carried on the shoulders of six strong men down the stairs and out into the streets. Even behind all those wrappings August felt the icy bite of the cold air.

The carriers tramped through the city to the railway station. August recognized the railway noises, and thought, "Will it be a long journey?" For his

stomach had an odd shrinking, and his head felt light and swimming. If it was to be a very long journey he felt that he would be dead before the end, and Hirschvogel would be so lonely; that was what he thought most about; not much about himself, and not much about those at home.

Whether for a long or a short journey, the stove was this time not left alone. The two dealers and the six porters were with it. In his darkness August knew that, for he heard their voices.

Though the men grumbled about the roads and the cold, they laughed often, and promised their porters fine presents on New Year's Day. And August, like a shrewd little boy as he was, thought to himself, "They have sold Hirschvogel for some great sum! They have sold him already!" Then his heart grew faint and sick within him.

In three hours more the train came to a stop, and the stove was lifted out. August heard one of the dealers say to the porters, "Now, men, for a long mile and a half! You shall have your reward at Christmas time." They shouldered the stove, grumbling at its weight, but little dreaming that they carried within it a small, trembling boy; for August began to tremble now that he was about to see the future owner of Hirschvogel.

"If he seems to be a good, kind man," he thought, "I will beg him to let me stay with it."

Then he heard voices, but could not understand what was being said. His bearers paused for a time, then moved on again. Their feet went so softly he thought they must be moving on carpet, and as he felt a warm air come to him, he knew that he was in some heated rooms. For he was a clever little fellow and could put two and two together, though he was so hungry and so thirsty and his empty stomach felt so strange.

They must have gone through a great number of rooms, he thought, for they walked on and on, on and on. At last the stove was set down.

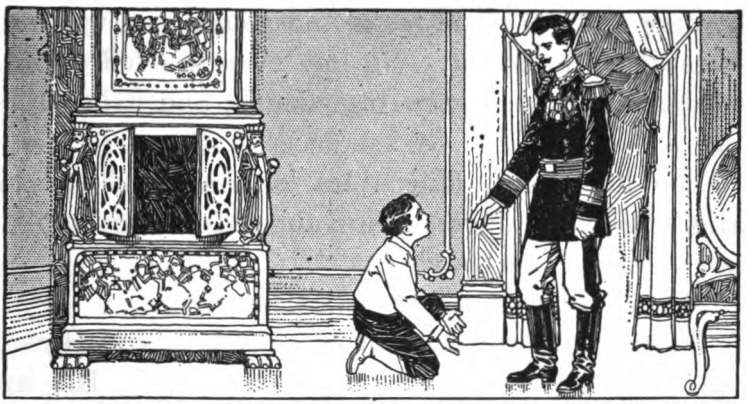
AUGUST BEFORE THE KING

The steps seemed to go away, leaving him alone with Hirschvogel. He dared not look out, but peeped through the brass-work.

Soon he heard a step near him, and he heard a low voice say, close behind him, "So!"

Then the same voice said, after a long pause, "It was well bought; it is very beautiful! It is undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

Then the hand of the speaker started to open the brass door, and the heart of the little prisoner within grew sick with fear. The door was slowly drawn open, someone bent down and looked in, and the same voice that he had heard praising its beauty



called in surprise, "What is this in it? A live child?"

Then August sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh, let me stay! Pray, sir, let me stay!" he sobbed. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel!"

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid; tell me the truth. I am the king."

August looked bravely up at the king, and folded his little brown hands. He was too much in earnest to be in any way afraid.

"Oh, dear king!" he cried, in a clear little voice, "Hirschvogel was ours; we have loved it all our lives; and father sold it. And when I saw that it did really go from us, then I said to myself I would go with it; and I have come all the way inside it. And I pray you to let me live here with it, and I will go out every

morning and cut wood for it and you, if you will only let me stay beside it. No one ever has fed it with fuel but me since I grew big enough, and it loves me —it does indeed."

Then his breath failed him, and as he lifted his little, eager, pale face to the young king's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"I am August Strehla. I live in Hall; and Hirschvogel has been ours so long — so long!" His lips trembled with a broken sob.

"And have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way from Hall?"

"Yes," said August; "no one thought to look inside till you did."

"Who bought the stove of your father?" asked the king.

"A traveling trader," said August, "and he sold it to some art dealers."

"What sum did the trader pay your father, do you know?" asked the king.

"Two hundred florins," said August. "It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his companions. "Did these art dealers come with the stove?"

When he was told that they had done so, he ordered them to be brought before him.

"You are very pale, little fellow; when did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me; yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water I should be glad; my throat is very dry."

The king had water brought for him, and cake also; but August, though he drank eagerly, could not eat anything. His mind was in too great trouble.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel? — May I?" he said.

"Wait a little," said the king, and then he asked, "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was — I mean the artist that made my Hirschvogel."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought before the king. They were frightened and trembling. And they were so surprised, too, at a child's having come all the way from Hall in the stove, as a gentleman of the palace had just told them this child had done, that they looked very foolish.

"Did you buy this stove of this little boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked them; and his voice was no longer soft and kind as it had been when speaking to the child, but very stern.

"Yes, your majesty," murmured the trembling traders.

"And how much did the man who purchased it for me give you?"

"Two thousand ducats, your majesty," muttered the dealers, frightened out of their wits.

"You will give to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received, less the two hundred florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are great rogues. Be thankful you are not more greatly punished."

He allowed them to go, and asked one of his officers to see that the dealers gave up their ill-gotten gains.

August heard, and felt dazed. Two thousand gold ducats for his father! Why, his father would never need to go any more to the salt-works! And yet, whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same; and would the king let him stay with it? — would he?

"Oh, do! oh, please do!" he murmured, joining his little brown hands, and kneeling down before the young king.

The king looked down on the child, and as he did so smiled once more. "Rise up, my little man," he said in a kind voice; "kneel only to your God. Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court, and you shall be taught to be an artist, and you must win all the prizes at our schools of art. If, when you are twenty-one years old, you have done well, I will give you your porcelain stove

again. And now go away with this man, and be not afraid. You shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

The king smiled and stretched out his hand. August was so happy that he threw his arms about the king's knees and kissed his feet. Then he fainted away from hunger.

He is only a student yet, but he is a happy student, and some day will be a great man. Sometimes he goes back for a little visit to Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father comfortable. In the old room there is a large white porcelain stove, the king's gift to Dorothea.

August never goes home without going into the great church and saying his thanks to God, who blessed his strange winter's journey in the porcelain stove.

— *Louise de la Ramée — Abridged.*

THAT CALF

An old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright,
"Now which of you, last night,
Shut the barn door while I was in bed?"
Each one of them half shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the door,
But they said that she did, all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple-gray, "I was not up this way
Last night, as I now recollect";
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high
And said, "Where's the one to object,
If I say 'tis that calf I suspect?"

"It is too wicked, now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks."
Said the cock in the tree, "I am sure 'twasn't me";
All the sheep just said, "Bah!"—there were six;
And they thought, "Now that calf's in a fix!"

"Of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat;
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think me
a fool,

But I'm not quite so simple as that —
Well, that calf never knows what she's at!"

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door?" said the farmer once more;
And she answered, "I did, sir, last night;
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head: "She will catch it," they said;
"Serve her right, for her meddlesome way."
Cried the farmer: "Come here, little bossy, my dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from today.

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat —
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl;
The mule tried to smile, the cock to crow;
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite here,"
They all cried; "we're so glad it was you!"
But that calf only answered them, "Boo!"

—*Alice Cary.*

AGREED TO DISAGREE

A mouse, a cricket, a bumblebee
Started out in the sweet spring weather.
"Let's all agree,"
Said the bumblebee,
"To build us a house and live together."
"I'm willing to try,"
Said the cricket spry;
Said dear little mousie, "So am I."

"Under the porch, away down low,"
The cricket chirruped in rare delight,
"Is the place, I know,
For us to go;
There's not the tiniest ray of light!
We'll hide away
From the dazzling day,
And chirrup and buzz and squeak all night."
Said the mouse, "O dear,
I fear, I fear
Such a place would be so dark and drear!"

"Away, 'way up in the elm tree high,"
Said the bumblebee, "is a cozy nook,
In the early light
Of the morning bright
A royal place. Let us go and look."
Said the cricket, "Why,
As I cannot fly,
I never could think of going so high."

Said the Mistress Mouse, "The finest spot
Is out in the field of growing wheat;
We'll build a dot
Of a nest — why not? —
Convenient, cozy, and snug, and sweet."
Said the bumblebee,
"Dear me, dear me!
Such a house would never do for three."

Well, Mistress Mouse
Built a wee, wee house,
And cuddled under the sun-warmed hay.
The bumblebee
From his hole in the tree
Buzzed and hummed through the sunny day,
While the cricket stole
To the darkest hole
And chirruped till morning's earliest ray.
And though they could never live together,
All rejoiced in the sweet spring weather.

— *Sydney Dayre.*

A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON'S PLAN

One day, during the Revolutionary War, the loud barking of a house dog brought a servant to the door of an old farmhouse.

"Is your master at home?" inquired a tall man standing outside.

"No, sir. He got his horse, and went off more than an hour ago."

"Where is your mistress?" asked the man.

"She is in the house, sir," replied the servant.

"Are there any strangers in the house?"

"There were plenty of them a little while ago, but they've been gone a good while."

The tall man, being satisfied that there was no danger, told the servant to take his horse; then he entered the house.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to a lady, who was seated at a table with a large dish before her into which she was shelling beans, "luck to you, ma'am, and all your house!"

"Good luck, Mr. Horse-Shoe Robinson," exclaimed Mistress Ramsay, offering her hand. "What has brought you here? What news? Who are with you?"

"I am all alone," said Robinson. "And I am a little wettish, too, mistress," he added, as he took

off his hat and shook the water from it. "It has just set up a rain, and looks as if it might be going to give us enough. Where's Mr. Ramsay?"

"He's gone over to the meeting-house, hoping to hear something of the army; perhaps you can tell the news from the army?"

"That I cannot, Mistress Ramsay. At the present time I command the flying artillery. We have but one man in the corps — and that's myself. I was hoping I might find your son John at home. I have need of him as a recruit."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, John has a heavy life of it. The brave boy is very often without half enough sleep, or a good meal. The general thinks so much of him that he can't spare him to come home. I haven't the heart to complain as long as John's service is of any use, but we thought he might have been here today. Yet I am glad he didn't come; he would have been certain to get into trouble. For who should come in this morning, just after my husband had got away on his horse, but a young British ensign, and four great Scotchmen with him, all in red coats. Here they were, swaggering all about my house — and calling for this — and calling for that — as if they owned everything on the plantation. And it made my blood rise to see them catch up my chickens and ducks, and kill as many as they could string about them — and I not daring to

say a word; though I did give them a piece of my mind, too."

"Who is at home with you?" inquired the soldier.

"Nobody but my youngest son, Andrew," answered the dame. "And then the thieving rioters ——"

"What arms have you in the house?" interrupted Robinson, without heeding her anger.

"We have a rifle, and a horseman's pistol that belongs to John."

"They took the road toward their camp, Mistress Ramsay?"

"Yes, but see here, Mr. Horse-Shoe, you're not thinking of going after them?"

"Isn't there an old field, about a mile from this, on that road?" inquired Robinson, paying no attention to her question.

"There is; with the old schoolhouse upon it."

"A rickety log-cabin in the middle of the field?"

"Yes," answered the woman, puzzled.

"I know the place very well; there are woods just on this side of it."

"That's true; but what is it you are thinking about, Mr. Robinson?"

"Mistress Ramsay, bring me the rifle and pistol both — and the powder-horn and bullets."

"If you say so, Mr. Horse-Shoe," answered the woman, as she turned round to leave the room; "but I am sure I can't guess what you mean to do."

In a few moments the woman returned with the weapons, and gave them to the soldier.

"Where is Andy?" asked Horse-Shoe Robinson.

The hostess went to the door and called her son, and a sturdy boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age came into the room.

"How would you like a scrimmage, Andy, with the Scotchmen who stole your mother's chickens this morning?" asked Horse-Shoe.

"I'm agreed," replied the boy.

"You are not going to take the boy out on any of your desperate adventures, Mr. Horse-Shoe!" exclaimed the mother.

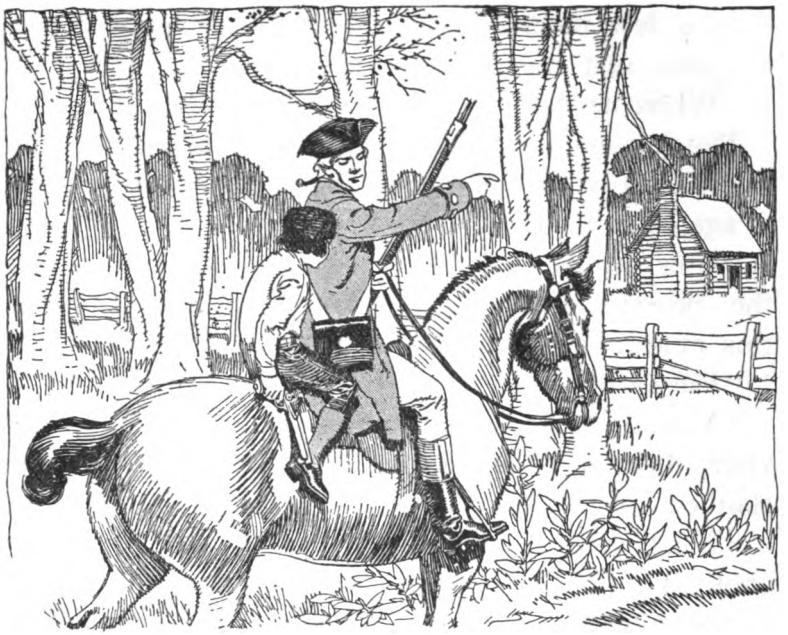
"Bless you, Mistress Ramsay, there is no danger about it. It's a thing that is either done at a blow, or not done."

"Ah, Mr. Robinson, I have one son already in this war — God protect him! I cannot give another." And she threw her arms over the shoulders of her son and drew him to her bosom.

"I give you my word of honor, Mistress Ramsay," said Horse-Shoe Robinson, "that I will bring or send your son safe back home in one hour. Come, that's a good woman!"

"You are not deceiving me?" asked the woman, wiping away a tear.

"On the honesty of a soldier, ma'am," replied Horse-Shoe Robinson.



"Then I will say no more," said the mother.

Horse-Shoe now loaded the fire-arms and put the pistol into the hands of the boy. Then he shouldered his rifle and, with Andy, left the room.

But Horse-Shoe Robinson did not depart without giving some sign of that light-heartedness for which he was so well known. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with a laugh, "Andy and I will teach them a thing or two, Mistress Ramsay — we will surround the rascals."

THE CAPTURE

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse-Shoe, after he had mounted his horse, "you must get up behind me."

By the time that the soldier had explained his plans to the boy, they had arrived at the old field. Smoke was rising from the chimney of the cabin.

Andrew was soon posted behind a tree, and Robinson only waited a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed upon, in order to be sure that he had them in his memory.

"Remember, Andy," said Robinson, "if you hear any popping of fire-arms, you must take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can. Do you understand all, now?"

"Oh, yes," answered the lad, "and I'll do what you want, and more, too, maybe, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson — remember, Andy, *Captain* Robinson. You must call me captain in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that, either," said the boy.

Being satisfied that his young companion might be depended upon, Robinson galloped forward, and reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the farther end, and in the corner near the door were four muskets thrown together against the wall.

Robinson leaped from his saddle and sprang through the door. "I demand the surrender of all here!"

he shouted, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot!"

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside the house.

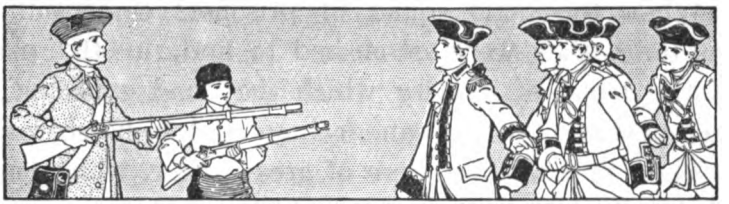
"I don't want to do you or your men any harm, young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but I will not leave one of you alive if you raise a hand."

Both parties stood eying each other. Robinson was beginning to fear that his trick would be discovered, when Andrew suddenly appeared at the door.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted, as he turned his face toward the field. "Shall I let loose upon them, Captain?"

"Keep them outside the door — stand fast!" cried Robinson. "Sir," he said, turning to the young officer, "you must see that it is not worth fighting five to one. I should be very sorry to be the death of any of your brave fellows; so, take my advice, and surrender to this scrap of the American army which I command."

While Horse-Shoe was speaking, the lad outside was calling out, first on one name, and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The trick succeeded, and the officer said: "Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise, and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With



the promise of the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little party."

"Never doubt me, sir," replied Robinson. "Corporal Ramsay, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, Captain," said Andrew, in a laughing tone; and the lad quickly carried the four muskets out of the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse-Shoe to the officer, "your sword, and any other weapons of war you have about you!"

The officer gave up his sword and pocket pistols.

As Horse-Shoe Robinson received these, he asked, with a smile, "Your name, sir, if I may take the freedom to ask it?"

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of His Majesty's Seventy-first Regiment of Light Infantry."

"Ensign, your servant," said Horse-Shoe very politely. "You have defended your post like an old soldier, although you haven't beard on your chin. You shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. Walk out now, and form in line at the door."

When the little squad of prisoners came out of the door, they were astonished to find, in the place of the troop of cavalry which they had expected to see, nothing but a man, a boy, and a horse.

Their first feelings were of great anger, which were followed by laughter from one or two of them. Then they looked at each other, slyly, in a way that showed a purpose to turn upon their captors. Horse-Shoe no sooner saw this than he raised his rifle to his breast, and at the same instant gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces and to fire one of the captured muskets at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn it."

"You have my word," said the ensign. "Lead on."

"By your leave, you will lead, and I will follow," replied Horse-Shoe.

"As you please, sir," answered the ensign.

Seeing that Robinson was determined to shoot the first who should resist, the prisoners submitted, and marched in double file from the hut back toward Ramsay's. Horse-Shoe followed, with his horse's bridle over his arm, and young Andrew, with the fire-arms packed upon his shoulders, brought up the rear. In this order they returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said Robinson, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and what's more, I have brought home a young soldier that is worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms. "I feared trouble would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave bravely, Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse-Shoe; "but he did good service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there were men to fight with, that's all!"

—J. P. Kennedy — Abridged.

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE

ACT I

Time — CHRISTMAS EVE

Scene — SCROOGE'S SITTING-ROOM

Persons:

SCROOGE
SCROOGE'S NEPHEW
CHRISTMAS FAIRY

[Scrooge, in dressing-gown, slippers, and nightcap, sits before a fire. He is eating from a bowl of gruel, and his face is scowling. Scrooge's nephew comes in, with his face smiling and his eyes sparkling. He looks cheerful and kind.]

NEPHEW. A Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. [*Sneering.*] Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure.

SCROOGE. I do. Merry Christmas, indeed! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

NEPHEW. [*Gayly.*] Come, then! What right have you to be cross? You're rich enough.

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug! You are just like my clerk, Bob Cratchit. He wished me Merry Christmas today, and he hasn't one sixpence to rub against another.

NEPHEW. Bob Cratchit has something better than sixpences. He has a heart full of kindness and love. Come, don't be cross, uncle!

SCROOGE. What else can I be when I live in such a foolish world? Merry Christmas! Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. Oh, no! Uncle!

UNCLE. Nephew! Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it in mine.

NEPHEW. Keep it? But you don't keep it!

SCROOGE. Let me leave it alone then. What good has Christmas ever done you?

NEPHEW. Christmas is a kind time, a forgiving time. It is a time to think of those who need help. It is a time when people smile and say cheery words. I believe that Christmas *has* done me good and *will* do me good, and I say, "God bless it!"

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

NEPHEW. It is a time when you might help Bob Cratchit. He needs help. Tiny Tim, his little lame son, needs help.

SCROOGE. [*Interrupting.*] Why did you come here? Let Bob Cratchit help himself! I am rich, but who made me rich? Did Christmas?

NEPHEW. Don't be angry, uncle! Come! Have dinner with us tomorrow. You must be lonely.

SCROOGE. I never give dinners to anyone, and I never take them with anyone. A foolish custom! If you have nothing better to say, good night!

NEPHEW. [*Going to his uncle and offering him his hand.*] Let us be friends.

SCROOGE. [*Angrily turning away.*] Good night!

NEPHEW. I am sorry to find you so ill-tempered, but I will not quarrel with you. It is Christmas Eve, and Christmas should make us cheerful and happy. So, a Merry Christmas, uncle!

SCROOGE. [*Still more angrily.*] Good night!

NEPHEW. And a Happy New Year!

SCROOGE. [*Standing up, waving spoon toward the door, and almost shouting.*] GOOD NIGHT!

[Scrooge's nephew goes out. Scrooge sits by the fire, scraping the bowl and scowling. Suddenly, bells begin to ring gayly. The door opens, and the Christmas Fairy, young and beautiful, comes in. A bright star shines on her forehead, and she holds a wand of holly.]

CHRISTMAS FAIRY. A Merry Christmas to you!

SCROOGE. [*He looks up suddenly and speaks in a startled voice.*] Bah! Humbug! You are the third foolish person who has said that to me today! Who are you, and what do you want?

FAIRY. In good time you shall learn who I am. I am here because you need me. I have a Christmas gift for you.

SCROOGE. Christmas gift? Humbug! I am rich. I need no gifts. I take nothing and I give nothing.

FAIRY. And so you *have* nothing! You are rich, but what good does your money do? Does it make you happy? Does it make anyone else happy? Do you help anyone with it? Your clerk, Bob Cratchit, is very poor. He works hard for you, but you pay him as little as you can. He needs help. You are rich. Will you help him?

SCROOGE. [*Angrily.*] Bob Cratchit! Bob Cratchit! You are as foolish as my nephew. And Bob Cratchit is foolish, too. He wished me a Merry Christmas today! Merry Christmas, indeed! He hasn't a sixpence to make merry with!

FAIRY. Bob Cratchit has something better than six pences. He has something that all your money cannot buy. But he needs help. Will you help him? His son, Tiny Tim, is ill and lame. If you help him he can get strong and well. Will you help him?

SCROOGE. I help nobody. Let Bob Cratchit help himself. That is what I do. If he has something better than sixpences, let him use it, I say.

FAIRY. Yes; Bob Cratchit has something better than sixpences. He has a kind and loving heart. But your heart is hard, Ebenezer Scrooge. You have no friends. You help nobody. You never say a kind word to anyone. You are cross and stingy.

SCROOGE. [*Waving his spoon angrily.*] Go away!

FAIRY. Not until I have given you a Christmas gift. Do you know what Christmas gift you need, Ebenezer Scrooge? You need a kind and loving heart. I will help you to get it. I am the Christmas Fairy. This is Christmas Eve, and I will show you what is going to happen in Bob Cratchit's poor little home on Christmas Day. You shall see that kind and loving hearts are better than riches, and that poor Bob Cratchit is happier than you.

SCROOGE. Bah! Humbug!

FAIRY. [*Waving wand.*] Look! Ebenezer Scrooge, what do you see?

[The Fairy points with her wand to the farther end of the room. Scrooge scowls and looks unwillingly, then stares in surprise.]

Act II

Time — Christmas Eve
Scene — Scrooge's Sitting-room

Persons:

Scrooge	Belinda
The Fairy	Peter
Bob Cratchit	Fanny
Mrs. Cratchit	Dick
Martha	Tiny Tim

[Scrooge sits by the fire, staring at the other end of the room. The Christmas Fairy stands beside him. As Scrooge stares, he looks first surprised, then sorry, then ashamed. A strange change has come over the other end of the room. It looks like the kitchen of a poor home. There is an open brick fireplace, with a hook from which hangs a kettle. A saucepan is on the hob. A table stands in the middle of the room, and some chairs are against the wall. Everything is very poor but very clean. All the people in the room are very poor but very clean. The children's faces shine with much scrubbing; Mrs. Cratchit and Belinda are happy in cheap, bright ribbons. Master Peter Cratchit is wearing a very high collar, his father's; he is very proud of it, but its sharp corners are always in the way. Mrs. Cratchit, with Belinda's help, lays the cloth on the table. Master Peter Cratchit plunges a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, his big collar getting into his mouth as he does so. Fanny and Dick come tearing into the room and dance about the table.]

Dick. Oh, mother! We have been to the baker's shop.

Fanny. We smelled our goose, mother! The baker says it is nearly done. There are a dozen geese roasting in his big oven. Oh, how good they smell!

DICK. And the sage and onions, too, oh! oh! oh! oh!

[The two children dance up and down.]

FANNY. Oh, Dick, see Peter's new collar! How fine he looks in it!

DICK. It is father's collar. Some day I can have one of father's collars, too. Then I will go to walk in the Park. Doesn't Peter look beautiful!

[They dance around Peter.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Where can your dear father be? And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late as this last Christmas!

[Martha comes in.]

FANNY and DICK. Here's Martha, mother. Oh, Martha, there's such a goose in the baker's oven!

[They dance up and down.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Taking off Martha's bonnet and shawl, and kissing her half a dozen times.*] Why bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!

MARTHA. We had a lot of work to finish in the shop last night. We worked till very late. Then we had to get up early this morning to clear everything away.

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, never mind, so long as you have come. Sit down before the fire, my dear, and get warm.

FANNY and DICK. No, no! Here's father coming! Hide, Martha, hide!

[Martha hides behind the door as Bob Cratchit comes in. One end of a comforter hangs down before him, and the rest is wound tightly about his neck. His worn clothes are carefully mended and brushed. Tiny Tim, holding a crutch in his hand, is on his father's shoulder.]

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Looking around.*] Why, where's our Martha?

FANNY and DICK. Not coming!

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Surprised and disappointed.*] Not coming? On Christmas Day?

[He puts Tiny Tim down.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. We must not make father sad with our jokes. No, Martha is not coming, because she is already here.

MARTHA. [*Running out.*] Here I am, father! Merry Christmas to you!

BOB CRATCHIT. [*His good-natured face covered with smiles.*] How glad I am to see you, Martha! It does your father good to have all his children with him on Christmas Day.

FANNY and DICK. Come here, Tiny Tim! Hurry, hurry! You can hear the Christmas pudding singing in the kettle.

[They help Tiny Tim over to the fireplace.]

FANNY. Hear it bubble and boil! It's all tied up in a cloth. See it steam!

DICK. It smells like washing day!

FANNY. That's the cloth.

DICK. And it smells just like the baker's shop!

FANNY. That's the pudding.

DICK. Oh, but it smells like a fruit shop, too!

FANNY. That's the raisins and the currants.

[Fanny and Dick dance about the fireplace and sniff the pudding. Tiny Tim waves his little crutch.]

TINY TIM. Hurrah! Hurrah!

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Softly.*] How did Tiny Tim behave at church?

BOB CRATCHIT. As good as gold. He sits alone so much that he has strange thoughts. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple. He said it might be pleasant to them to remember, on Christmas Day, who it was that made beggars walk and blind men see.

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Wiping her eyes.*] Oh, if we only had a little more money, we could get him medicine and better food. We could send him into the country for better air. Why doesn't Scrooge pay you fairly for your work? Then we could help Tiny Tim, and he would get well again.

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Shaking his finger at her.*] My dear! Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. You know it is true, Bob Cratchit, but you are too kind-hearted to say so.

BELINDA. [*Breaking in on them.*] Isn't it time for Peter to get the goose, mother?

FANNY and DICK. May we go, too? Oh, let us go, too!

PETER. Let us take Tiny Tim. I'll carry him on my shoulder. Fanny and Dick can bring home the goose.

FANNY and DICK. Oh, yes! We'll be very careful. Do let Tiny Tim go with us! He can see the goose and smell the sage and onions all the way home.

BELINDA. Here is the platter.

[Bob Cratchit puts Tiny Tim upon Peter's shoulder, and the four children go out together.]

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Going up to Mrs. Cratchit.*] I have found work for Peter, at last. It is hard, and the pay is small, but it will help us a little.

MARTHA. Just think of Peter's being a man of business!

BOB CRATCHIT. I hope he will not have to work as many hours a day as poor Martha, here. But how happy I am that I have such good children and that they are so willing to work!

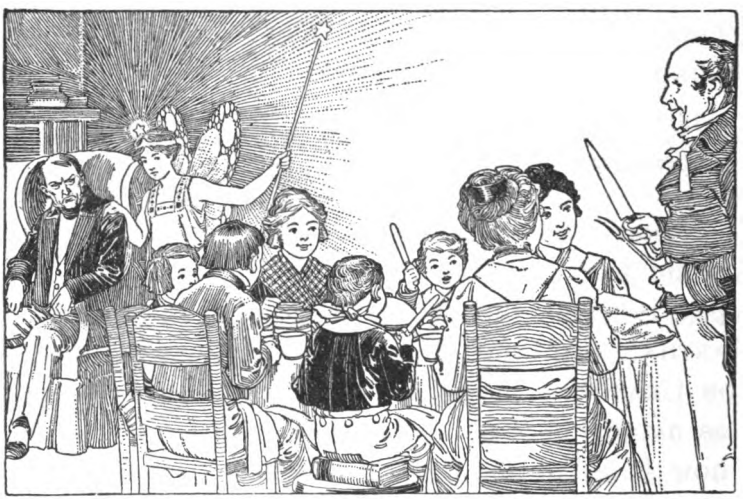
MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Hurrying to the fireplace.*] I must make the gravy. Belinda, will you mash the potatoes and, Martha, you may sweeten the apple-sauce and lay the plates.

[In a few moments, Fanny and Dick bring in the goose on the platter; it is a very small goose, but they carry it proudly. Peter follows, with Tiny Tim on his shoulder. Bob Cratchit lifts Tiny Tim down carefully, while Mrs. Cratchit takes the platter and sets it on the table. They all stand around the table looking at the goose.]

ALL THE CHILDREN. Oh! What a goose! What a fine, large goose! Was there ever such a goose before?

[Fanny and Dick hurry to set the chairs about the table.]

MRS. CRATCHIT. Dinner is ready, children. Sit down, everyone. Peter, lift Tiny Tim into his little chair.



[Bob Cratchit stands up, with carving knife in hand, ready to carve the goose. Tiny Tim and Fanny and Dick beat upon the table with the handles of their knives.]

TINY TIM. [*Waving his arms.*] Hurrah! Hurrah!

BOB CRATCHIT. Before we begin, let us all wish a Merry Christmas to Mr. Scrooge. He gives me work, or I could not pay for this good dinner. If it were not for him, we should not have this fat goose steaming here on the table.

MRS. CRATCHIT. [*Looking up angrily.*] Mr. Scrooge, indeed! I wish I had him here! I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!

BOB CRATCHIT. My dear! Think of the children! And this is Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. It *should* be Christmas Day indeed! On what other day could we give good wishes to such a stingy, selfish man? [*Shaking her finger gently at her husband.*] You know he is, Bob! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow. Don't you work hard all day for poor pay? Does he ever give you a pleasant word? Look at poor Tiny Tim! If you were paid what you earn we could get help for him. Then he might walk again.

BOB CRATCHIT. [*Shaking his head.*] My dear! Just to please me! Christmas Day!

MRS. CRATCHIT. Well, then! I'll wish him a Merry Christmas for your sake, and for the sake of Christmas. [*She turns to the children as if to suggest that they all join in the wish.*] A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. Scrooge!

ALL. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. Scrooge!

BOB CRATCHIT. A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us.

TINY TIM. God bless us, every one!

Act III

Time — Christmas Eve
Scene — Scrooge's Sitting-room

Persons:

Christmas Fairy Scrooge

[Scrooge stands looking eagerly into the far end of the room; but it is no longer a little kitchen. The noisy, happy Cratchits have disappeared. He turns and looks at the Christmas Fairy, who stands at his side. His face looks sad and softened by what he has seen, and when he speaks, his voice is gentle and kind.]

Scrooge. [*Eagerly.*] Tell me, was it all a dream?

Christmas Fairy. That depends on you, Ebenezer Scrooge.

Scrooge. I have been wrong; I see it! I have been sour, and selfish, and even cruel.

Fairy. [*Smiling at the change in Scrooge.*] Did you see anything better than sixpences?

Scrooge. Yes; love is better than sixpences. A kind heart is better than sixpences. It is better than all the riches in the world. Tell me! Will Tiny Tim live?

Fairy. Tell me! Will you take my Christmas gift? Will you change your hard heart for a kind one?

Scrooge. [*Earnestly.*] I will try! I will try!

Fairy. Then Tiny Tim will live, because you will help him.

SCROOGE. [*Quickly and eagerly.*] I will raise Bob Cratchit's wages! I'll pay him every sixpence he earns! I'll send him the biggest turkey in London for his Christmas dinner. I saw one today. It was twice as big as Tiny Tim. I'll send that one! [*He laughs and waves his spoon joyfully.*] And I'll send Tiny Tim to the country for better air. He shall have fresh milk and cream and eggs! Yes, and Martha shall go with him to take care of him, and to have a rest! Hurrah! Hurrah! [*Waves spoon.*] Oh, I have been foolish, but I have learned a lesson. [*He turns to the Fairy.*] A Merry Christmas to you! A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world!

— *Adapted from Dickens's "A Christmas Carol."*

A BACKWARD LOOK

In the strange journeys you have been making with your book-comrade into fairyland and the country of adventure, you visited three quite different kinds of places. You remember that your first little journeys were to "Topsy-Turvy" land, the home of nonsense. Perhaps you wonder why a schoolbook takes time to lead you into such a land, and why Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear created for you such absurd beings as the Red Queen and the Pobble and the Attery Squash. But

Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear were really wise men — wise enough to know that a hearty laugh is oftentimes the best medicine in all the world. Perhaps you came to school today with a gloomy face; you had lost your skates, or you couldn't understand some problem in arithmetic, or all sorts of things had gone wrong with you. And then your eye happened to fall upon the delightful nonsense of Edward Lear, and as you read, you lost your ill humor in the land of laughter and sunshine. Mention some of the funny things in Part II that made you laugh.

A second kind of journey that you took led into the fairyland where Rumpelstiltskin made odd bargains with the miller's daughter, or where strange animals learned lessons that might be useful even to you, or where a Christmas fairy softened the heart of a tight-fisted old miser. Mention some of the exciting things that happened in this fairyland. What were some of the lessons that the animals learned? That Scrooge learned?

Then you went on a third kind of journey, away from fairyland, into the real country of real people. Here you saw a brave boy taking a dangerous ride in a porcelain stove, and another brave boy helping to capture some British soldiers. These were adventures of a kind that sometimes happen to real boys. Did any exciting adventure ever happen to you, or to anyone you know? If so, tell the story to your classmates.

Which kind of stories do you most enjoy — the nonsense tale that makes you laugh, the exciting fairy tale that tells of impossible creatures in a magic world, or stories of real people who have done brave and thrilling deeds?

Part III

THE WORLD OF NATURE

A Forward Look

And now come with me, your book-comrade, to make little journeys very different from those we have just taken together in the land of fairies and adventure. This time we shall wander into the homes of animals and birds and flowers — through the beautiful world of Nature.

It is a land very different from the fairy-scenes you have just visited. Yet there is something fairy-like about Mother Nature, too, if you will keep your eyes wide open, and let your fancies play while you wander with your book-comrade through the beautiful meadows and woodlands. Here on the edge of a village we come upon a simple scene. It is only an old man and a few children, planting a little tree. Perhaps you think there can be no interest for you in such a group, and wish to hasten along in search of something more exciting. But hark! A poet is whisper-

ing in your ears, and his magic words change the whole scene. For he bids you peer into the future and call up in your fancy the wonderful things the frail little tree may become when Mother Nature has nursed it through the warm summers and watered it with the soft rains of many springs. And then the wise poet murmurs in your ears,

"What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant the houses for you and me."

Yes, if you only stop to think of it, the world of out-of-doors is the truest fairyland of all, and Mother Nature is the most wonderful of magicians. But if you are to learn the secrets of this magic world, you will need to wander through her fairy work-shop with the poets and the wise story-tellers of Nature at your side. Then, if your eyes are wide open, you will see and understand. Many a time in the past you have *looked at* the flowers in the meadow; now, you may really *see* them, and know how like little fairies they are, spreading dainty banquets of honey for the buzzing bee. Many a time you have *looked at* the birds and animals of the woods; now, you *see* that they are Nature's wild children, almost brothers to yourselves.

So let us wander together, you and I, your book-comrade, through the forests and the fields. There you shall hear the cheery songs of the nightingale and the bluebird and the Bob White. By the side of a New England lake you shall watch the frolicsome squirrels; and a moment later be whisked away to the dense forest home of Siberian bears. As you visit these and many other scenes of Mother Nature, *remember that you are to keep your eyes wide open and your ears alert.*

PLANTING THE TREE

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam, and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— *Henry Abbey.*

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN*

I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great Tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown —
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

* Copyright, 1889, by Roberts Brothers.

So, for just one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among —

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good night," and murmured,
"It is *so* nice to go to bed!"

— *Susan Coolidge.*

MAY

Merry, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about,
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young May.

— *George Macdonald.*

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I am alive in trunk and root;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— *Edith M. Thomas.*

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone,
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see;
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

— *Björnstjerne Björnson.*

THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN

The red squirrel usually waked me in the dawn, running over the roof and up and down the sides of the house, as if sent out of the woods for this very purpose.

In the winter I threw out half a bushel of ears of sweet-corn on to the snow crust by my door, and was amused by watching the motions of the animals which were baited by it. All day long the red squirrels came and went.

One would approach, warily at first, running over the snow by fits and starts like a leaf blown by the wind. Now he would go a few paces this way, with

wonderful speed, making haste with his "trotters" as if it were for a wager; and now as many paces that way, but never getting on more than half a rod at a time.

Then suddenly he would pause with a somerset, as if all eyes were fixed on him. Then, before you could say Jack Robinson, he would be in the top of a young pine, talking to all the universe.

At length he would reach the corn, and selecting an ear, frisk about in the same way to the topmost stick of my wood-pile, before my window. Here he would look me in the face, and would sit for hours, supplying himself with a new ear from time to time, nibbling, at first greedily, and throwing the half-naked cobs about.

At length he grew more dainty and played with his food, tasting only the inside of the kernel; and the ear, which was held balanced over the stick by one paw, slipped from his careless grasp and fell to the ground.

So the little impudent fellow would waste many an ear in a forenoon. At last, seizing some longer and plumper one, considerably bigger than himself, he would set out with it to the woods. He would go by the same zigzag course, with frequent pauses, as if it were too heavy for him.

So he would get off with it to where he lived, perhaps carry it to the top of a pine-tree forty or fifty

rods distant. I would afterwards find the cobs strewn about the woods in various directions.

Though at first shy, the squirrels soon went to work as if taking what was their own. They grew at last to be quite familiar. Occasionally they stepped upon my shoe, when that was the nearest way.

— Henry D. Thoreau — Abridged.

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES

Do you all know the little striped chipmunk which lives in our woods? He has a cousin in far-off India called the geloori. It is said that the stripes came on the back of the geloori in a wonderful way.

One day the great Indian God, Shiva, saw a little gray chipmunk on the seashore. He was dipping his bushy tail into the sea, and shaking out the water on the shore. Twenty times a minute he dipped it into the ocean.

In wonder, Shiva said, "What are you doing, little foolish gray geloori? Why do you tire yourself with such hard labor?"

The geloori answered, "I cannot stop, great Shiva. The storm blew down the palm tree, where I built my nest. See! the tree has fallen into the sea, and my nest lies in the water; my wife and pretty children are in it; I fear that it will float away and that they

will be drowned. Therefore all day and all night I must dip the water from the sea. I hope soon to bail it dry. I must save my darlings even if I spoil my tail."

Shiva stooped and with his great hand stroked the little chipmunk. On the geloori's soft fur from his nose to the end of his tail, there came four green stripes! They were the marks of Shiva's fingers, placed there as signs of love.

Shiva raised his hand, and the water rolled back from the shore. The palm tree lay safe on dry land, among the rocks and seaweeds.

The little chipmunk hastened to it; his tail was now high in the air. He found his wife and children safe and dry in their house of woven grass-blades. Then the geloori noticed with delight that each little back was striped with the marks of Shiva's fingers.

This sign of love is still to be seen upon the backs of chipmunks. That is the reason why, in India, good men and boys never kill them.

— *Flora J. Cooke.*

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

"Little white snow-drop! I pray you, arise;
Bright yellow crocus! Come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!"

— *Emily Huntington Miller.*

THE SINGING LESSON

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing
  And pretended to be asleep.

"O Nightingale," cooed a dove —
  "O Nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
  Like common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.
Lift up your proud little crest,
  Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best —
  You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
  Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
  Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
  The night was divinely calm;
And the people stood on the grass
  To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
  She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
  And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
  She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
  If you'll try to find it out.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

HUMILITY

The bird that soars on highest wing
  Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
  Sings in the shade when all things rest.
    In lark and nightingale we see
    What honor hath humility.

— *James Montgomery.*

BOB WHITE

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracy morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he! and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

— *George Cooper.*

BEES AND FLOWERS

Imagine yourself to be in a pretty country garden on a hot summer morning. You notice a gentle buzzing, and you see that on the flower-bed close by, several bees are working busily among the flowers.

That great bumblebee takes it leisurely enough as she goes along, poking her head into the larkspurs, and remaining so long in each that you might think she had fallen asleep.

The brown hive bee, on the other hand, moves busily among the sweet peas and mignonette. She wants to carry a good load back to the hive.

In some blossoms she does not stay a moment, but draws her head back directly, as if to say, "No honey there." But over the full blossoms she lingers a little, then scrambles out with her drop of honey, and goes off to seek more in the next flower.

Let us watch her a little more closely. There are plenty of different plants growing in the flower-bed, but she does not go first to one kind and then to another; she keeps to one, perhaps the mignonette, the whole time till she flies away.

Follow her, and you will see that she takes her way to the hive. She may stop to visit a stray plant of mignonette on her way, but no other flower will tempt her till she has taken her load home.

We all know why she makes so many trips between the garden and the hive, and that she is collecting drops of honey from each flower, and carrying it to be stored up in the honeycomb for winter's food. We will follow her in her work among the flowers, and see, while they are so useful to her, what she is doing for them in return.

We know that plants can make stronger and better seeds when they can get pollen-dust from another plant than when they are obliged to use that which grows in the same flower. But you will be surprised to hear that the more we study flowers, the more we find that their colors and their scent are all so many baits and traps set by Nature to tempt insects to come to the flowers, and carry this pollen-dust from one to the other.

So far as we know, it is entirely for this purpose that the plants form honey in different parts of the flower. This food they prepare for the insects, and then in many different ways tempt them to come and get it. Wherever you see bright flowers, you may be quite sure that the plants want the bees or some other winged insect to come and carry their pollen for them.

Sir John Lubbock has shown that bees are not only attracted by bright colors, but that they even know one color from another. He put some honey on slips of glass with colored papers under them,

and when the bees had learned to find the honey always on the blue glass, he washed this clean, and put the honey on the red glass instead.

Now if the bees had followed only the smell of the honey they would have flown to the red glass, but they did not do this. They went first to the blue glass, expecting to find the honey on the usual color, and it was only when they were disappointed that they went off to the red glass.

Is it not beautiful to think that the bright, pleasant colors we love so much in flowers are not only ornamental, but that they are useful, and doing their part in keeping up healthy life in our world?

Neither must we forget what sweet scents can do. Have you ever noticed the delicious smell which comes from beds of mignonette or mint? These plants have found another way of attracting the insects; they have no need of bright colors, for their scent is quite as true a guide.

But just as some people have everything to attract others — beauty, gentleness, and kindliness, so some flowers, like the beautiful lily and the lovely rose, have color and scent and graceful shapes all combined.

Some flowers close when the rain is coming. Look at the daisies when a storm is coming on; as the sky grows dark, you will see them close till the sun shines again. They do this because their honey would be quite spoiled if it were washed by the rain.

So we are learning that everything which a plant does has its meaning, if we can only find it out. When we are once aware of this, a flower-garden may become quite a new world to us.

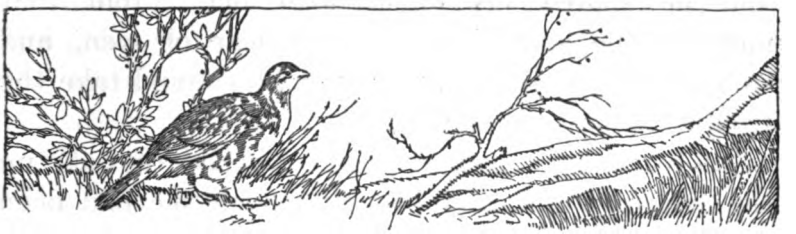
Even among insects and flowers, those who do most for others receive most in return. The flower feeds the bee, and the bee helps the flower to make its healthy seed. — *Arabella B. Buckley.*

THE BEE AND THE FLOWER

The bee buzzed up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed down from the heat.

And the bee buzzed up in the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"
And the bee buzzed off in the cold.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*



TAKING LUNCH WITH A WILD GROUSE

One bright August day I was taking lunch with a friend at Oneonta, New York. Suddenly he looked up and said with a smile, "How would you like to be introduced to a ruffed grouse this afternoon?"

At first I thought he was joking. The ruffed grouse, or "partridge," as it is often called, is one of the wildest of birds, and as a rule is very hard to approach. But I soon saw that my friend was in earnest, and then I could hardly wait until lunch was over and we could set off for the wood where the partridge lived.

There was a ride of seven miles through the country, and as we went along, my friend told me all he knew about the bird we were going to meet.

One winter day a wood-chopper had noticed a grouse walking slowly along the edge of the clearing in which he was working. Next day she came nearer, on the following day nearer still, and at the end of about two weeks she came close up to him,

and he shared his lunch with her. From that moment she seemed to lose all fear of men, and would make friends with anyone who would take the trouble to pay her a visit.

To reach her woodland home we had to walk up the side of a hill, and just as though she had been expecting us, we saw her walking slowly down to meet us.

She approached boldly almost to my feet, where she stopped and looked up at me. I put out my hand, but she drew back her head and showed very plainly that she did not care to be touched. I sat down, and at once she came near again, hopping on to my knee and later, on to my shoulder.

My friend picked some wild raspberries from bushes which grew near, and she took them eagerly from my fingers. Again I attempted to touch her, and again she drew back. When I persisted, she became angry, raised the feathers of her neck, and pecked savagely at the back of my hand.

After playing with her for two hours, I went back with my friend to Oneonta, but next morning I returned to pay another visit to the grouse, bringing with me a basket of raspberries from a fruit store.

She was nowhere to be seen, so I filled my lungs with air, and with my fists thumped upon my chest in such a way as to imitate the drumming of a male grouse that is calling for his mate.

This trick was repeated three times before I had the pleasure of seeing my little friend gliding toward the sound, under the low rails of an old fence that ran along the edge of the wood.

We had our lunch together beneath the branches of a large oak, the grouse sitting on my knee and eating raspberries as fast as I gave them to her. She seemed as happy as I was.

When we had finished I decided to take a walk, but this plan did not please my little friend, the grouse. The moment I started to leave the edge of the wood she leaped upon my feet, and pecked hard at the bottoms of my trousers.

I began to run. She came after me at full speed, and it seemed as if she were holding up her skirts that she might go the faster. Seeing that I was running too fast for her, she finally took to her wings and came sailing along like a winged cannon ball. She struck me in the ribs with force enough to hurt me, and fell heavily to the ground. I thought that she must have broken her neck, but she was on her feet again in a moment, and raising her feathers so that she looked like an angry hen, she marched me back to the place from which we had started.

Later in the afternoon some friends of mine came out from town, and we invited the bird to take tea with us under the trees. A tablecloth was spread

upon the ground, and right in the middle of it sat the ruffed grouse, our guest of honor, eating ripe raspberries out of a bowl.

At last it was time to say good-bye, and our little feathered friend came along with us for about fifty yards into the open. Then she stopped and stood watching us as we went down the hill. I believe that she was sorry to see us go, and though of course it was pure imagination, there seemed to be a wistful look in her little face. We walked on for a short distance, and when I looked back again, the little brown figure, with bowed head, was walking slowly back toward the woodland. And I knew in my heart that I had had one of the most delightful days of my life.

— *Ernest Harold Baynes.*

THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper within me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you're such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

— *William B. Rands.*

THE BROOK-SONG*

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look —
Such a very merry manner, as you swerve and curve and crook —
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me;
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him!

Little brook — sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided center of your current swift and strong,
And the dragonfly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

* From *Rhymes of Childhood*, copyright 1900; used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And sing — how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little brook — laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep.
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago —
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE RIVULET

Run, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one:
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain-bird's glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

— *Lucy Larcom.*

RAINING

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

— *Robert Loveman.*

A WONDERFUL WEAVER

There's a wonderful weaver
  High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
  For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
  The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
  In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces,
  He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
  A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
  On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
  To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
  Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
  That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
  On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
  It all, just for fun."

— *George Cooper.*

MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB

IN THE DEN

It was March, and the air was chill; snow still whitened the earth. Mishook, the brown bear cub, and his little sister were so tiny that you could almost have put them both together into a hat.

The cubs had thick, dark-brown coats, and each had a ring of white fur around its neck. They had narrow, blunt muzzles and small round ears, and their tails were so short that they could hardly be seen. Claws as sharp as needles peeped out from their toes.

Mishook's first home was the den that Mother Bruin had made for the winter which had just ended. In a hidden ravine at the foot of the mountain, the old bear had dug a hole about twenty feet long, into which she dragged moss, dead leaves, and grass. When she had made these into a soft, warm bed, she piled up a heap of brushwood in front of the hole.

As soon as heavy frosts came, the mother closed the entrance with the brushwood. Then she and her cubs slept through the long, cold winter.

The den was in a Siberian forest — a black, dense, forest, hundreds of miles long and wide. No wonder this dark home pleased the Bruin family. Here they found everything that a bear likes: mountains and ravines; plenty of mushrooms and berries; and streams full of fish.

Mishook's mother always kept her children with her for two years. After that time they were free; they were strong enough then to care for themselves and to live alone. Mishook and his little sister had an elder brother and sister who were not yet quite old enough to be sent out into the world.

Mother Bruin loved her cubs fondly, but with so many to look after, her life was full of care. The winter had been long, and her older children had grown very hungry. Poor little bears! For all these months they had been shut up in a den without eating, until now they were nothing but skin and bone. The

four cubs had nothing to do all day long but sleep. Even the old mother slept all the time except when she went out now and then to look for water.

Still, winter could not stay forever; spring had come at last, and now it was March. The air was warmer; the snow was gone; birds began to sing gayly; and patches of grass could be seen, though still very far apart.

Now the mother began to go for walks more often. Whenever she went out, she always left the little ones in the care of the older children. Then Mishook would tease his big brother, for he was growing to be a very mischievous cub. The older cub bore it for a long time, but one day he lost his patience and gave Mishook such a slap on the head that he uttered a loud cry. That cry brought the mother into the cave; she flew at her elder son, and boxed his ears soundly. "You are no longer a young cub like Mishook, she said. "Have patience with the little ones."

THE FIRST WALK

Mishook and his little sister grew bigger every day. At last they had grown so strong that their mother thought it was time to take them out for a walk. So, at daybreak one fine morning, she ordered them to follow her. In front walked the old bear; behind her came Mishook and his young sister; last of all came the elder cubs.

Mother Bruin showed her children how to find food; she squeezed some beetles in her paws and ate them; and she caught a butterfly which was circling around her, and gave it to Mishook. How happy the young cubs were as they frisked about!

The elder cubs soon found some bushes covered with raspberries. Then the bears saw some young pine-trees on the other side of a swamp, and the mother went to feast upon the tender pale-green shoots.

Meanwhile the elder cubs forgot their young brother and sister, and wandered away looking for more berries. When the little ones found that they were alone, they started across the swamp to join their mother. At that moment the old bear looked up and saw them.

With an angry cry, she called her older son to her side and gave him a heavy blow on the head. He knew very well why he was being punished, and turning quickly, he carried Mishook back across the swamp.

Then he returned to get his little sister and started back with her, while Mother Bruin watched every move he made. Unfortunately for him, just before he reached the edge of the swamp, he let his sister fall into the water. Then his mother became so angry that she gave him a heavier blow than before.

As they continued their walk, the young bears enjoyed eating the pine-shoots that Mother Bruin

gave them. After a time she lay down to rest, while the older cubs slowly walked around looking for something to eat. "Well, my dears," asked the old bear, when the little ones had seated themselves beside her, "is it not nice to go for a walk?"

"Oh, mother dear, so nice, so very nice, that we never want to go back to the den any more," answered Mishook and his sister.

"You have not seen everything yet, my children; wait, and you will find many other wonderful things," said the wise old bear.

But Mishook did not hear her last words, for he had just caught sight of something which made him open his mouth in wonder.

"Oh, mother!" he cried in a frightened voice, "what are those ugly creatures up there in that tree?"

"What are you talking about, Mishook? What ugly creatures do you mean?" scolded his mother. "You must be very shortsighted not to know your own brother and sister! Ah! the naughty children! Just look how high they have climbed!"

"Mother, do let us climb up to them!" cried the younger cubs, eagerly.

"Climb, if you like," said the old bear.

The cubs bounded toward the tree. From the very first, they found it easy to climb, for their sharp claws helped them to hold on to the bark. They went up easily; but getting down again was a harder matter.

Their mother was much pleased as she watched Mishook and his little sister coming down the tree backwards with great care. They cast frightened glances below them and clung to the branches.

After this the happy bears went on with their pleasant walk. All at once a breeze came up, bringing the smell of something sweet to Mishook. What could it be? He did not know; but his mother did — it was the smell of honey.

Then the whole Bruin family set off in search of the honey. They trotted along for about half a mile before they reached an old hollow tree which was the home of the bees.

When the poor bees saw the robbers they defended their store of honey by fiercely stinging the bears. But this did not trouble the mother and the elder

cubs. Their thick fur protected them, and they went on eating the stolen sweets.

Mishook enjoyed the honey, too, until one angry bee stung his tender nose. Then the little cub growled furiously, shook his head, jumped, snorted, and spun round and round like a top. At last he beat off the bee with his paws. But even then, the pain of the sting did not keep Mishook from getting his share of the honey.

By this time the sun had risen high in the heavens; the heat almost smothered the fur-clad Bruin family, and they hurried back to the cool, shady den.

GETTING READY FOR THE WINTER

As the summer passed, the cubs grew bigger and stronger every day. They did nothing but eat, and yet the fishes, beetles, nuts, and berries were not enough to satisfy their hunger.

Mother Bruin saw that her children were always hungry. "How thin you are!" she cried. "You will never be able to sleep through a whole winter with no more fat than you have now, my children. You must eat meat, so that you will gain enough fat to carry you through the long winter, when you can no longer find food of any kind."

So she went toward the village until she came to a large pasture. There she killed a fine black horse, which she dragged into the forest. Then she and

her cubs ate the body at one meal. After this feast they crept into the darkest depths of the woods and lay down together for a quiet sleep.

Soon the whole village learned that a bear had killed a horse. "Let us go into the forest and slay the beast!" said a villager.

"Don't be in a hurry about it; wait a few months," said an old hunter. "The bear has not yet changed its coat, or even if it has, the new fur is too short at this season to be worth much. There won't be much fat, either. If we kill the beast now, we shall not get much for it. Let us wait until the bear is settled in its den for the winter."

From this time on, each day brought a new trouble to the village. Oats were trampled; hives were robbed; one farmer lost a cow, another a horse. At last nothing was talked of in the village but the bear and its terrible deeds.

In the meantime the Bruin family had become so fat that they could hardly drag the weight of their bodies. As for Mishook, he was as round as a log.

At last autumn came, and the mother-bear made a large new den. The whole family slept in it through the bright October days. Once in a while the mother went out to hunt for a cow or a horse. Then she would say to her children, "Don't go too far away, my dears; the snow may fall at any moment, and it is not good to leave tracks in the snow."

Soon the north wind began to moan through the forest, rain fell often, and the mornings became colder. The birds had long since flown away to a warmer country. The bare woods lay silent and deserted.

By this time the Bruin family had grown very sleepy. Mother Bruin would not let her cubs eat much, but she told them to drink all the water they wanted.

One day she said to them: "It is time to take a rest, children. We are not going out again until the spring floods come. Mishook and his little sister must lie down in the back of the den, and the elder cubs in front of them. I will stretch myself here near the opening."

The mother then closed the entrance, and the happy family fell asleep. The den was warm inside, for it was soon covered deep with snow. The only sign of the cave was the place where the warm breath of the bears had made a stain on the white snow.

THE BEAR HUNT

Early one November morning four hunters walked out of the village and entered the forest. Their dogs ran before them.

"Are you sure that you were not mistaken, Thomas?" one of the men asked the leader. "Do you think it really was the den that you saw?"

"Mistaken!" answered Thomas. "Just as if it were the first time I had ever looked for a bear's den."

"Did you notice any bear-tracks?" asked another.

"How could I see bear-tracks, when there were none to see? The bear went in before the snow fell; so it could not leave any tracks. There were a great many tracks of other animals, but not a sign of the bear. I went through the forest on my show-shoes until I came to a ravine. All around, for five or six hundred feet, there was not a footprint to be seen.

"'Oho!' I said to myself. 'Since no animals come near here, it must be that there is a bear's den close by.' I began to look in every direction, and soon I saw a stain upon the snow. Then I knew that at last I had found the entrance to the bear's cave."

As the hunters went on, the path grew fainter and fainter. After a while they stopped and put on their snow-shoes. Then they hurried on through the gloomy forest until they reached the ravine.

"I see the den, now" whispered Thomas, pointing to a spot about a hundred feet away. There was no doubt about it, for the stain upon the snow could be plainly seen. The dogs ran forward and barked furiously, and an angry growl came from the den.

Then a bold hunter crept up to the opening, thrust in his spear, and leaped quickly to one side. Out sprang a great brown bear. Shaking off the snow which fell upon her, she rushed at the dogs, but at that very moment the report of a gun was heard, and the old bear fell dead.

MISHOOK'S NEW HOME

The four cubs were carried to the village, and sold. Three of them were taken to live in the Zoölogical Gardens of a large city. There they became great favorites with all the children.

Mishook was sold to a young army officer who was very fond of animals, and a servant led the poor, frightened cub to his new home. Here he was so kindly treated that day by day he grew more used to life in captivity. His master gave him a warm den, and often took the young bear out for a walk.

Mishook grew to love his owner and the servant, also. The cub followed them like a dog, and soon learned to do a great many tricks, by imitating everything he saw. He found out how to open the doors; and he carried armfuls, or rather pawfuls, of wood for the fires.

Day by day Mishook grew happier in his camp life, making friends with everyone. But as he grew older and stronger he became very mischievous. He stole bread from the baker, and honey from the hives near by. One day he killed two dogs that followed him, and at last he bit the hand of a soldier who was pretending to carry off his master's pillow.

Then the owner said that Mishook must be sent away. So he told his servant to take the bear to the forest and set him free.

IN THE FOREST AGAIN

Thus it came about that the servant drove away with Mishook back to the dense forest. The cub sniffed eagerly at the damp, cool air. He did not know that this was the very forest in which he had been born, but he felt it was good to be there.

For some time he stood balancing himself, first on one paw, then on another. By and by he moved forward slowly toward a still, dark pool, and began to lap the refreshing water. Then he went to a tall pine-tree and scratched at the bark with his claws. Suddenly he set up a strange roaring and dashed straight into the heart of the forest. The last thing the servant heard was the crackling of the pine-branches as Mishook disappeared.

Thus it was that Mishook began to lead again a wild, free life, as his father and mother had done before him. With the other animals of the great forest, he lived many years in this wild region that had been the home of his forefathers.

— *From the Russian of Slivitski.*

THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT

Scene: A COTTAGE WITH ITS GROUNDS

Boys:		*Girls:*	
JANUARY	AUGUST	FEBRUARY	JUNE
MARCH	OCTOBER	APRIL	SEPTEMBER
JULY	DECEMBER	MAY	NOVEMBER

[A room in a large comfortable cottage; a fire burning on the hearth; a table on which the breakfast things have been left standing. January seated by the fire.]

Cold the day, and cold the drifted snow.

[He stirs the fire.]

Crackle, sparkle, fagot; embers glow;
Someone may be plodding through the snow,
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.

[He goes to the window to see if any robins are on the snow.]

If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome;
Robin, why don't you come and get your crumb?

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen, bright eye,
Where are you loitering?
Wings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and get your crumb,
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come.

[A knock is heard at the door. January opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.]

Good-morrow, sister.

Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops; only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew.

[She hands a few of her snowdrops to January, who goes out. As February stands arranging the remaining snowdrops in a glass of water, she sees a lamb through the window.]

The lambkin tottering in its walk
With just a fleece to wear;
The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
So slender —
Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
Braving the cold for our delight,
Both white,
Both tender.

[Suddenly there is a rattling of doors and windows.]

How the doors rattle, and the branches sway!
Here's brother March comes whirling on his way
With winds that sing.

[She opens the door, and sees March hastening up, both hands full of violets and anemones.]

Come, show me what you bring;
For I have said my say,
And must away.

[Stopping short on the threshold.]

I wrestle and frown,
And topple down;
I wrench, I rend, I uproot;
Yet the violet
Is born where I set
The sole of my flying foot.

[March enters the room and hands his violets and anemones to February, who goes out.]

And in my wake
Frail windflowers quake,
And the catkins promise fruit.

I drive ocean ashore
With rush and roar,
And he cannot say me nay;
My harpstrings all
Are the forests tall,
Making music when I play.

[Before March has finished speaking, a voice is heard, and a twittering of birds. April comes along singing. She stands outside, out of sight, while singing the following song to the sparrows:]

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
Light upon the wing;
Though you cannot sing,
You can chirp of Spring;
Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.

[April enters the room, and sees March.]

Good-morrow and good-bye; if others fly,
Of all the flying months, you're the most flying.

MARCH

You're hope and sweetness, April.

APRIL

[April shows March her apron full of flowers. March then goes out, and April, looking through the door, sees some hungry nestlings.]

What beaks you have, you funny things,
What voices shrill and weak;
Who'd think that anything that sings
Could sing through such a beak?
Yet you'll be nightingales one day,
And charm the country side,
When I'm away and far away,
And May is queen and bride.

[May arrives unseen by April, and startles her with a kiss.]

Ah, May, good-morrow, May, and so good-bye.

I've gathered flowers all as I came along,
At every step a flower
Fed by your last bright shower —

[She gives an armful of all sorts of flowers to April, who goes out.]

And gathering flowers I listened to the song
Of every bird in bower.

The world and I are far too full of bliss
To think or plan or toil or care;
The sun is waxing strong,
The days are waxing long,
And all that is,
Is fair.

Here are my buds of lily and of rose,
And here's my namesake, blossom may;
And from a watery spot
See here forget-me-not,
With all that blows
Today.

Hark to my linnets from the hedges green,
Blackbird and lark and thrush and dove,
And every nightingale
And cuckoo tells its tale,
And all they mean
Is love.

[June appears at the farther end of the garden, coming slowly toward May, who, seeing her, says in surprise:]

Surely you're come too early, sister June.

JUNE

Indeed I feel as if I came too soon;
Yet come I must. So here are strawberries
Sun-flushed and sweet, as many as you please;
And here are full-blown roses by the score,
More roses, and yet more.

[June places a wreath of roses upon May's head. Then May, eating strawberries, withdraws among the flower-beds.]

The sun does all my long day's work for me,
Raises and ripens everything;
I need but sit beneath a leafy tree
And watch and sing.

[June seats herself in the shade of a tree.]

Or if I'm lulled by note of bird and bee,
Or lulled by noontide's silence deep,
I need but nestle down beneath my tree
And drop asleep.

[June falls asleep. She is not awakened by the voice of July, who behind the scenes is heard half singing, half calling.]

[Behind the scenes.]

Blue flags, yellow flags, flags all freckled,
Which will you take? yellow, blue, speckled!
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow.

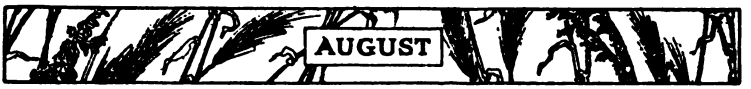
[July enters, a basket of many-colored irises upon his shoulders, a bunch of ripe grass in one hand, and a plate of peaches in the other. He steals up to June, and tickles her with the grass. She wakes, and he holds out to her the plate of fruit.]

I've brought you one curved pyramid of bloom,
Not flowers but peaches. . .
But get you in, a storm is at my heels;
The whirlwind whistles and wheels,
Lightning flashes, and thunder peals,
Flying and following hard upon my heels.

[June takes shelter under a thick arbor of vines. August enters, carrying a sheaf made up of different kinds of grain.]

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm
And scatheless from my storm.
Your hands are full of corn, I see,
As full as hands can be:
And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm
In their recovered calm,
And that they owe to me.

[July goes out among the bushes.]



Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,
Barley bows a graceful head,
Short and small shoots up canary,
Each of these is someone's bread;

Bread for man or bread for beast,
Or at very least
A bird's savory feast.

Men are brethren of each other;
And a sort of foster-brother
Is the litter or the brood
Of that folk in fur or feather
Who, with men together,
Breast the wind and weather.

[August looks through the open door, and sees September slowly approaching across the lawn.]

My harvest home is ended; and I spy
September drawing nigh
With the first thought of Autumn in her eye,
And the first sigh
Of Autumn wind among her locks that fly.

[September arrives, carrying upon her head a basket heaped high with various kinds of fruit.]

Unload me, brother; I have brought a few
Plums and these pears for you,
A dozen kinds of apples, one or two
Melons, some figs all bursting through
Their skins, and pearled with dew
These damsons violet-blue.

[While September is speaking, August lifts the basket from her head, and sets it on the ground. Then he selects various fruits, and withdraws slowly along the walk, eating a pear as he goes.]

My song is half a sigh
Because my green leaves die;
Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are dying;
And well may Autumn sigh,
And well may I,
Who watch the sear leaves flying.

My leaves that fade and fall,
I note you one and all;
I call you, and the Autumn wind is calling,
Lamenting for your fall,
And for the pall
You spread on earth in falling.

[October enters briskly, a dahlia in his buttonhole. He carries leafy twigs full of nuts, and a hop-vine trails after him.]

Nay, cheer up, sister. Life is not quite over,
Even if the year has done with corn and clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact it's true,
Some leaves remain and some flowers too
For me and you.
Now see my crops:

[Offering nuts and hops to September.]

I've brought you nuts and hops;
And when the leaf drops, why, the walnut drops.

[October wreathes the hop-vine about September's neck, and gives her the nut twigs. They enter the cottage together, but without shutting the door. She steps into the background; he advances to the hearth, removes the screen, stirs up the fire, and arranges several chestnuts ready to roast.]

Crack your first nut and light your first fire;
Roast your first chestnut crisp on the bar;
Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze higher;
Logs are cheery as sun or as star;
Logs we can find wherever we are.

[Sees November approaching.]

Here comes my youngest sister, looking dim
And grim,
With dismal ways.
What cheer, November?

[November enters and shuts the door.]

Nought have I to bring;
Tramping a-chill and shivering,
Except these pine-cones for a blaze,
Except a fog which follows,
And stuffs up all the hollows,
Except a hoar frost here and there.

[October, shrugging his shoulders, goes to the background; November throws pine-cones upon the fire, and sits down listlessly.]

The earth lies fast asleep, grown tired
Of all that's high or deep;
There's nought desired and nought required
Save a sleep.
I rock the cradle of the earth,
I lull her with a sigh;
And know that she will wake to mirth
By and by.

[Through the window December is seen running and leaping toward the door. He knocks, and November calls out.]

Ah, here's my youngest brother come at last;

[December opens the door and enters, loaded with evergreens.]

Come in, December. Come, and shut the door,
For now it's snowing fast;
It snows, and will snow more and more;
Don't let it drift in on the floor.
But you, you're all aglow; how can you be
Rosy and warm and smiling in the cold?

Nay, no closed doors for me,
But open doors, and open hearts and glee
To welcome young and old.

[He begins making a wreath of holly.]

Dimmest and brightest month am I;
My short days end; my lengthening days begin;
What matters more or less sun in the sky,
When all is sun within?

[While December is speaking, all the other Months troop in from the garden, or advance out of the background. The Twelve join hands in a circle, and begin dancing as the curtain falls.]

— *Christina G. Rossetti — Abridged.*

A Backward Look

You remember that your book-comrade, when he led you into the magic workshop of Mother Nature, told you to keep your eyes wide open, and your ears alert. If you followed his advice, no doubt you have seen wonderful sights, and have heard the poets whisper beautiful fancies, and have learned from the story-tellers of Nature many secrets of the out-door world. Two different kinds of wise advice these poets and story-tellers have whispered into your listening ears.

First, they told you to look with curious and eager eyes at even the simplest flower and animal and bird, until you saw in them many interesting things that a careless glance would never notice. So when you watched closely the buzzing bees as they flitted from rose to rose, you saw that each flower had spread for them a dainty banquet. You saw, too, for the first time, that the flowers have a reason for offering their drops of honey to these wandering visitors. Can you explain this reason so clearly that some other child, who has not visited the flower-bed with Arabella Buckley, will understand the secret of the larkspur and the rose? What did you learn about wild birds when you visited a ruffed grouse with Mr. Baynes? What did you learn about the "impudent" little squirrel when you watched his merry antics with Thoreau, the wise nature-lover, at your side? When you took that far journey into Siberia, you caught a glimpse of mischievous bear cubs, romping together very much as you and your school-mates play. Perhaps you began to feel for the first time that Nature's children, the animals and birds, are, after all, our little brothers. Commit to memory the

lines of Christina Rossetti on page 208, in which the poet calls the "folk in fur or feather" our "foster-brothers." Mention some interesting facts you have learned about these "foster-brothers" as you wandered through the out-door world with your book-comrade.

But the kindly poets and the wise story-tellers of Nature who went with you on your little journeys bade you do more than keep your eyes wide open. They gave you a second kind of advice that was of even greater value. They told you not only to look eagerly with the two eyes of your head, but also to peer far beyond with your mind's one eye — your imagination. So when you looked at the planting of a tree, your *two* eyes saw only a frail little tree, but your mind's *one* eye saw the giant tree of later years that had become the tall mast on some great ship, or the proud flagstaff that waved aloft the Stars and Stripes. What else did your imagination show you as you watched the planting of the tree?

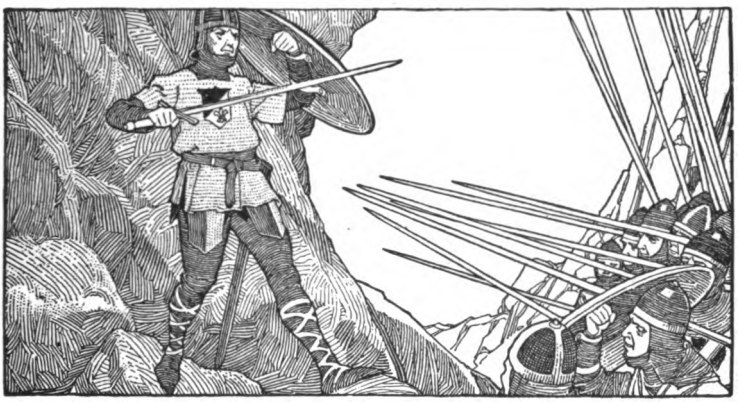
At another time, when your *two* eyes saw only raindrops that came down one morning in early spring and perhaps spoiled your picnic plans, suddenly your mind's *one* eye saw beautiful flowers that the soft, warm rain would soon bring to the hillsides. And then you said, laughing with the poet,

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils."

Surely your book-comrade was right when he bade you give free play to your fancies, as you entered the Fairyland of Nature. Mention other pictures that your imagination showed you, as you listened to the words of the poets and story-tellers who went with you on your wanderings.

Part IV

FAMOUS HEROES OF LONG AGO



A Forward Look

One of the most interesting things about your magic book-comrade is the fact that he can lead you on such different kinds of journeys. You have just been visiting with him the quiet scenes of Nature, but now he will suddenly whisk you away to far-off lands where you will see some of the world's great heroes, fighting hundreds of years ago to save their fellow-men.

You know that all countries, in all times, have had great leaders who have done so much for the people that they have come to be looked upon as heroes. Our own nation honors the great George Washington as the chief of all its heroes. Other Americans, too, have won fame as heroes of our country. Mention some American heroes who have been shown to you by your book-comrade.

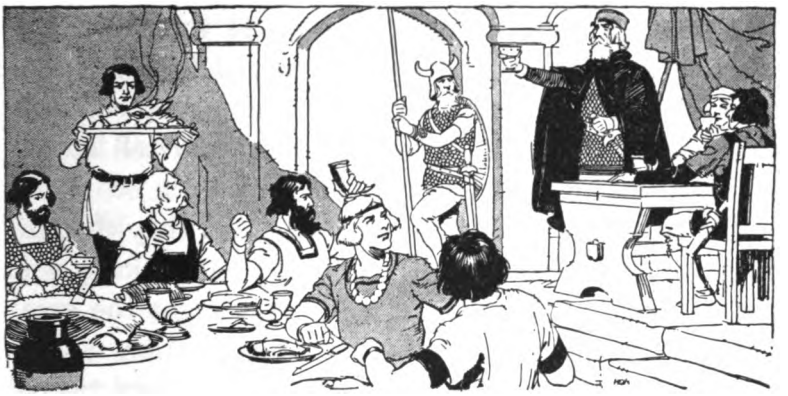
We can learn all about the life of Washington and the other heroes of our country, because they lived in the days of newspapers and books, which have preserved for us true accounts of their great deeds. But hundreds of years ago, when famous heroes lived in other lands, there were no printed books. In those days a hero's fame was kept alive by wandering story-tellers called "minstrels," who went about the country telling tales or singing songs of mighty warriors. They learned these tales from older minstrels, but in telling them again, they made the deeds seem even more wonderful than they really were.

Thus, as the stories were told again and again, they grew in wonder, so that today we know that the adventures could not have happened just as they have come down to us. Still, these heroes must have been great men, and some of them have become famous all over the world. Among the greatest of these world-heroes are Beowulf, Sigurd, and Roland.

The story of Beowulf is told in the oldest poem of the English language. In Denmark and Sweden, hundreds of years before this poem was written, his brave deeds were praised by fathers to their children.

The hero Sigurd was so dear to the people of Central and Northern Europe that many countries claimed him as their own. In some places he is known as Siegfried, but he is the same brave warrior whom other lands called Sigurd.

The hero who was the greatest favorite among the French people in olden times was Roland. A great general once ordered the Song of Roland to be sung as his army went to battle, in the hope that the soldiers, hearing of the hero's deeds, would be as brave as he.



BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE

KING HROTHGAR'S HALL

Many, many years ago, a King named Hrothgar ruled over the Danes. This King was a very brave man and when he went to battle against his enemies he was always victorious. He was ever thinking what he could do to make his people happy, and they all loved him greatly.

King Hrothgar decided to build a great hall, larger and more beautiful than had ever been seen before. So he called his workmen and said: "Build me a hall, great and wide, and adorn it with gold and ivory and carved work. It shall be a place of joy and feasting, and when it is built I will call all my brave warriors into it and give them rich presents."

So the hall was built, and the King made a great feast for his warriors, and to each of them he gave rings of gold, because they had served him so faithfully. Then he told them that they must come to this beautiful building every evening, and tell stories and sing and feast together.

This pleased the men very greatly, and they thought that no other land in all the world had a king who did so much for his people. So every night the great fires roared on the hearth, and the warriors sat at the long tables and feasted, while the minstrel played upon the harp and sang to them.

Far out on the wild lands which lay on one side of the hall lived a wicked giant named Grendel. This giant hated light, and could not bear to think that anyone was happy. Every night as he saw the bright light shine out from the hall and heard the laughter and shouting, it made him angry to think that the men gathered there were happy. At last he could bear it no longer. In the darkness of night he crept into the hall and killed thirty warriors.

Then there was great sorrow among the Danes, and the King wept for his men until his eyes were dim. After this the Danes would not stay in the hall at night. There was no more singing or telling of stories. No one dared to fight a giant who was so powerful that he could snap the strongest iron bars in two and break down the thickest doors.

When Grendel found that the warriors would not enter the hall at night, he lay waiting in dark places and seized them as they passed. So for twelve years the Danes suffered from their terrible enemy. During all this time, no sounds of laughter or song came from the great building. It was silent and dark, for Grendel was the only one who walked there.

THE COMING OF BEOWULF

The years passed, and no man was found who was strong enough to fight with Grendel.

Finally it happened that far away in the land of the Goths, the brave prince Beowulf heard the story of the wicked giant, and his heart was filled with pity for the Danes, and anger against the cruel Grendel. "I will go across the sea and slay this monster," he said. "I will save King Hrothgar and his people."

Taking with him fifteen brave warriors, Beowulf set sail for the land of the Danes. For two days they sailed, and then they anchored their boat at a place where steep cliffs rose out of the sea.

On the heights above them they saw a sentinel, guarding the shore. Waving his spear, the sentinel cried, "What men are ye who come to this shore, armed with swords and shields? I must know, or ye cannot pass, for ye may be enemies of our King."

Beowulf answered, "We are Goths, and we come as friends to this land. We have heard that there

is a terrible enemy among the Danes, and I have come to help the noble King Hrothgar."

"If ye have come to help us, ye are indeed welcome," said the guard. "Follow me, and I will lead ye to the King."

Beowulf and his companions climbed up the rocky path and followed their guide until in the distance they could see a huge building. Then the guard stopped. "There is the great hall," he said, "and there ye will find the King. I will go back to the sea to keep watch, for now ye cannot miss the way."

So the Goths marched forward until they came to the hall. At their knock, a servant came out and asked from what country they had come. Beowulf answered, "My name is Beowulf, and I come from the land of the Goths. I will tell my story to King Hrothgar himself, if he will listen to me."

"I will ask the King and quickly bring thee word," said the servant, bowing low.

Now King Hrothgar was old and gray-haired, and as he sat in his beautiful hall, his heart was sad. He thought of all his brave men who had been killed by Grendel, and he wondered if he would ever find a man strong enough to rid the land of this wicked giant.

As he thought of these things, the servant came and knelt before him. "My lord," he said, "strange men have come from far beyond the sea and they wish to speak with thee. Their leader is called Beowulf, and

he seems a mighty prince. I pray thee, refuse them not."

At these words the King started up. "God hath sent us a warrior who will slay the wicked Grendel," he cried. "I knew Beowulf when he was a boy, and now men say he hath the strength of thirty men. Bid the warriors enter, and say to them that they are welcome to the land of the Danes."

The servant did as he had been commanded, and soon Beowulf with his companions stood before Hrothgar. After greeting the King, Beowulf told why they had come to his land.

"I heard in my own country of the terrible monster, Grendel, who kills thy brave warriors, and who cannot be hurt by weapons. So I have come to fight him hand to hand, without sword or shield. I will save the Danes from this wicked foe, if it is within my power."

These brave words filled the King with joy. "O Beowulf," he said, "if thou wilt slay Grendel, our land will rejoice once more. Again will our great hall become a place of laughter and song."

Then Hrothgar ordered rich food and drink to be placed upon the tables, and the Goths and the Danes sat down together. The minstrel sang sweet songs while the Danes feasted and rejoiced in the beautiful hall, praising Beowulf, who had come so far across the sea to save them.

When the sun had set, the King rose to leave the hall. "Beowulf," he said, "keep guard over this house tonight. Be watchful for the foe. Save us from our terrible enemy, and whatever thou askest shall be given thee."

BEOWULF'S BATTLE WITH GRENDEL

Then all the Danes left the hall, but Beowulf and his companions remained to wait for the coming of the giant, Grendel.

As the darkness came on, Beowulf prepared for the battle, taking off his armor and laying aside his sword and shield. Then he said to his men, "This night shall prove whether Beowulf or Grendel is the stronger. With my two hands I will fight the giant. I have said that I will do the deed alone, and I must keep my word even though I die in this hall."

Then all the Goths except Beowulf lay down to sleep. But Beowulf kept guard, watching and waiting for the terrible monster.

All at once the great doors burst open, and Grendel entered the hall. He looked around at the sleeping warriors and then quickly stretched out his arm to seize one of them. He did not see Beowulf, who was quietly watching him. Suddenly the monster's arm was caught in a grasp so strong that he could not shake himself free. Who could this be who dared to lay hold upon him?

Then a terrible battle began. Backward and forward they struggled until the great hall shook. Grendel had thought no man dared touch him, and his anger was fierce against Beowulf when he found he could not free himself from the hero's hand.

The noise of the battle was heard far away. The Danes woke and knew that the brave stranger was fighting to save their land. Louder and louder grew the noise, and fiercer grew the struggle.

But at last the giant knew that Beowulf was too strong for him. He was so terribly wounded that he could fight no longer. With a great cry, the monster turned and rushed out of the hall. On and on he ran through the darkness until he came to the

shore of a deep, gloomy lake. Into this lake Grendel plunged and was never seen again.

When morning came, the glad news was told everywhere. "Grendel is dead. The noble Beowulf hath saved our land!" the Danes said to one another, with great rejoicing.

The King and Queen, dressed in their most beautiful robes, came forth to meet Beowulf. Stretching out his hands to the brave prince, the King said, "O Beowulf, from this time, I will love thee as a son. Ask whatever thou wilt, and I will give it to thee."

"Not for reward did I come to this land," said Beowulf, "but to save thee from this terrible monster. Now that Grendel is dead and will nevermore trouble thee, I shall joyfully return home."

After this a great feast was spread in the hall, and the Danes and the Goths sat down together. The hall echoed with laughter and song, and the good King rejoiced to see his people so happy. When the feast was over, he gave Beowulf a banner, a helmet, and a sword with a hilt of twisted gold. Then eight beautiful horses were led up to the door. Their harness was all of gold, and upon one was a saddle adorned with silver. This was the saddle upon which the King had often ridden to battle, and to show his deep gratitude he gave it to Beowulf.

To the other Goths also the King gave rich presents, that all might know how greatly he honored them.

THE SECOND MONSTER

In the lake into which Grendel had plunged lived another terrible monster. One night soon after Grendel had died, this monster came up out of the lake and entered the hall where the Danes lay asleep.

Suddenly a cry rang through the building. When the men started up and seized their swords, the monster fled, but the Danes found that one of their bravest warriors had been killed. Then there was great mourning in the hall. All the joy at the death of Grendel was forgotten in this new sorrow, and messengers were sent to tell the sad news to the King.

"Oh, if Beowulf had only been there!" cried Hrothgar, when he heard what had happened.

Some of the men then ran to wake Beowulf, who was in the King's palace. Surprised at the sudden call, Beowulf and his comrades hastened to the King.

"Oh, Beowulf," said Hrothgar, "a great sorrow hath come to us. My dear comrade is dead. A monster from the dreadful lake hath killed him!"

"Do not weep, O King," said Beowulf. "Let me see the track of this monster and give me one day, and I promise to rid thee of this enemy, also."

Following the tracks, Beowulf and the King came to the shore of a dark lake. Gloomy trees bent over the water, and the sun never shone upon the waves.

Then the great hero once more made ready for battle. He put on his coat of steel and his helmet, which no blade could cut. In his strong right hand he carried his gleaming sword.

Standing on the brink of the lake, Beowulf turned to the King. "Now, O King, I am ready," he said. "If I do not return, I pray thee be a friend to my comrades and send the gifts which thou gavest me, to my King. Then he will know that I fought bravely."

Before Hrothgar could answer, brave Beowulf plunged into the water and disappeared. Down, down, down he went into the lake, whose depths no man had ever measured.

THE BATTLE UNDER THE WATER

The monster saw Beowulf and lay waiting for him. As soon as he touched the bottom she sprang upon him and seized him in her terrible claws. Only his armor saved the hero from death in that savage grasp. When she found that the armor could not be broken, she dragged him off to her cave.

There, deep down under the waters of the lake, Beowulf fought the hardest battle of his life. Backward and forward they struggled, in and out of the cave.

At last Beowulf felt that his strength was leaving him. His long fight with Grendel had weakened him, and this battle, coming so soon after, was almost more than he could bear.

At this moment he saw a great sword hanging on the wall of the cave. Never before had he seen such a weapon. Surely no one but a giant had ever used it.

Seizing the sword, Beowulf lifted it with both hands high above his head, and struck with all his might. Instantly the monster fell dead. Then a strange thing happened. The blade of the sword melted away, and only the hilt remained in his hand.

Looking about him, Beowulf saw on every side gold and precious stones. He gazed in wonder at the treasure, but he did not touch it. He had gone down into the lake to save the Danes from their wicked foe. He had won the victory, but he would not make himself rich with the monster's gold.

One thing only did he take from the cave. He still held the hilt of the wonderful sword. This he would take to King Hrothgar, and together they would read the curious writing on the twisted gold. So up from the depths came Beowulf and went back to the King's palace.

When Beowulf reached the doorway there was great rejoicing. The King and Queen came forward to meet him, and all the warriors crowded around him.

After greeting the King and Queen, Beowulf told the story of his battle under the water. He then gave the hilt of the sword to Hrothgar, and the Danes looked at it with great interest. All around the hilt was writ-

ing which told that the sword had been made for a giant who had lived many hundred years before.

Beowulf told of the strange animals that made their homes in that dark lake. He told also of the piles of gold and silver which lay in the cave. "But of the treasure I touched nothing. Not for gold did I go down into that dreadful lake, but to save the people of this land," he said.

At these words the Danes could remain silent no longer. They shouted and cheered in their joy and in their love for this brave hero. Never before had men heard such a story as this which Beowulf told.

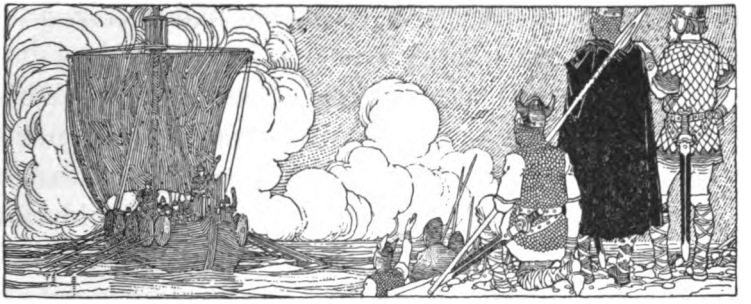
"O Beowulf," said the King, "thou art a true warrior. Deeds hast thou done for which thy name shall be known everywhere, and yet thou art not proud or boastful."

Then Hrothgar commanded that a feast be prepared. Beowulf sat at the King's right hand, and all were happy. No longer was the beautiful hall a place of terror. Hereafter all could enter it without fear.

BEOWULF'S RETURN TO HIS HOME

Beowulf's work was now done, and he was eager to return home. Calling his comrades, he went with them to the King to say farewell, and to thank him for the rich gifts he had given them.

"If ever again I can help thee, my lord, I will come to thee with joy," said Beowulf.



The old King thanked Beowulf for the friendship he had shown him, and gave him more beautiful gifts than before. Then he put his arms around the hero's neck and kissed him, for he loved him greatly and would gladly have kept such a brave warrior with him always. The Goths then marched down to their boat and set sail for home.

When they touched the shore of their own land, messengers hurried to the King to tell him that his beloved friend had returned. The King welcomed Beowulf joyously and said, "Sit here beside me and tell me all that has happened since we parted."

So Beowulf told of the welcome given him by the Danes, and the kindness King Hrothgar had shown him. He told of the beautiful hall which no one dared to enter at night, of his fight with Grendel, and of the terrible battle under the water.

Then Beowulf laid before the King the gifts which had been given him. The beautiful horses were led up to the door, and he gave these also to the King.

Of all the treasure which Beowulf had received he kept nothing for himself.

After this the people loved Beowulf more than ever, and no one in all the land was more honored than he. For though he was such a mighty warrior and so strong in battle, yet he did not delight in war, but loved to do good and to live in peace with all. And though he had done such great deeds, yet he was never proud or boastful.

THE FIERY DRAGON

Several years after these wonderful adventures, the old King died, and the Goths asked Beowulf to rule over them. So the great hero became King and reigned many years, loved and honored by all.

For a long time there was peace and happiness in Beowulf's land. Then it happened that a slave, fearing that he would be punished for wrong that he had done, ran away from his master. As he fled, he saw a large cave and entered it, thinking to hide there.

He had hardly stepped inside when he saw that a terrible dragon lay there asleep, coiled around a great pile of rings, bracelets, cups, and plates of gold and silver. As the slave looked at these beautiful things, he thought, "If I could take one of those gold cups to my master, he would forgive me for what I have done."

So stepping very softly, he stretched out his hand and took a cup. Then he crept quietly to the mouth of the cave. As soon as he was outside, he ran home and gave the cup to his master, telling him that he had found it in a cave.

Before long, the dragon woke and knew that a man had been in his den. Then he discovered that one of his cups was gone. This made him very angry, and as he could not find the man who had taken the beautiful cup, he made up his mind to punish all the people of the land.

So when darkness came on, the dragon spread his great wings and flew swiftly through the air. Blowing flames from his mouth, he set fire to one house after another. Then he went back to his cave, leaving smoking ruins behind him.

That night there was sorrow among the Goths. In the morning the people came from all around to tell their King about the wicked dragon. Beowulf had seen the flames that arose as house after house was destroyed, and his heart was full of pity for his people. "Why hath the dragon made war upon us? Hath any man harmed him?" he asked.

Then the slave came and knelt down before Beowulf. "O King, the fault was mine! Thy servant stole a golden cup from the dragon's cave, and now he hath come to destroy us all!" The slave then told the King of the great heap of gold and silver in

the den and how he had risked his life to snatch a cup from the pile.

Beowulf was now old, and his hair was white, but his heart was as brave as ever. "I will go out and fight this dragon," he said, "even though it be my last battle!"

Then he gave orders that a great shield of iron should be made to protect him from the dragon's breath. When this was ready he chose eleven warriors to go with him to the cave. The slave guided them to the entrance of the den, and then Beowulf sat down upon a rock and spoke brave and loving words to his men.

"I have fought many battles in my life and won many victories. Now I am old; yet I must fight once more for my people. Wait here on this rock until ye see how the battle goes. I know your courage and your love for me, but this battle is not for ye. I must enter the cave and destroy this monster though it cost my life!"

BEOWULF'S LAST BATTLE

Standing near the mouth of the cave, Beowulf called to the dragon to come out of his hiding place and meet the King who had come to fight for his people. When the dragon heard his voice he was roused to fury. A noise like thunder came from the cave, and the dragon rushed out.

Beowulf raised his shield and drew his sword. As the monster rushed upon him he lifted his arm and struck with all his might. But the blow only made the dragon more angry. Fire came from his mouth and flamed around the King. Still Beowulf stood firm, for he was willing to die, if he could only save his people from this terrible enemy.

One of the warriors, named Wiglaf, who was waiting on the rock, could no longer stay away from his King. He remembered how kind Beowulf had always been, how he had given him armor to wear, and had chosen him as a loved and trusted comrade.

This faithful warrior thought, "Even if I cannot save my King, I can die fighting at his side!" Without waiting longer, he ran through the fire and smoke, and stood beside Beowulf.

"O my King," he said, "fight as thou hast fought so many times before, and save thy people from this terrible enemy. Remember thy victory over Grendel and the battle at the bottom of the lake. Remember how thy people love thee. Never will they be happy again if their King return not from this fight. Thine arm is still strong, and I will aid thee."

These loving words comforted Beowulf, and he struck with such force that the edge of his sword turned. At this the dragon seized him in his teeth and would have killed him, but Wiglaf struck so quickly that the monster let the King go and turned

upon him. This gave Beowulf a chance to strike another great blow which ended the battle, for the dragon fell dead.

Beowulf had won the victory, but his strength was gone, and he was sorely wounded. Then he spoke to his faithful comrade, praising his courage and thanking him for his love. "Wiglaf," he said, "I have fought my last battle for my people. Fifty years I have been King of this land. I have had many joys and many sorrows, but I have never spoken falsehood or deceived those who trusted me. I have been faithful to my friends. I have tried to rule justly. Never have I taken from those who were weak or used my strength for myself alone. Now I am not afraid to die."

Beowulf then took off the gold collar which was about his neck and gave it to Wiglaf. He gave his rings and his helmet, also, to this brave warrior and faithful friend.

So the great Beowulf died. His people mourned for him many years. Wherever they went they told the story of their beloved King, until the great deeds of Beowulf and his courage, his truth, and his gentleness were known over all the world.

— *Clara E. Lynch.*

SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR

SIGURD'S CHILDHOOD

Long, long ago, in the palace of good King Alf of Denmark, there lived a little boy named Sigurd. King Alf loved the little boy dearly and brought him up as his own son, for Sigurd's father was dead.

Sigurd's father had been a great warrior and had died in battle. When King Alf heard of this he felt so sorry for Sigurd's mother that he asked her to come and live in his palace.

So she came to the palace where King Alf lived with his father and mother. Here she and her little boy were welcomed very kindly, and everyone tried to make them happy. Little Sigurd could not remember his father, and he grew up in this beautiful home feeling the love of a son for King Alf.

Sigurd's mother told him many wonderful stories about his father. She told him how strong and brave he had been and how he hated falsehood and always told the truth, even to his enemies. She told him of the wonderful sword which his father had carried, which would cut through iron or stone. In that last battle, the sword had been broken, but she had picked up the pieces from the battlefield and had brought them with her to this new home.

As Sigurd grew older he loved more and more to hear these wonderful stories about his father. "Mother, wilt thou give me my father's sword?" the eager boy would often ask.

"Not yet, my Sigurd; thou art too young," his mother would say.

"But, mother, I am big and strong," the boy would answer.

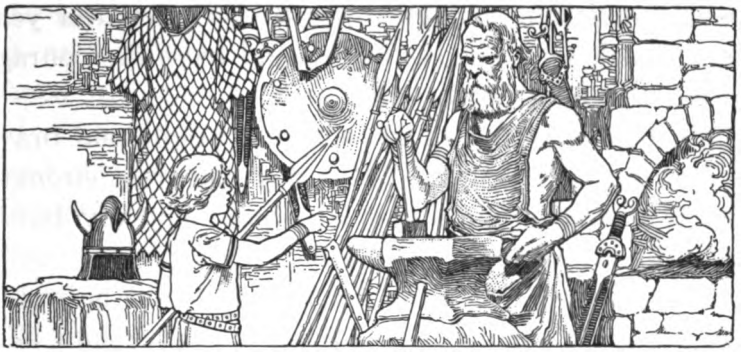
Then his mother would smile lovingly at Sigurd. "Wait a little, my Sigurd. Thou art still but a boy. Thy father was a hero. Much there is for thee to learn and do before thou canst wear his sword!"

"But, mother, if thou wouldst give me the sword I would be a hero, for then I would go away from here and do some great deed!"

"Stay with thy mother, now, Sigurd. Be brave and true. Think not of thyself but always of others. Then, some day, thou shalt do great deeds."

REGIN THE SMITH

So the years passed, and Sigurd grew taller and stronger each year. His hair was golden brown, his cheeks were rosy, and his eyes large and shining. Other children loved him because he was always good-tempered and unselfish, and everyone in the palace was proud of the beautiful boy who always spoke the truth and who was afraid of nothing.



In King Alf's palace lived a very old man named Regin. He was so old that no one knew when he had come to live there. Regin was the greatest smith in the world. He made spears, swords, and armor, such as no other man could make. He made wonderful things of gold and silver, also, and Sigurd loved to run into the smithy and watch Regin at his work.

Regin was a very wise man and knew all the languages which were spoken in the world. He could play sweetly upon the harp and sing wonderful songs of heroes and their battles.

Yet Regin was very unhappy. Many, many years before, a great treasure had been taken from him, and he was always thinking and planning how he could get it back. He did not need the gold, for the kings had been good to him and had given him rich presents; yet he thought of his loss, day and night.

Now Regin knew that a battle must be fought in order to regain this treasure, and he was not brave

enough or strong enough to fight. So year after year he watched for someone who would have the courage to get the treasure for him.

When he saw Sigurd growing up, bright and brave and strong, he thought, "This boy has great strength and is afraid of nothing. He shall fight my battle and win my treasure for me!"

So Regin went to King Alf and said that he would like to teach Sigurd his wisdom, and give him skill in making swords and armor.

The King looked at Regin a moment and then said, "O Regin, truly thou hast much wisdom, and it would be well for the boy to learn some things from thee. But he is loving and truthful, and I would keep him so. Thou lovest no one. Thou wouldst deceive even me, thy King and thy friend. Teach Sigurd thy wisdom, if thou wilt, but teach him not hatred and deceit."

Regin looked down, because he could not meet the eyes of the good King. But he answered in a low voice, "Have no fear, O King. This boy will never lie, and his heart will ever be full of love. But great deeds shall he do in the years to come, and the whole world shall hear the name of Sigurd!"

After this Sigurd spent part of each day with Regin, who taught him many things which a prince should know. When his hours of study were over, the boy would bound away into the forest, where the other children were waiting to play with him.

In the woods Sigurd was only a happy child without any thought of battles or heroes. The forest echoed with the shouts of the children at their play, and often Regin, standing at the door of his smithy, heard the gay laugh of the young prince.

Then Regin would mutter, "The time is near when I can use the boy. I must not wait too long. It may be that when he is older he will want the treasure for himself; but now he cares not for the gold. If he wins it, he will give it to me."

One day Regin played upon the harp and sang wonderful songs to Sigurd, until the boy's eyes shone and his breath came quickly as he listened. The songs were all of battles and heroes, and the heroes were Sigurd's own father and grandfather.

Then Regin said, "When wilt thou do great deeds? Wilt thou stay forever here, where the people are cowards and where the King is too lazy to fight?"

Sigurd frowned at these words. "The people of this land have been kind to me," he said. "They are not cowards. And I honor and love the good King. Why should he fight when his land is happy and when no enemy has come against him?"

Regin laughed and answered, "Do heroes wait for the enemy to come to them? Do they not ride forth and win great victories? But this King is not a hero, and thou wilt stay at home with him, for thou carest not to do great deeds!"

"Thou knowest that I care, Regin! Some day I shall ride away from here and win a great victory."

"Then why dost thou not ask the King to give thee a horse?" said Regin.

"I have a horse and everything that I need," answered Sigurd. "Why should I ask for more?"

"But thou hast not a war-horse," said Regin. "Ask the King to let thee choose from the horses running free in the meadow. Then thou wilt have such a horse as a warrior should ride!"

SIGURD'S HORSE

That evening Sigurd said to King Alf, "Wilt thou give me a horse which I may ride to battle?"

"Where wilt thou go to battle?" asked the King.

"I know not as yet. But the time is coming when I must do great deeds, and I would be ready."

"Take whatever horse thou dost wish, Sigurd, and bring him to me, that I may see if thou hast chosen wisely," said King Alf, kindly.

Early the next morning Sigurd went out to the wide meadow where the horses were grazing. Suddenly an old man dressed in gray stood before him. "Whither goest thou, Sigurd?" asked the stranger.

"I go to choose a horse," answered the boy. "But how knowest thou my name?"

"I knew thy father," said the old man. "He was a brave warrior, and I loved him."

"I know thou hast much wisdom, and I love thee because thou didst love my father," said Sigurd. "Wilt thou help me choose my war-horse?"

"Yes," said the old man. "Let us drive these horses into the river."

Sigurd thought that this was a strange way to choose a war-horse, but he did as he was told, and soon the horses were in the water. All but one quickly struggled back to the shore. One beautiful gray steed, however, swam across to the other side and bounded away. Then turning suddenly, he came back into the river and swam to Sigurd's side.

"Here is thy horse, Sigurd," said the old man. "Strong and swift is he, and on his back thou shalt ride to great victories. Only think not of thyself nor fear for thy life!"

Before Sigurd could thank him, the stranger had gone. The spirited gray animal stood as if waiting for his master to mount him. The happy boy sprang upon his back and rode toward the palace.

"Thou hast chosen a beautiful steed, my son," said the King when Sigurd reached the palace. "He will be strong and swift. But why didst thou choose this one from among all the horses in the meadow?"

Then Sigurd told of the strange old man who had met him near the river.

The good King looked lovingly at the boy and asked, "Said he anything of the time when thou shalt ride away from us?"

"He only told me not to think of myself nor to be afraid, if I would do great deeds," said Sigurd.

"Thou wilt do great deeds, my Sigurd, but there is time enough," said the King. "Be patient, for thou art still young."

REGIN'S STORY

So the days passed, and Sigurd rode his splendid horse and worked at the forge and was happy always. One day when he sat in the smithy, Regin told him stories of heroes who traveled in many lands and fought many battles and at last became kings.

Then Regin said, "Thou art the son of a noble warrior. Why dost thou wait here, when there are great deeds to be done?"

"Some day I shall do great deeds, Regin," said Sigurd. "But I am only a boy now. Why dost thou say these things to me?"

"Because a great deed is waiting now for thee to do," answered Regin. "But I shall say no more, for thou dost love thy pleasant, easy life in the palace. The life of a hero is hard. Thy father toiled and suffered and was often cold and hungry. But his son is not like him!"

Sigurd's eyes flashed, and he sprang up from his seat. "Tell me now, Regin!" he cried. "What is the deed I must do? Thou knowest I am not afraid of cold or hunger or pain!"

"Sit down, Sigurd, and I will tell thee," said Regin. "I belong to a race of strong people who lived on the earth many hundred years ago. I built for my father a great castle, and in this house my father heaped his treasure. I longed for my share of the gold, but my father would give me none.

"So I worked and waited, but I thought of the gold all day and dreamed of it all night. Then my father died, and I thought that at last I would have a share of the treasure; but my brother drove me from the house, saying that the gold belonged to him.

"As the years passed, men told a story of a ruined house in which was heaped this treasure. But to go near it, they said, meant death, for a terrible dragon made his home there and guarded the gold. Men

feared the dragon so greatly, because of the number of men he had killed, that no one would live in that land.

"But now thou hast come, O Sigurd, and I know thou wilt kill the dragon and win the treasure. Many, many years have I waited for this day. Wilt thou do this deed and win the praise of men?"

Then Sigurd looked straight at Regin with his clear, honest eyes. "I will go and do this deed," he said. "But the gold is evil. It hath brought unhappiness to many. It made thy father hard, and it made thy brother wicked. Because of it, thou hast hated thy brother. Because of it, this wicked dragon hath killed many good men. Not for the sake of the gold will I go and do this deed, but to rid the world of the terrible monster which guards it!"

SIGURD'S SWORD

The next day Sigurd came to the smithy and said to Regin, "Thou hast given me a great work to do. Now I would ask something from thee."

"Ask whatever thou wilt, Sigurd, and I will do it for thee," said Regin.

"Make me a sword, good and strong, from the pieces of my father's old sword. That blade will not fail me when I need it," said the boy.

Regin smiled and answered, "Bring to me the pieces, so that I can weld them together."

So Sigurd went to his mother and said, "Mother, where are the pieces of my father's sword which thou hast kept for me all these years?"

"My Sigurd, thou art still young for such a weapon," said his mother. "Wait a few years and then I shall give it to thee."

"Give it to me, now, I pray thee, mother, for the time hath come for me to do the deeds which a hero must do."

"What are the deeds which thou wilt do, Sigurd? Thou art but a boy, yet."

"Mother, there is evil which must be conquered and wrongs which must be made right. I cannot wait!"

"Come with me, Sigurd, and I will give thee the sword, for thy words show that thou wilt use it well." Taking the weapon from the chest in which it lay, she handed it to the eager boy.

When Sigurd saw the sword, he cried out in joy, "O well hast thou kept it, my mother! Now these pieces shall be welded together, and my father's sword shall be mine!"

So once more Sigurd went down to the smithy. "This is the sword which I shall carry, Regin," he said. "Mend it for me, as thou promised."

Regin took the pieces of the sword and went into the smithy. When he had welded them together, he gave the weapon to the boy, saying, "This steel will never fail thee."

As Sigurd took the sword in his hand, he thought he saw fire run along the blade. Lifting it high in the air, he brought it down upon the anvil with all his strength. The sword cut through the anvil and did not break. Then Sigurd laughed aloud in his joy, for he knew that he had a weapon which would not fail him.

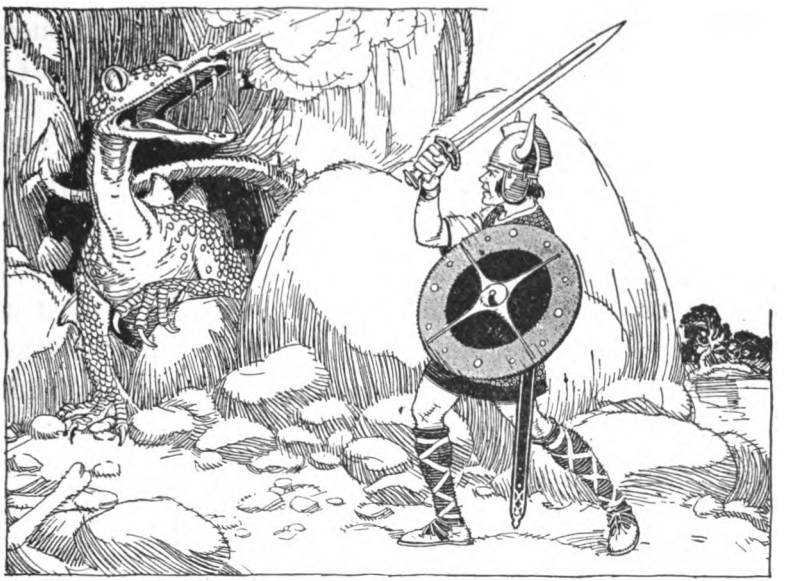
The next day Sigurd went to King Alf and told him that he was about to start on a journey. "I go to destroy a cruel dragon and to gain the treasure which he guards," said Sigurd. "The monster is fierce and hath killed many people, so that no one can pass through that land."

"Then go, my son. Be not afraid, for thou hast great strength, and I know thou wilt win the victory," said the King.

SIGURD KILLS THE DRAGON

Now all was ready, and Sigurd was eager to start on his search for the dragon. Early in the morning he mounted his horse and set out on the road which Regin told him he must take. Out over the plains he rode and then up a mountain path.

On and on he went, winding in and out through the mountains until the sun sank from sight, and darkness came on. Then he lay down to rest, and his beautiful horse stood near him. With the first light of dawn, he rose and continued his journey.



The mountains were like great walls on both sides, but Sigurd rode on, thinking only of the great deed he hoped to do. Suddenly, he came out from the mountains into a great high plain. Then he knew he must be near his journey's end and that he would soon meet the monster he had come to fight.

Joyously he leaped down from his horse and went forward on foot, looking about for some sign of the dragon. Soon he found a track which he followed until he came to the edge of a cliff. Far below he saw a beautiful lake.

Then Sigurd knew that this must be the path taken by the dragon when he went to drink. As he was

thinking how large the dragon must be to leave such a trail, he heard a roar, and the earth seemed to shake under him. The dragon was coming!

Now, even if Sigurd had been at all afraid, he would have had no chance to escape, for the mouth of the dragon was open wide, and flames and smoke shot out, so that the sky was darkened. But Sigurd stood still, holding his father's sword until the dragon was close upon him. Then he struck as he had struck upon the anvil, and the dragon fell dead.

SIGURD SAVES THE PRINCESS

As Sigurd stood looking down at the body of the monster, a strange and beautiful thing happened. He heard the birds singing in the trees, and suddenly he found that he understood their language.

One said, "Sigurd hath killed the terrible dragon. He will have great praise for this deed!"

Another said, "The treasure-house is full of gold. Sigurd may now take it for his own."

The third said, "The gold will not bring happiness to him. But Sigurd should wear the helmet and armor which are with the gold."

The fourth said, "A beautiful princess lies asleep in a castle. She will never wake until Sigurd comes."

The fifth said, "If Sigurd would save the princess, he must go through the wall of fire."

Then Sigurd thought, "I will get the helmet and the armor, and I will save the princess." So he followed the track of the dragon, and it led him to the treasure-house. There he saw great heaps of gold.

Sigurd found there, too, the helmet and the armor which the bird had said he would find. He put them on, for he thought he might need them when he came to pass through the wall of fire. Then he mounted his horse and set out to find the sleeping princess.

"How shall I find the castle of the princess?" thought Sigurd. But he was not afraid, for his victory over the dragon had given him confidence. So he rode on and on, until suddenly he saw a light in the distance.

"What can that be?" said Sigurd to himself. "Is it a fire on some distant mountain peak?"

Then he remembered the words which the bird had said: "If Sigurd would save the princess, he must go through the wall of fire."

"Now, surely, I am on the right path," thought the young hero. "The light which I see must be the fire around the castle."

Sigurd went joyously forward until night came on; then he stopped and lay down to rest. He could hardly wait for morning, so eager was he to ride on and to find the princess. As soon as the sun had risen, he sprang upon his good horse, and they hastened on their way again.

Many hours they traveled. The light grew brighter and brighter until Sigurd could see that it was high on a mountain. Then he knew that he was coming very near to the princess. Suddenly he saw the castle; and around it leaped the flames which he had seen so far away.

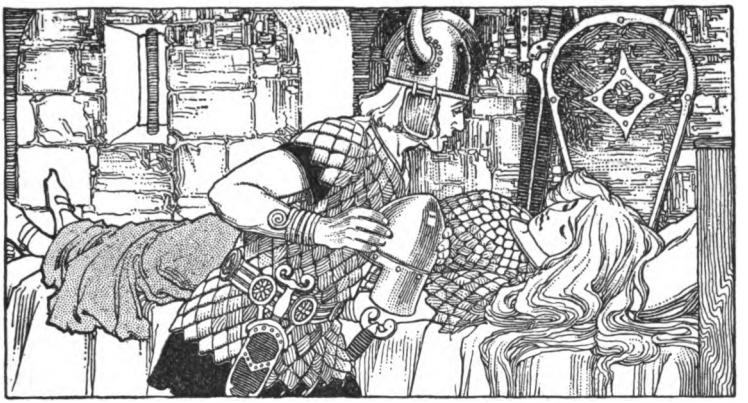
Up the mountain the good horse went. Just before they reached the wall of fire, Sigurd stopped and said to him, "In that castle lies a princess whom we must save. If the fire burn us, we shall not turn back, for I must be a hero and must suffer for others, and thou art the bravest horse that man ever rode!"

At this the noble horse sprang forward right through the midst of the flames to the door of the castle. Then Sigurd leaped from his steed and entered the palace. There was no sign of life about the place as he went from room to room looking for the princess. At last he came to a hall in which someone lay asleep. But the head was covered with a helmet and the body with a war coat, so that he could not tell who this might be.

As he gently lifted the helmet, beautiful golden hair fell down over the war coat. Then Sigurd knew that he had found the princess.

She lay very still and her eyes were closed. The young hero knelt down and whispered softly to her, "Princess, wake! I have come to save thee!"

But the beautiful sleeping princess did not stir.



"This heavy armor presses upon her," thought the young warrior. So with the point of his sword he cut the war coat from top to bottom. Still the princess did not wake.

Then he saw that the sleeves of the coat still pressed upon her arms. With his good sword he cut the sleeves open from the shoulder to the hand. As they fell apart, the princess drew a long sigh and turned her head. Slowly she opened her eyes and looked in wonder at Sigurd.

"Who art thou who hast waked me from my sleep?" she asked.

"I am Sigurd, the son of a great warrior. I killed the terrible dragon and then came to save thee."

"Who told thee that I was here?"

"The birds sang in the trees and told me of thee," said the brave young hero.

"How couldst thou come through the fire, Sigurd?"

"There was no other way to reach thee, my Princess," he answered.

"Surely thou art a great hero, Sigurd. I was told that one who knew not fear should awaken me, and at last thou art come!"

"Tell me thy name, Princess," said Sigurd.

"My name is Brunhild, and I am the daughter of a great king. Many years have I slept here, because no man dared come through the wall of fire. But thou art the bravest of all heroes, for thou wast not afraid!"

"And thou art the fairest princess in the world, Brunhild!" said the young warrior.

So Sigurd saved the princess, and when people heard what he had done, there was great rejoicing.

As the years went on, Sigurd did many other brave deeds and won many battles, so that his name became known in every land. But wherever the stories of Sigurd's victories were told or sung, people loved best to hear of the killing of the dragon and the saving of Brunhild.

— *Clara E. Lynch.*

ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT

ROLAND'S BOYHOOD

Near the town of Sutri in Italy, there once lived a woman named Bertha, and her little boy, Roland. They were so poor that a cave in the hillside was their only home, and often they did not have enough to eat. But Roland, even when he was hungry, tried to be brave and cheerful for his mother's sake.

No one seeing the little boy in his ragged clothes would have imagined that he was the nephew of the great King of France, whose name was known all over the world. Roland, himself, did not know this. His mother never talked to him about her old home in France or about her brother, the great King Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, as he was often called.

Charlemagne had been very angry when his sister, Bertha, married a man who was not a prince. So Bertha was forced to leave the palace in which she had always lived, and go out with her husband to find a new home. They were without money, and no one in France dared to give them shelter. So they wandered far away.

At last, near the town of Sutri in Italy, they found a cave in the side of a hill. Here they made their home, and here their little boy grew up. Although

they were poor, yet they were very happy, until one day Roland's father was drowned, and Bertha was left alone with her little boy.

Roland was too young to miss his father much, but his mother was very sad. Often when the young boy came in from play he would find her weeping. Then he would try to comfort her. "Do not weep, mother," he would say. "I am here and I love you."

All the children of the neighborhood gathered on the hillside to play with Roland, so that he was never lonely. Among these boys was Oliver, the little son of the governor of Sutri. Roland and Oliver became great friends, although Oliver lived in a castle and Roland in a cave. Oliver wore velvet and silk, while Roland's suit was made of the coarsest cloth and was nearly always ragged.

As Roland grew older, he saw that his clothes were not like the clothes of the other boys.

"Mother," he said one day, "I do not like these clothes. The boys call them rags. Why cannot I have a suit such as Oliver wears?"

"Roland, my son," said his mother, sadly, "Oliver's father is governor of the town. Your father is dead, and we are poor. I have no money to buy anything new for you to wear. I cannot always get bread for us to eat, my poor Roland."

The boy was silent for a few moments. He was thinking about what his mother had just told him, but it was so hard to understand. Then he spoke again. "Mother, was your home always in this cave?"

His mother smiled sadly as she said, "Once I lived in a beautiful palace, Roland. But that was in a land far away from here."

"A palace, mother!" cried the little boy. "Did you live in a palace? I wish we could go to that land now. Then we would never be hungry again! Oliver told me once," he went on, "that only kings and very great men live in palaces. Was your father a great man in that beautiful land in which you lived?"

"My father was the King of that land, Roland," said his mother, quietly.

"Then, mother, you must be a princess! But how can you be a princess without servants or soldiers?" eagerly asked the boy.

"I do not need servants or soldiers. My son's hands will wait upon me and fight for me."

Then the little boy laughed and clapped his hands. "Let us play that this cave is your palace, mother, and that I am the army guarding it."

Roland never tired of this game, and when the other boys joined him, they would play soldiers, too. They formed a little company and marched up and down with Roland as their captain.

CHARLEMAGNE FINDS ROLAND

During the years that Roland had been playing on the hillside, Charlemagne had been fighting the enemies of his country far and wide. He had won victory after victory until he had become known as the greatest warrior in the world.

Then it happened that when he was traveling in Italy he stopped at the town of Sutri. He knew that the people would like to see him, and he thought of a plan which he believed would give them pleasure. He ordered great tables to be placed under the trees and spread with rich food. When he and his nobles sat down to dinner, crowds of people stood around to look at the great King. Many of them were poor and hungry, and Charlemagne ordered his servants to give them bread and meat from the tables.

That morning neither Roland nor his mother had had any breakfast, so the little boy went out to see if he could find any wild fruit to take home. Seeing a crowd of people hurrying along, he followed them.

When Roland saw the tables spread with food, and servants handing bread and meat to the people, he was so surprised that for a moment he could not move. He had not thought there was as much food in the whole city as he saw upon those tables.

It was a wonderful sight for a hungry boy. "And all this is to be given away!" he thought. "Now mother will have a good dinner!"

In his hurry he did not wait for anyone to give him the food, but he walked up to a table and gathered up as much as he could hold in his arms. Everyone looked with wonder at the beautiful boy in the strange clothes, who walked up so boldly to the King's own table and took bread and meat from it.

Although Roland saw nothing but the food before him, the watchful eyes of the great King had seen everything. His servants would have seized the boy,

but the King motioned them back, saying, "Tomorrow, we shall dine here again, at the same hour. If the boy returns, bring him to me."

Roland joyously hastened to his mother with the food. The next day he came again just as the King seated himself at the table. A crowd of poor people stood around, waiting to receive bread and meat. Roland again walked to the table and gathered up as much food as he could carry. Before he could turn away, a voice said, "Come here, my boy."

Then a servant led Roland to the head of the table, and the little boy with his arms full of food stood before the great King. Charlemagne looked kindly at the boy and said, "If you are hungry, my child, sit down and eat as much as you want."

"You are very good," said Roland, "but I cannot wait. I must take this food home to my mother."

The great King smiled as he heard these words. "Who is your mother?" he asked.

"My mother is a princess," answered Roland.

Some of the people standing around laughed when they heard this answer from the poorly dressed boy. They thought it was very funny, but Charlemagne did not laugh. He had not expected such an answer, but Roland looked so straight into his eyes that the King felt sure the boy spoke the truth.

"Where is your mother's castle?" he asked.

"On the hillside not far from here," said Roland.

"Has your mother servants to wait upon her, and soldiers to fight for her?" asked Charlemagne.

"My hands wait upon her, and my hands will fight for her," answered Roland.

Then the King laughed and told the child to run home to his mother. But as soon as he was gone, Charlemagne rose from the table and, calling three or four of his nobles, followed Roland to his home. The King saw him enter the cave and heard his happy voice as he showed his mother the food he had brought.

When Charlemagne started to follow the boy into the cave, Bertha looked up and saw him in the doorway. With a cry, "Charles, my brother!" she ran toward him. But suddenly she stopped and would have fallen, if the King had not caught her.

As soon as she could speak, she called Roland to her and told him that this was his uncle Charles, whom he had never seen. But when Roland looked into Charlemagne's face, he knew that it was a face he had seen before. This was the man who had sat at the head of the great table.

ROLAND'S NEW HOME

Soon Roland was telling his uncle how he loved to play soldier on the hillside.

"Will you come to live with me, Roland, and learn to be a real soldier?" asked the King.

"Will mother come, too?" asked Roland anxiously.

"Yes, your mother will come, too, and we shall live together in a great palace and be very happy."

"May I take Oliver with me?" asked the little boy.

"I fear we cannot take him with us, Roland," said Charlemagne, when Bertha had told him of the friendship between the two boys. "But perhaps Oliver's father will bring him to see you some time."

This comforted Roland a little, and when his uncle told him that he would have a horse to ride and a little sword of his own, he was very happy. So, when Charlemagne returned to France, Roland and his mother went with him to live in the palace.

As the years passed, the boy grew tall and strong, and he learned to use the sword and the lance. He never lost his interest in soldiers, and he hoped some day to be as great a warrior as his uncle. All the time he longed for the day to come when he might ride out to battle, and often he begged the King to allow him to go with the army.

At last Roland was allowed to ride out with the knights who followed Charlemagne.

In his first battle the young hero saved his uncle's life, and after that whenever Charles went to war, Roland went with him. Soon he became known over all the world for his strength and courage. The King was proud of his brave nephew, and the soldiers would follow wherever he led.

But Roland never boasted of his great deeds. "It was nothing," he would say when people praised him. Then he would tell of brave battles fought by others, and would say how proud he was of his comrades. Sometimes, when he was starting out to war, he would look around him at the brave knights and say, "Oh, if Oliver were only here, how happy I should be!"

CHARLEMAGNE AND ROLAND IN SPAIN

Charlemagne was looking forward to a time of peace, when word was brought to him that a terrible people from Spain, called Saracens, had entered France. He prepared to fight them, and from all the country, warriors came to join his army. To Roland's great joy, Oliver was one of these knights, and from that time the two friends were always together.

For seven years the war went on. At last the Saracens left France and returned to their home in Spain. Now Charlemagne knew that his country would never be safe until this foe had been completely conquered. So he followed them into Spain and drove them out of every city except Saragossa. Then the Saracen King, Marsilius, thought of a plan by which he hoped to deceive Charlemagne and make him return to France.

One day as the great Charles was resting in the shade of a beautiful orchard, Saracen messengers came and knelt down before him.

"O great Charles," said the leader, "we come to you from Marsilius. He sends you rich presents and begs you to spare this city and return to France. He promises that he will follow you there in one month and that he will ever be faithful to you."

The King bowed his head and sat silent for some moments. Then he told the Saracens that he would consider the offer, and he gave orders that they should be well cared for until the morning.

At break of day he called his warriors around him and told them of the message. "King Marsilius has sent messengers to me, bringing rich gifts and asking me to return to France. He gives me his word that he will follow me there and ever be my faithful subject. Tell me what answer I should send him."

As soon as Charlemagne had finished speaking, Roland exclaimed, "My advice is, fight on! France will never be safe until Marsilius is conquered."

The great King bent his head, but did not answer. Then a knight named Ganelon rose and stood before him. "Roland is young and talks foolishly," he said. "Listen not to him. King Marsilius offers us his friendship. Let us accept his offer and end this long, cruel war, so that we may return to our homes."

Then all the knights cried out together, "Ganelon has spoken wisely! Let us end this war!"

"Tell me, then, whom shall I send as messenger to King Marsilius?" asked Charlemagne.

"Let me be your messenger," said Roland.

"You must not go," cried Oliver. "You are so hasty that you would get into trouble. I will go."

"Neither of you shall go!" cried Charlemagne. "You are both too young."

Then Roland spoke again. "Let Ganelon go. He is wise and he will do the errand well."

At this all the knights cried out, "Roland is right! Let Ganelon carry the King's message!"

GANELON'S WICKED PLAN

Charlemagne ordered Ganelon to set out at once for Saragossa. Now Ganelon did not want to carry the message, for Marsilius had once put to death a messenger who had been sent to him by Charlemagne. So Ganelon was very angry with Roland for causing him to be chosen, and he cried out, "Roland is to blame for this! I shall always hate him and Oliver, his friend, for they have planned this thing!" Then the angry knight turned to Roland and said, "If ever I return, I will make you suffer for this!"

"I do not fear you, Ganelon," said Roland. "But I will gladly go instead of you, if the King will allow me to carry the message."

Ganelon would not listen to Roland; but he took Charlemagne's letter and set out for Saragossa. On his way, Ganelon overtook the Saracen messengers

who were returning to Marsilius. Their leader began to talk to him about Charlemagne and his victories.

"This Charles is a wonderful man," he said. "He has fought so many great battles and conquered so many lands. Why is he not now content to give up war and to spend the rest of his days in peace?"

"Roland is the one to blame," answered Ganelon. "He wishes his uncle to conquer the whole world. There will never be peace while Roland lives."

"Do you think our land would be safe if Roland were dead?" asked the Saracen.

"I know that if Roland should die, Charles would return home and fight no more."

"Tell me how we may kill this Roland," said the Saracen, for he saw that Ganelon hated the brave young prince.

"I know how Roland may be killed, but I will tell my plan only to King Marsilius, himself," said Ganelon.

When they reached Saragossa, Ganelon was led to the King, who said to him, "Much I wonder at this Charles. Will he never tire of war?"

"Never while Roland lives," answered Ganelon. "Charles is not afraid of any man while he has Roland and Oliver with him."

"Tell me how I may kill this Roland, for men say he is so strong and brave that a thousand men cannot stand against him."

Then Ganelon told his wicked plan. "Send gifts to King Charles and promise that you will never more fight against him. He will believe you, for he is so truthful that he would die before he would speak a falsehood. He will return to France. But a guard will be left in the mountains until the great army has crossed over. In this guard will be Roland and Oliver and the bravest knights of France.

"When the rest of the army has passed over the mountains, send one hundred thousand men against this rear guard. These men will all be killed, for Roland's soldiers will fight like lions; then send another hundred thousand against them, when they are weak from the first battle. By this plan Roland and Oliver will surely be killed, and Charles will never go out to war again."

"Your plan is good," said the King. "But how can I be sure that Roland will remain in the mountains with the rear guard?"

"Roland will always be where the greatest danger is," answered Ganelon. "When Charles goes to battle, Roland is always in the lead. But when the army leaves Spain, the danger will be from the rear. For this reason, Roland will remain until the last soldier has passed over the mountains."

Marsilius was so pleased with Ganelon's plan that he gave him rich presents and promised to send him more every year. Then seven hundred camels, loaded

with gold and silver, were sent as a gift to Charlemagne. Mounting his horse, Ganelon set out to return to his comrades, and early the next morning he reached the camp. The great Charles was glad to see him and asked what message he brought from Marsilius.

"Marsilius has sent you seven hundred camels loaded with gold and silver, and he will follow you to France before a month has passed. He will never again fight against you, but will always be obedient and faithful to you."

This message pleased the King, and he praised Ganelon because he had done his errand so well. Then a thousand trumpets were sounded, and the great army prepared for the journey to France.

THE REAR GUARD

When all was ready, Charlemagne said to his knights: "The mountain pass through which we must go is narrow. If the enemy should attack us there, we could neither fight nor escape. Who will guard our rear, that the army may pass through safely?"

"You have no braver knight then Roland," said Ganelon. "Give him command of the rear guard."

Now Charlemagne did not want to leave Roland behind, but Roland smiled brightly and said, "Gladly will I do this. I thank Ganelon for naming me."

Charlemagne bowed his head, for he feared that some harm might come to Roland. The tears fell from his

eyes as he thought of leaving his brave nephew, perhaps to his death, in the mountains of Spain.

Then Oliver came to Roland's side. "If my comrade stays behind, I will stay with him," he said.

"And I," cried one after another, until the whole army would have remained; but Roland would allow only twenty thousand soldiers to stay.

Then he placed his men so that they would be able to guard the army as it passed over the mountains, and the journey to France was begun. The soldiers had been away seven years and they were happy to think that they would soon be home again.

But as they marched along, Charlemagne became very sad. "I am leaving Roland in a strange land among his enemies," he said. "If he is killed, I shall never be happy again."

When the soldiers saw their King so sorrowful, they feared that they would never see Roland again. Gladly would they have turned back to save him or to die with him.

If only they had known it, Roland needed their help, for as Charlemagne marched away from Spain, a great Saracen army was coming into the narrow pass. Suddenly a thousand trumpets were blown, and the sound echoed through the mountains and reached the ears of the faithful rear guard.

"Listen!" said Oliver. "Do you hear trumpets?"

"The Saracens are coming!" cried Roland.

Then Oliver climbed a mountain peak from which he could see far across the country, and he saw the great Saracen army moving forward. Hastening to Roland, he cried, "I have seen one hundred thousand Saracens. We shall have a terrible battle!"

Roland then spoke to his soldiers, telling them that the enemy was close upon them. "We trusted Marsilius, and he has deceived us," he said. "But we can show the Saracens how brave men die."

ROLAND'S LAST BATTLE

The Saracens came on, confident of victory because of their great numbers. But the soldiers led by Roland and Oliver fought so bravely that at last the enemy turned and fled. Then Roland went over the battlefield weeping for the many noble knights who had fallen in that fierce struggle.

Suddenly he heard the sound of trumpets, and he knew that another army was coming against them. "Oliver," he said, "surely Ganelon planned this attack. He wishes to kill us. We cannot now hope for victory, but let us die bravely."

Again he formed his men in line for battle. On came the Saracens, but when they charged upon Roland's army they were driven back. Again and again they tried, but each time they met defeat. At last, so many Saracens had fallen that those who were left fled from the field.

But the victory had not been won without great loss. Roland wept for the brave soldiers who would never again follow him to battle, and Oliver cried, "Oh, if Charles had only been here!"

Then for the third time trumpets rang out, and over the mountains came another great Saracen army. Once again Roland's weary soldiers formed for battle. Four times they drove back the enemy, but at last they could do no more. One by one the knights had fallen until but few remained.

Roland looked around at the brave men fighting against such great numbers, and he thought that

perhaps some could be saved. So he raised his horn and blew with all his strength.

Far away on the other side of the mountains Charlemagne heard that sound. "I hear Roland's horn," he cried. "Roland calls to me for help! I must go to him."

Then the King gave the command, and the great army hastened back to help the rear guard.

While Charlemagne and his army were hastening back over the mountains, the soldiers of the rear guard were fighting bravely. At last a coward struck Oliver from behind with his spear. Then Oliver called Roland to him, for he knew that he was dying. Roland ran quickly to his comrade and put his arms about the wounded warrior. "O Oliver, my friend, how can I live without you!" he cried.

Oliver spoke loving and brave words to Roland and prayed God to guard him. Then his head dropped on Roland's shoulder, and the brave knight died.

For hours the battle went on. At last Roland alone was left to fight the enemy. Even then, not one of the Saracens dared to come within reach of his arm. Suddenly, as they circled around, seeking a chance to strike him, they heard the trumpets of Charlemagne.

"The trumpets of France!" they cried. "The great Charles is coming! We must escape while there is yet time!"

So four hundred of the bravest Saracens went as near to Roland as they dared and hurled their spears at him. Then they fled from the field.

Again the trumpets rang out, and this time the sound was near at hand. But Roland knew that Charlemagne's army had come too late. Oliver was dead, and all the other faithful friends who had followed him so often had fallen in the battle. Roland himself was so badly wounded that he knew he could not live.

He climbed a little hill and lay down under a pine tree, with his face toward the land of Spain. Praying God to forgive him for all the wrong he had ever done, he closed his eyes as if to sleep. When Charlemagne and his army came, they found him lying there, and they knew that France had lost her greatest warrior and her noblest knight.

— *Clara E. Lynch.*

A Backward Look

Hundreds of years have gone by since the time of Beowulf and Sigurd and Roland, yet all the world still loves to honor these great heroes. Why has their fame lasted through all these centuries? Thousands of men, whose names have long since been forgotten, were as brave as they. You will know the answer, if you have followed your book-comrade closely. For you saw that these men were not only brave, but truthful, faithful, unselfish. You saw, too, that they thought little of gold

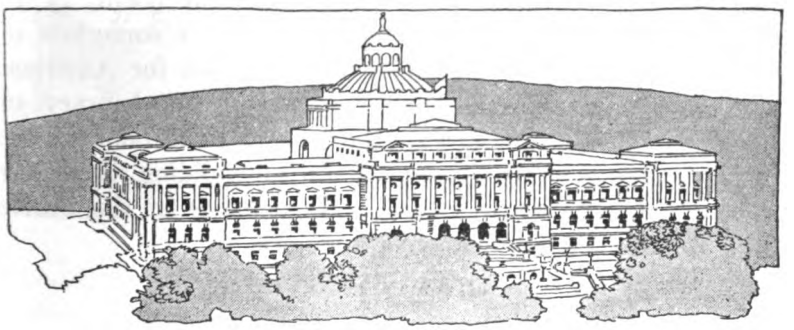
or fame, and much of helping their fellow-men. Mention some incidents which proved that these things were true of Beowulf. Of Sigurd. Of Roland. What heroes of our own country do we love to honor because they showed the same great qualities? In what ways were the early settlers and pioneers you met in Part I, like Beowulf and Sigurd and Roland?

It is good to read of noble heroes who lived in bygone days. Perhaps, as you read, you felt that you, too, would like to win fame and honor when you grow older. But you can never battle against a monster at the bottom of a lake, as did Beowulf, or slay a fiery dragon, as did Sigurd.

Yet our own world of today is full of wrongs to be righted, and evils to be overcome. Only a few years ago, Panama with its swamps and jungles was a country where the dreaded yellow fever killed more people each year than ever did Grendel in the days of Beowulf. Then a wise, brave American doctor went to live in that dangerous land. Risking his life as he studied the terrible disease, at last he learned the great secret and rid the country of its enemy. Was not he as great a hero as even Beowulf? For after all, to be the noblest kind of hero means only to be a helper of our fellow-men, to be a *good citizen* of our country. Can a boy or girl earn the name "Good Citizen" by helping to rid his city or village of pests like flies and disease-carrying mosquitoes? What other evils are there in your community or home that can be driven out if all the citizens, young and old, will work together? We, too, if we really try to help those who live about us, may earn the name "Good Citizen," even though we may not win the fame of Beowulf.

Part V

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

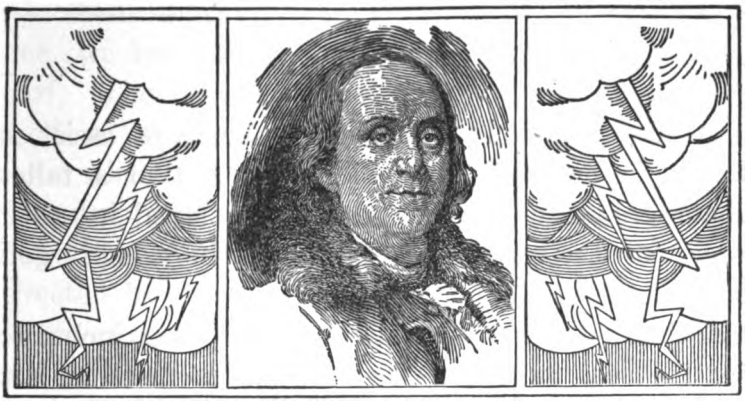


A Forward Look

Splendid heroes are those we have just been watching together — you and I, your book-comrade. Little wonder that Beowulf and Sigurd and Roland were loved by all their countrymen for their mighty deeds of battle. But not all of the world's great men have won their glory with the sword. Come with me, away from the olden days of kings and dragons and battles under the water, back to our own America. There let us seek out great men of quite a different kind, men who made America proud of them because they had the power of writing poems and stories so true to life that we fairly see the incidents and scenes they are describing. We have time to visit only four of these famous American writers — Benjamin Franklin, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry

Wadsworth Longfellow, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. Each of them is waiting eagerly for your visit, and beckons you on to join the great circle of his friends. Real friends they will prove, too, always ready to charm you with some exciting story, or to open your eyes to the beauty of the great outdoors with some beautiful poem, or to give you a stronger love for your country by some tale of the brave men who fought to win freedom for America.

The picture on page 273 shows you the Library of Congress at Washington, the home of all the books these wise men ever wrote. It is a beautiful building, but a far better home for their stories and poems is in the hearts and minds of American boys and girls.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) was born in Boston, Massachusetts. As his father was very poor, Franklin had to go to work at the early age of ten years. When he was seventeen, he went to Philadelphia to become a printer. Here he succeeded so well that he became editor of the city's leading newspaper. He was so much interested in the improvement of Philadelphia that he organized a fire company and a public library.

When the Revolutionary War began, Franklin was sent to France, where he gained the help of the French for the American Colonies. Because of this and other public services, he is known as one of our greatest statesmen.

Franklin was also a noted writer. His *Autobiography*, from which "The Wharf," on page 276, is taken, tells the story of his life. *Poor Richard's Almanac*, another of his famous writings, gives many useful proverbs, some of which you will find on page 277.

THE WHARF

At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, attending the shop, going errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learned early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose.

In the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working

with them diligently, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf.

Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

PROVERBS FROM *POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC*

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

One today is worth two tomorrows.

Think of saving, as well as of getting.

Lost time is never found again.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD

(A letter to Benjamin Webb, in reply to his letter asking for money.)

Passy, 22 April, 1784

I received yours of the 15th instant. The account of your situation grieves me. I send you herewith a bill for ten louis d'ors.

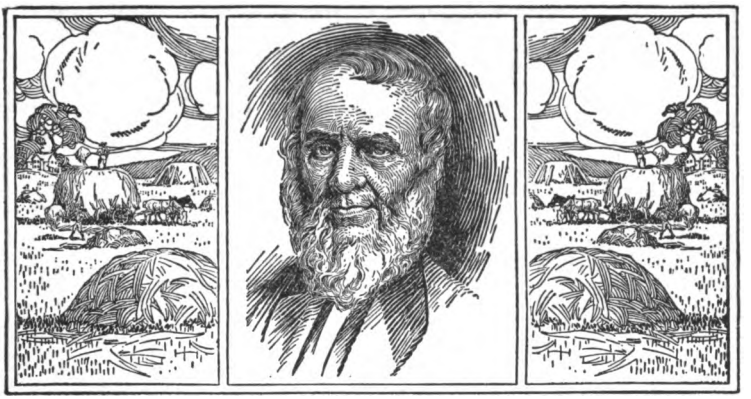
I do not pretend to *give* you such a sum; I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts.

In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must pay me by lending this sum to him; requiring him to discharge the debt by a like action when he shall be able, and shall meet with another such opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a knave who will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money.

I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little.

With best wishes for your future prosperity, I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

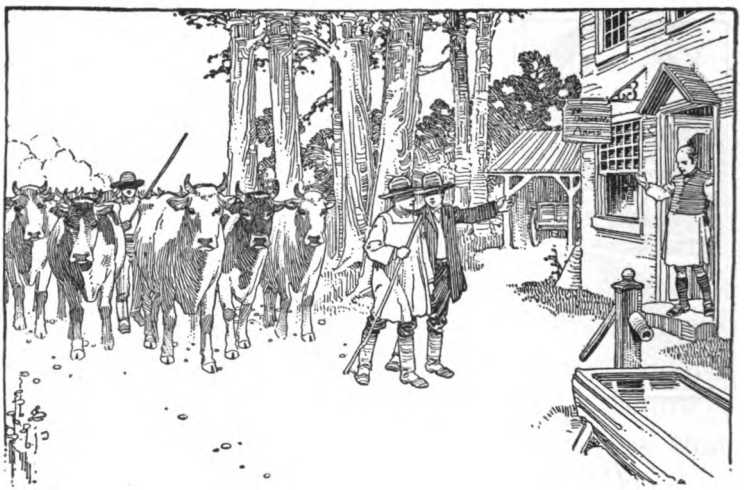


JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born near the village of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was the son of simple farming people, and the old farmhouse which was his birthplace still stands.

In this hilly New England country he lived the quiet life of a farmer's son until he was twenty years old. As his parents were too poor to send him to college, he got his education from a little country school which he attended each winter.

Whittier will always be remembered for his poems on country life. "The Drovers" and "The Fishermen," which you will read in this book, are from his *Songs of Labor*, which picture the simple occupations of the people in his part of the country. As you read these poems, notice how Whittier points out the happiness, as well as the hard work, that comes into the lives of those who labor.



THE DROVERS

Through heat and cold, and shower and sun,
Still onward cheerily driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

But see! the day is closing cool;
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.

The landlord beckons from his door;
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

Day after day our way has been
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.

Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.

Forth comes the startled goodman; forth
Wife, children, house-dog sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

But now the day is closing cool;
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.

Tomorrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

Then let us on, through shower and sun,
And heat and cold, be driving;
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!

Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us;
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.

One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave, one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;

Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!

Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah! — hurrah! — the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay;
The rising sails are filling —
Give way, my lads, give way!

Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed —
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

I think the chief attraction of the brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle was a quiet man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his walks to the country brook.

We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or in the haying-loft to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

It was a still, sweet day of early summer. The long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before.

My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, placed me at the most favorable point. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others do, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog.

"Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight.

"Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly.

"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun.

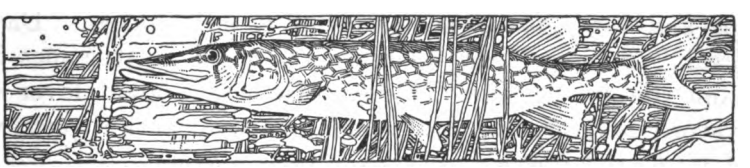
"Uncle!" I cried, looking back in excitement, "I've got a fish!"

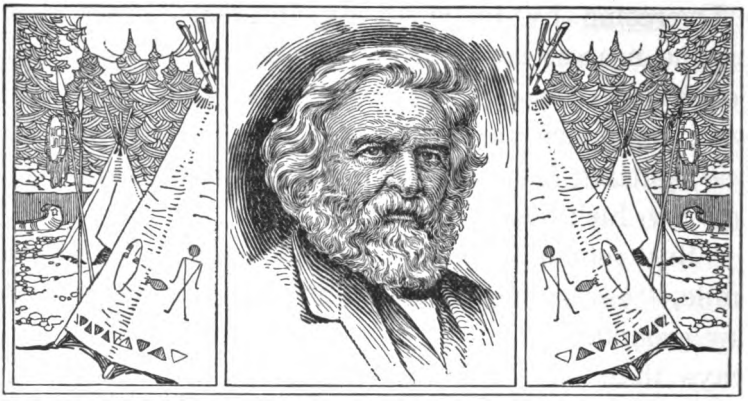
"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke, there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

Overcome by bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since have I been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle takes the form of a proverb: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."





HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

No American poet is better known or better liked than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). He was so fond of children that he often is called "The Children's Poet."

His childhood home was in Portland, Maine, almost in sight of the ocean. Very early he learned to love the sea and wrote many poems about it. His poem, "Daybreak," on page 289, describes the wind as it comes in from the sea at break of day. He was a great lover of Nature, and some of his poems give us beautiful pictures of birds and flowers.

Longfellow was greatly interested in the life of the American Indians. Gathering together many of their legends, he wrote a poem about them called "Hiawatha," which gives an interesting picture of their customs. "Hiawatha's Fishing," page 291, is taken from this poem.

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners; the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river, down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

In the country, on every side
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain;
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

THE PIKE AND THE SUN-FISH

Forth upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon, Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch-canoe exulting,
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches;
On the bow with tail erected
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster, Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch-canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
"Take my bait!" cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,

"Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water;
Let us see which is the stronger!"
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water;
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
"Take my bait, O King of Fishes!"

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
Till he wearied of the shouting;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
"Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, he tugged so
That the birch-canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,

And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

NAHMA, THE STURGEON

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
Ringing far across the water.
From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fiber,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.
Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.
And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fiber,

Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.
Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.
Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For henceforward and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'T is our brother, Hiawatha!"

And he shouted from below them:
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, not far from the birthplace of Whittier. He is often called "The Great American Story-Writer," because his wonderful imagination enabled him to write fascinating tales.

Grandfather's Chair, one of Hawthorne's most famous books, is a collection of these stories. This book pictures early New England life by means of tales which a grandfather tells while sitting in his old arm-chair. "The Sunken Treasure," page 299, is an account of one of these incidents.

"The Miraculous Pitcher," page 306, is from *A Wonder-Book*, another collection of tales which Hawthorne wrote for children. These stories are based upon legends of the Greek gods and heroes. In this Reader these selections have been slightly shortened.

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

THE UNSUCCESSFUL VOYAGE

Picture to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room stands Grandfather's chair, newly polished, and adorned with a cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of the West Indies. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage; and his waistcoat is all flowered over with gold.

His red, rough hands, which have done many a good day's work with the hammer and adz, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword; and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane.

Such an aspect as this did Sir William Phips present when he sat in Grandfather's chair after the King had appointed him governor of Massachusetts.

But Sir William Phips had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine,

where he used to tend sheep in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man, he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he next apprenticed himself to a ship-carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak-trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Boston, and soon afterwards was married to a widow who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all the money that he had acquired by his marriage, and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that, some time or other, he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

In the year 1684, he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth; and, hitherto, nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which was rolling and tossing it about.

But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had almost forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phips resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

He went to London and obtained admittance to King James. He told the King of the vast wealth

that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James thought this a fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phips to be captain of a vessel, called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phips of the English navy.

Captain Phips sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly two years in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phips to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century.

They broke out in open mutiny; but were finally mastered by Phips, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors; and, besides, the *Rose Algier* was leaky. So Captain Phips judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies, he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck of

the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks, a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

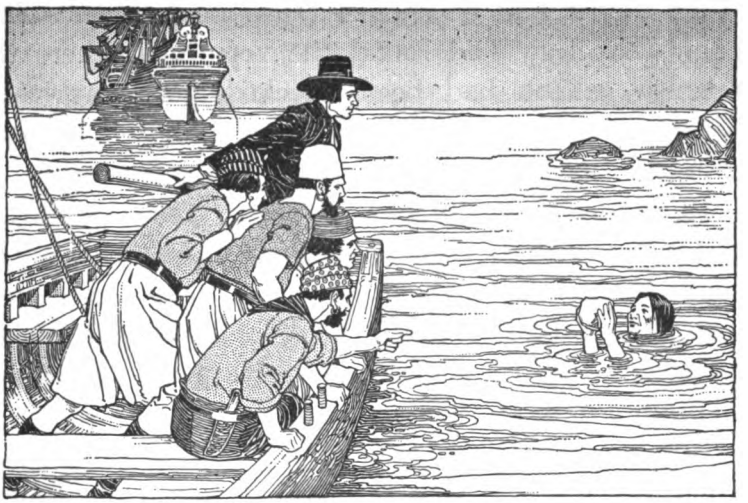
PHIPS FINDS THE TREASURE

On his arrival in England, Captain Phips begged the King to let him have another vessel and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James refused to have anything more to do with the affair.

Phips might never have been able to renew the search if some noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship, and gave the command to Captain Phips. He sailed from England, and arrived safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adz and assisted his men in building a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians, who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way into the depths of the sea.

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there been any of those



precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see more valuable than a curious sea shrub, which was growing beneath the water, in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It looked as bright as if its leaves were gold.

"We won't go back empty-handed," cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers. "Dive down and bring me that pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find."

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

"There are some ship's guns," said he, the moment he had drawn breath, "some great cannon, among the rocks, near where the shrub was growing."

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked, so many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat's side and swam headlong down.

In a few moments one of them arose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat and then rowed as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phips of their good luck.

But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.

"Thanks be to God!" then cried Captain Phips. "We shall every man of us make our fortunes!"

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work, with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of solid silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they drew up a golden cup, fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Now their rakes or fishing-lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

After a day or two they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money-bags. By remaining so long in the salt water, they had become covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure was estimated at more than two millions of dollars.

Captain Phips and his men continued to fish up plate, bullion, and dollars, as plentifully as ever, till their provisions grew short.

Then Phips resolved to return to England. He arrived there in 1687, and was received with great joy by the English lords who had fitted out the vessel. Well they might rejoice; for they took by far the greater part of the treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife, by building a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Before Captain Phips left London, King James made him a knight; so that, instead of the obscure ship-carpenter who had formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phips.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended to spend a quiet hour or two before bed-time.

So they talked together about their garden and their cow and their bees. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village,

unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes honey from their bee-hive.

But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveler who might pause before their door.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from the village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and the water-weeds had grown along the margin. But it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake.

Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to

their fellow-creatures. But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless.

You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people used to clap their hands when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveler ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking and snarling.

THE TWO TRAVELERS

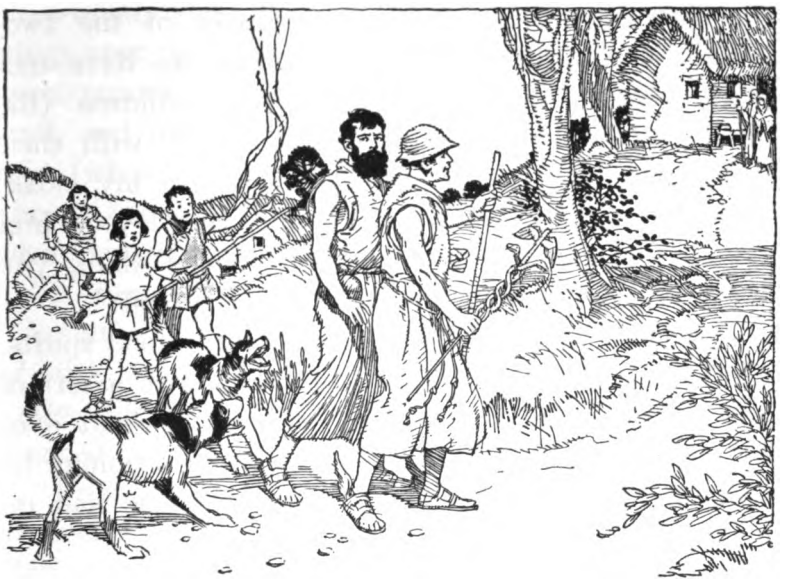
So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer; until they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers, with all their might.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and



looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders toward raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened to the cottage. Philemon went forward, saying in the heartiest tone —

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder, in the village. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud-balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak. Philemon saw, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes.

THE MARVELOUS STAFF

One thing, certainly, seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always found my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of

olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully done that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife, Baucis, has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall, as he did so. And here happened something rather marvelous. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder

stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff, by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and doubtless it will still be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten!"

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this elder traveler must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be dressed so humbly.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk with Philemon. The younger, indeed, made such witty remarks that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name. And your companion there? Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you!" replied Quicksilver. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the best part of today's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor save when a poor traveler knocks at our door."

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver. "I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband, "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story.

Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it stood on end beside Quicksilver's chair.

Old Philemon, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

THE WONDERFUL SUPPER

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. A pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained at the bottom of the pitcher.

Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible by so doing to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now, Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left.

However, in order to let him know how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice, and although the loaf when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own baking.

But, oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisite it smelled and looked. Its color was that of the purest gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers; but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way, in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread

and honey, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" she asked.

"No I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days."

"Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please," said Quicksilver, "and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time, old Philemon took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and delicious milk.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty."

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE VILLAGERS

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and inquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, he pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!"

When alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save these planks.

The old man and his wife were stirring early in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart.

Philemon asked them to remain until Baucis could milk the cow, and find them a few eggs for breakfast.

The guests, however, seemed to think it better to travel a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They therefore set out, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four started from the cottage, chatting together like old friends.

"Ah, me!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from the door, "if our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so — that it is!" cried good old Baucis. "And I mean to tell some of them what naughty people they are!"

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

"When men do not feel toward the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the elder traveler, "they are unworthy to be on earth."

"And, by-the-by, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is the village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? I do not see it."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen

the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the trees, and the wide street, with children playing in it. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence.

In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; for they never sweetened the hard lot of others."

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, "they are all changed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, he can throw in a line and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbors!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not, for the world, put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face; "we could never relish them!"

THE REWARD OF BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

"As for you, good Philemon," said the elder traveler —"and you, kind Baucis, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die! For we have always loved one another!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger. "Now, look toward your cottage!"

They did so. But what was their surprise, on beholding a tall palace of white marble, occupying the spot where their humble home had so lately stood!

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show hospitality in yonder palace, as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him, but behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, kept its marvelous quality of being never empty.

Whenever an honest and good-humored guest took a draught from this pitcher, he found it the sweetest fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his face into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, to invite the guests to breakfast.

The guests searched everywhere, all to no purpose. But they saw in front of the portal, two trees, which nobody could remember to have seen before.

Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom.

While the guests were marveling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their boughs astir. And then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once —"Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!"— as if one were both, and both were one, and

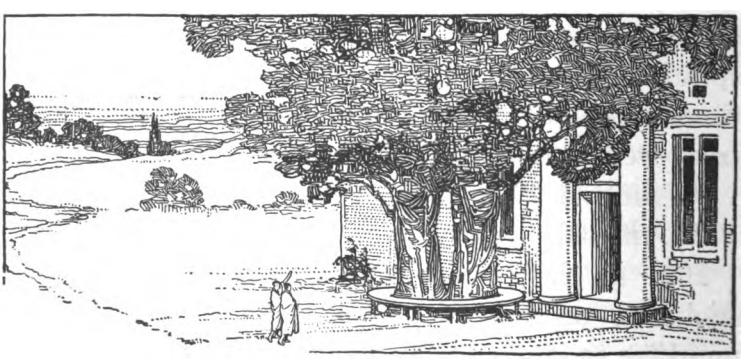
talking together in the depths of their heart. It was plain enough that the good old couple were now to spend a quiet hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now!



A Backward Look

You have just been visiting with your book-comrade some of our famous American authors. Did you notice that these little journeys were a bit different from the earlier ones you took with your eager guide? This time he did not lead you on from a scene pictured by one poet or teller of tales to a scene pictured by some other. Instead, he seemed to feel that you should become really acquainted with these four great writers. You remember he stopped by the way to tell you a little about the life of each one, and to show you his picture. And then he asked you to linger with each of these great men until you had seen two or three of the scenes that had helped to make him famous.

Your book-comrade had a reason for this plan. You know there have been certain great Presidents and Generals in our country's history who did so much for us that every true American should come to know something of their lives. If we should find an American today who knew almost nothing about George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, we should think him shamefully ignorant.

Just so there have been certain famous American writers who have added so great honor to our country's name that as good Americans we should want to know them, to make them our friends. Of course, your book-comrade could show you only a few of these great countrymen of yours. As you grow older you will come to know many more of this wise company.

First of all you listened to the words of wise old "Ben" Franklin. As you heard him utter his quaint proverbs,

or explain his clever "Trick for Doing Good," perhaps you began to understand why this man of thrift and tireless energy and kindly sympathy has always been looked upon as the ideal American citizen. Which of his proverbs seemed to be particularly fitting as mottoes for the early settlers you read about in Part I? Which of these proverbs would make an especially good motto for Americans today? Tell what you know about Franklin's life.

Your next visit was to meet John Greenleaf Whittier, the kindly poet who tells of life in the open country, or sings of the happiness that comes from honest toil. We have need of such homely advice today. For each one of us, from school days to the end of life, will have work to do. If we think of our daily task as an unwelcome bit of drudgery to be hurried through, so that we may crowd our leisure hours with pleasure, then we are sure to lose the real joy of life. But if we put our whole hearts into our daily share of the world's work, if we take pride in doing well our selected tasks, then we shall not only lead useful lives, but we shall gain our full share of happiness as we go through life. Which lines in Whittier's "The Drovers" and "The Fishermen" express the poet's belief in the joy of faithful work? Tell what you know about Whittier's life.

Your book-comrade then took you for a little visit to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. What interesting pictures does the poet give you of the wind at daybreak? Of rain in summer? Longfellow not only told of Nature's loveliness, but preserved for us the legends of the American Indians. Just as the peoples of Northern Europe handed down from father to son the tales of Beowulf, so the American Indians kept alive the memory of their

own great heroes. Longfellow tells us the story of Hiawatha, the brave warrior and wise leader of the Indian tribes. Tell how Hiawatha overcame the "king of fishes." Tell what you know of Longfellow's life.

Your last visit was to Nathaniel Hawthorne, the man who has been called the "Great American Story-Writer." Hawthorne wrote many stories that have delighted thousands of children all over the world. These stories are mainly of two different kinds. First there are tales of pure fancy, fairy tales that show us magic folk who are doing impossible things, yet told in so skillful a way that we almost believe, as we read, that the incidents must have happened. Second, there are true stories that picture the early days of our country so vividly that the past seems to come to life before our very eyes. Which of Hawthorne's stories in Part V represents the first kind? What lesson does it teach us? Which story represents the second kind? Mention some of the things you learned in it about life in early America. Tell something about the life of Hawthorne. Do you think he deserved the name "Great American Story-Writer"?

The little glimpses you have just had of these four great American authors have not been enough to make them real *friends* of yours. As yet they are only bare acquaintances. If they are to become your friends, you must visit them again and again. As your book-comrade has told you, they stand ready to welcome you into the great circle of their friendship. Gladly will they thrill you with exciting stories, or help you through life with wise advice, or whisper into your ears the magic secrets of the world of Nature.

HELPS TO STUDY

(Some of the selections, because of their simplicity, are not treated in these "Helps.")

Your Book-Comrade, p. 8. 1. What can your "book-comrade" do for you that your school-comrades cannot do? 2. Can you name the five kinds of things your book-comrade promises to show you? 3. What will you gain if you make *friends* of books?

Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles, p. 13. 1. In the Revolutionary War the American Colonies fought for freedom from Great Britain; on which side were Anne's father and brothers? 2. What good qualities did Anne show? 3. What good qualities did Cornwallis show? 4. Why was Anne called a "rebel"? 5. Why did she think that her cow must be a "rebel cow"? 6. Why do you think Anne would become a good American citizen? 7. Read aloud, with the help of one of your classmates, the conversation between Anne and the General. 8. *Contest:* which team of two can score highest in making this dialogue sound real?

A Glimpse of Washington, p. 17. 1. Why did not the corporal help the soldiers? 2. In the Forward Look, p. 11, your book-comrade said that you would "chuckle a bit" at what you would hear General Washington saying; what did Washington say to the corporal that made you laugh? 3. How did Washington show that he was ready to help his men? 4. Dramatize the story.

A Song for Flag Day, p. 19. 1. Can you tell where our flag flies over our land, yet "half a world away"? 2. The poet suggests that our "forefathers" who first settled in America "dreamed" that this country would always stand for bravery, truth, and justice. How did our fighting in the World War prove that their dream was true? 3. Which is the better way to help our country, to honor the flag with "glad salutes," or to prove ourselves good citizens by being thrifty, working faithfully, and being kind to our neighbors? 4. Memorize these two stanzas.

A Story of the Flag, p. 20. 1. Why is the flag of the United States better known in France today than it was before the World War? 2. What new idea came to Frank at the sight of the American flag in Paris? 3. Why did the Consul place an American flag on a Frenchman's tomb? 4. State in your own words the thought in the last sentence of this story.

Some Glimpses of Lincoln, p. 23. 1. Why was Lincoln chosen as umpire in the quarrel between the two boys? 2. What quality did he show when the little bully offered to fight him? 3. What quality did he show in the case of the wood-chopper? Have you read other stories of Lincoln that show any of these good qualities? 4. Which of the qualities shown in these glimpses of Lincoln would help him to become a good leader for the United States? 5. In the Forward Look, p. 11, you read that you would "chuckle a bit" at what you hear Lincoln saying; what words of Lincoln in this story made you laugh?

How Theodore Roosevelt Overcame His Handicap, p. 25. 1. In what ways did Roosevelt try to make his body strong? 2. How did pluck and perseverance aid him? 3. What rules for health does this story suggest? Can you name others? 4. How did he overcome his handicap? 5. How did Lincoln's handicap differ from Roosevelt's? 6. What sentence on page 27 is illustrated by the picture on page 26? 7. This story has three parts: the first ends with the second line on page 26; the second ends with the first paragraph on page 27; and the third completes the story; give a suitable title to each of the three parts. 8. Listen while the story is read aloud by three good readers (one for each part). 9. How does this story encourage boys and girls who have some handicap in life?

A Little Soldier of the Air, p. 28. 1. This is a true story of the World War; what did homing pigeons do to help win the War? 2. Why is "little soldiers of the air" a good name for these pigeons? 3. How did they carry their messages? Read aloud the paragraph that tells you. 4. Tell the story of Cher Ami's service in saving

the lives of some American soldiers. 5. What does the picture on page 28 suggest to you? The picture on page 31? 6. At what point in the story was your interest greatest? 7. Listen while the story of Cher Ami's service is read aloud by two good readers; the first will begin with the second paragraph on page 29, and read to the picture on page 31; the second will read the rest of the story. 8. It was the pigeon's *love of home* that led him to do this service for America; what led the American soldiers to go overseas to fight in the World War? 9. Why should we feel proud of the soldiers who were saved by Cher Ami?

The Quest, p. 33. 1. What did the restless boy learn as he traveled? 2. What do you think he "missed" in the homes he saw that made him return to "the little brown house"? 3. One who really loves his home will help to make it a better place in which to live; in what ways do you help at home? 4. Read aloud the lines on page 12 that tell what will make you a good citizen. 5. Mention some simple duties we owe to others in the home. 6. Why do you think one who loves his home will also love his country? 7. Why is this poem a good one to read just after you have read "A Little Soldier of the Air"?

Little Brown Hands, p. 34. 1. What does the first stanza tell us that the little brown hands do? The second stanza? The third? 2. What does the poet say that the owners of the "little brown hands" will do when they become men and women? 3. Can you name a man, of whom you have read in this book, who was "humble and poor" and became a "mighty ruler of state," that is, a strong head of a great nation? 4. Why is it true that "those who toil bravely are strongest"? 5. Explain the meaning of the last four lines of the poem, finding in the Glossary the meaning of "statement," "chisel," and "palette."

A Dog of Flanders, p. 38. 1. Notice that this story has four parts, each with a title printed in smaller type than is used for the title of the story; they are called *sub-titles*. Read the four sub-titles. In "How Theodore Roosevelt Overcome His Handi-

cap" you made the sub-titles for the story, while here they are made for you. 2. Tell the story, with the help of three of your classmates, using the sub-titles as an outline, each telling one of the parts. 3. The old man was kind; give instances of his kindness to the boy; to the dog. 4. How were the old man and the little boy able to be happy, even though they were "terribly poor"? 5. Give reasons why you think the old man and the boy were "good citizens." 6. Can we judge the character of people by their treatment of dumb and helpless animals? 7. Can you give any instances which show that dogs are grateful for kindness?

No Boy Knows, p. 48. 1. What does the first stanza tell you that boys may know? 2. What things are mentioned in the second stanza that boys may know? 3. "Ever repeating their parts again"— the poet thinks of the world as a play, on a stage: the raindrops, the snowflakes, the ice — all are thought of as actors in the play, with their parts to act over and over again. 4. What do the sunbeams do with the water which they "sip" from the earth? 5. "Till the low streams leap"— till the shallow streams become filled with rain water, and rush along. "Long, glad while"— a long, happy time. 6. "Since the dawn's first smile"— since he was born, or first saw the light. 7. The poet speaks of the "dawn" as if it were a person, smiling. Do you like this fancy? 8. Do you think the woods are so beautiful that the poet may speak of them as a "divine," or heavenly, place? 9. "Followed me o'er and o'er"— called up past memories again and again throughout his life. 10. Has your mother ever "pleaded" with you when you did not want to hear her?

Pioneer Tales, p. 53. 1. Why did Crockett go on the dangerous trip to his brother-in-law's? 2. Read aloud lines which show that Crockett was thoughtful of his family; that he did not fear danger and pain; that he was determined to overcome difficulties. 3. Read lines that tell how Crockett kept himself from freezing. 4. Compare Lincoln's and Roosevelt's handicaps with those of

Crockett. 5. Read the last paragraph of the Forward Look, p. 12, and then tell what we owe to pioneers like Crockett.

Early Settlers, p. 59. 1. How long did this journey take? 2. What things that now make travel easy were unknown then? 3. Find a sentence in the fourth paragraph of the story that shows how thrifty the early settlers were obliged to be. Are Americans as thrifty today? 4. These were settlers in the warm southwest; do you think they had more or fewer hardships than settlers in the northwest?

Daniel Boone, p. 62. 1. "Account for each ball"— the Indians made Boone show some piece of game killed by each ball they had given him. What does this prove about his wonderful ability to shoot accurately? 2. How did he manage to save some ammunition for his own use? 3. What did he do when he found that the Indians were making "preparations for the warpath," that is, getting ready to attack the white men? 4. After reading this selection can you give some reasons why Boone is remembered and admired? 5. What do we owe to men like Boone?

The First Thanksgiving Day, p. 66. 1. On page 73, what did the father say should make the Plymouth settlers happy? 2. For what other blessings were they thankful? 3. What have you to be grateful for on Thanksgiving Day? 4. On page 12 you read that "work and thrift" make happy, useful citizens. Find several speeches in this story which prove that the Plymouth colonists believed in the truth of this statement. 5. Choose characters, and dramatize the story for a Thanksgiving play.

Through the Looking-Glass, p. 83. 1. Alice has been playing chess, a game played with pieces called kings, queens, etc.; then she sits by the fire before the looking-glass. She imagines that there is a house behind the glass and wishes she could visit it. Then she falls asleep and dreams that she goes through the look-

ing-glass, into the Looking-Glass World. In this world she finds living chess-queens. After many adventures she becomes a queen. 2. Alice expects things to happen as they do in her own world, but nothing happens as she expects. This makes the fun of the book; read aloud the lines that gave you the heartiest laugh.

The Quangle Wangle's Hat, p. 92. 1. The author of this nonsense verse "makes" some new words for our amusement, such as "bibbons"; find others. 2. Which fancy of the poet gave you the heartiest laugh? 3. Find the lines that rime. 4. Read the poem aloud, to bring out its musical quality.

The Porcelain Stove, p. 110. 1. Notice that this story has five parts; with the help of four classmates, tell the story, each telling one of the parts. 2. In what ways is this a different kind of story from "Rumpelstiltskin"? 3. Do you think August was foolish to take the dangerous trip inside the stove, or do you admire him for his faithfulness to the thing he loved?

A Brave Boy's Adventure, p. 134. 1. This selection is from a story of the Revolutionary War. Robinson is on the American side; on which side were the Ramsays? 2. What soldiers wore "red coats" in this war? 3. Read aloud lines that show how Robinson tried to make the soldiers believe he had a large force with him. 4. What did Andy do that helped Robinson in this plan? 5. "Rights of prisoners of war"— in all wars, prisoners have the right to be treated with respect. 6. How did the soldiers feel when they saw the "troop" that had captured them? 7. Why did Robinson make the British soldiers lead the way? 8. Choose characters and dramatize the story, using the dialogue form in the text as far as possible.

The Christmas Fairy and Scrooge, p. 144. 1. Why did Scrooge call Christmas a "humbug"? 2. Read what Scrooge's nephew said Christmas had done for him. 3. What did Bob Cratchit have that Scrooge did not have? 4. What did the Fairy bring

Scrooge for a Christmas gift? 5. What does Act I tell you? Act II? Act III? 6. What change came over Scrooge? 7. What caused this change? 8. Choose characters and dramatize this story for a Christmas play.

Planting the Tree, p. 161. 1. What are some of the things that are made from the wood of a tree? 2. "All parts that be" — all the different parts there are. 3. What day is set apart for one of our duties toward trees? 4. How can we help to protect trees? 5. In the Forward Look, page 160, you read, "Mother Nature is the most wonderful of magicians." How does the poem you have just read prove the truth of this statement?

The Squirrels at Walden, p. 167. 1. The picture shows the cabin that Thoreau built in Walden woods, where he lived two years, studying the animals and the birds and the trees. 2. How did Thoreau "bait" the squirrels? 3. Why does he speak of the squirrel as an "impudent" fellow? 4. Tell what you have learned about squirrels from this selection.

Bob White, p. 174. 1. Why does the poet say "stacked is the corn" when he means "the corn is stacked"? Find another sentence in this poem that shows the same unusual order of words. 2. At what season and time does Bob White whistle? 3. What does he whistle? 4. Read aloud the words that tell *why* he calls. 5. Why do you think he is a vain little bird?

Bees and Flowers, p. 175. 1. In the Forward Look, page 160, you were told that to learn the secrets of Nature you would need to listen to the words of the "wise story-tellers of Nature," keeping "your eyes wide open and your ears alert." What "secrets" did you learn from "The Bees and the Flowers"? 2. What does the bee do for the plant in return for the honey? 3. Why do some flowers have bright colors? 4. What experiment did Sir John Lubbock make? (It is doubtful whether this single experiment really proves that bees can tell one color from another). 5. Why do some flowers close when the rain comes?

Taking Lunch with a Wild Grouse, p. 179. 1. This is a true story written by the well-known lover of birds who organized the Bird Club of Long Island, New York, May 14, 1915. Colonel Roosevelt was made president of this club. 2. Tell of the author's first visit to see the grouse. Of his visit on the following day. 3. What does the picture on page 182 show you? 4. This story shows that birds will be our friends if we encourage them; what can we do to make them our friends? 5. What can we do to protect the birds? 6. Do you feed the birds in winter?

The Brook-Song, p. 184. 1. How did the poet learn so much about the brook? 2. What songs does the poet ask the brook to sing? 3. "One and one"— one by one, coming quickly after each other. 4. What does he say the "ripples" are like? 5. What do you think it was that made the "dreamer" sad? 6. Who do you think the "dreamer" was? 7. Read aloud the lines in which he tells the brook how to keep the "dreamer" from weeping.

The Months: A Pageant, p. 200. 1. Notice that each month brings some message of good cheer or kindness. Which month do you think brings the happiest message? 2. March says, "The violet is born where I set the sole of my flying foot." Does the violet come as March leaves, in your region? 3. "Has not a fellow," p. 207 — has no equal. 4. "Hard upon," p. 207 — close behind. 5. "Recovered calm," p. 207 — the quiet that has returned after the storm. 6. "Men are brethren of each other," etc., p. 208 — men belong to the same family of human beings, and are almost brothers of the animals ("litter") and birds ("brood") that have to struggle against ("breast" here means to meet bravely) the cold wind and disagreeable weather just as human beings do. 7. "Pearled with dew," p. 209 — the drops of dew on the skin of the plum look like pearls. 8. What does November mean by saying that the earth will "wake to mirth by and by"? 9. "My short days end," etc., p. 212 — When in December is the shortest day of the year? 10. Memorize December's cheery speech.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

(*a*) Read the story silently as rapidly as you can, to get the thought. Reading with the lips or pointing with the fingers slows up your speed. *Try steadily to increase your speed in silent reading.*

(*b*) Test yourself (1) by seeing how many of the questions you can answer after one reading, and (2) by telling the main thoughts of the story. Selections particularly suited to silent reading are starred.

Beowulf, the Brave Prince,* p. 217. *King Hrothgar's Hall.* 1. How did King Hrothgar show his love for his warriors? 2. Who was Grendel, and what did he do? *The Coming of Beowulf.* 1. When Beowulf heard the story of the wicked Grendel, what did he decide to do? 2. How many warriors did he take with him? 3. How did King Hrothgar welcome Beowulf and his warriors? *Beowulf's Battle with Grendel.* 1. Give an account of Beowulf's battle with Grendel. 2. What answer did Beowulf make when the King told him to ask for any reward that he might desire? 3. Tell of the banquet. 4. What gifts did the King present to Beowulf? *The Second Monster.* 1. How did the second monster trouble the Danes? 2. What promise did Beowulf make to the King? *The Battle Under the Water.* 1. Tell of Beowulf's battle under the water. 2. Why did not Beowulf take the monster's gold? *Beowulf's Return Home.* 1. What promise did he give King Hrothgar before he left? 2. How was he made welcome in his own country? 3. What did he do with the presents King Hrothgar had given him? *The Fiery Dragon.* Why did the Goths praise Beowulf? 2. What honor was given him by the Goths? 3. Why did the dragon set fire to the houses? *Beowulf's Last Battle.* 1. Tell of Beowulf's fight with the dragon.

Make an outline for the story, using the sub-titles as topics. Then choose eight of your classmates and, thinking of them as "minstrels," listen while they tell the complete story, each telling about one of the topics.

Sigurd, the Youthful Warrior,* p. 235. *Sigurd's Childhood.* 1. Who was Sigurd's father? 2. With whom did Sigurd and his mother live after the father died? 3. Why did Sigurd ask for his father's sword? 4. What advice was given Sigurd by his mother? *Regin, the Smith.* 1. How did Regin plan to make use of Sigurd? 2. What did the King allow Regin to teach Sigurd? 3. What did King Alf say Regin must not teach Sigurd? *Sigurd's Horse.* 1. Why did Sigurd want a horse? 2. Tell how Sigurd chose a horse. 3. What advice did the old man give the boy? *Regin's Story.* 1. What was the story that Regin told Sigurd? 2. Why did Sigurd promise to kill the dragon? 3. What reason did Sigurd give for wanting to slay the dragon? *Sigurd's Sword.* 1. Where did Sigurd find a sword? 2. What did he tell King Alf? *Sigurd Kills the Dragon.* 1. Give an account of Sigurd's search for the dragon, and of his killing it. *Sigurd Saves the Princess.* 1. What wonderful thing happened after Sigurd had killed the dragon? 2. How did Sigurd pass through the wall of fire? 3. How did he wake Brunhild?

Make an outline for the story, using the sub-titles as topics. Then choose seven of your classmates, and thinking of them as minstrels," listen while they tell the complete story, each telling about one of the topics.

Roland, the Noble Knight,* p. 253. *Roland's Boyhood.* 1. Where did Roland live when he was a little boy? 2. Who was his playmate and best friend? 3. Where had his mother once lived? 4. Why could not Roland have clothes as good as Oliver's? *Charlemagne Finds Roland.* 1. How did Charlemagne find Roland? *Roland's New Home.* 1. Where was Roland's home after he left the hill-side? 2. What great service did he do for the King in his first battle? 3. Show that Roland was not boastful. *Charlemagne and Roland in Spain.* 1. Where did Roland again meet Oliver? 2. How long did the war with the Saracens continue? 3. What plan did the Saracen King make to deceive

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, p. 336.

Charlemagne? *Ganelon's Wicked Plan.* 1. Who was sent as messenger to the Saracen King? 2. Who suggested that Ganelon be sent? 3. What wicked plan did Ganelon make? *The Rear Guard.* 1. Why did Roland ask to be given command of the rear guard? 2. Why did not Roland blow his horn for help when he first saw the enemy? *Roland's Last Battle.* Tell the story of Roland's last battle.

Make an outline for the story, using the sub-titles as topics. Then choose seven of your classmates and, thinking of them as "minstrels," listen while they tell the complete story.

Proverbs from Poor Richard's Almanac, p. 277. 1. Which of these proverbs seems most valuable to you? 2. Notice that some of them teach thrift; what else do they teach? 3. Explain these proverbs in your own words. 4. Tell what you know about Franklin's life. Franklin was also an inventor. He made a famous experiment that brought about the invention of lightning rods. How does the picture on page 275 suggest this?

A Trick for Doing Good, p. 278. 1. Tell in your own words Franklin's "trick" for doing good. 2. How could a "knave" spoil the plan? 3. Would the world be better if there were more such "tricks" for doing good? 4. "Your most obedient servant" — an old time way of ending letters. 5. What qualities had Franklin that helped to make him a good American citizen?

The Drovers, p. 280. 1. "There's life alone in," etc.— The only life worth living is, etc. 2. Do you find that satisfying "rest" comes only after you have been "striving"? 3. Why does the poet call the drove "stately"? 4. With what does Whittier compare the horns of the cattle? 5. What picture do the seventh and eighth stanzas make you see? 6. What does the poet mean by the expression, "the baffled truants rally"? 7. "Our charge"— the drove that is in our keeping. 8. What tells you that the drovers will start early the next morning? 9. "The ears of home"— the ears of the wife and the children. 10. Tell what you know about Whittier's life. 11. What does the picture on page 279 suggest?

The Fishermen, p. 283. 1. Who is talking in this poem? 2. What do you see in the illustration on page 283 that shows how "the breath of heaven" speeds the ship? 3. Change the order of the words in the first two lines of stanza three to make the sense clearer. 4. "Change and chances of the ocean and the sky"— the risks due to sudden storms at sea. 5. To what does the poet compare the "scaly tribes" of fish? 6. "Working out our lot"— working faithfully on the task that is set before us. 7. "Whistle down the wild wind"— shout and sing and make merry. 8. "Freshening"— blowing stronger and stronger. 9. Why do the fishermen call the earth "dull"?

Rain in Summer, p. 289. 1. Why does the poet call rain in summer "welcome"? 2. To what does he compare the plain, in the last stanza? 3. On page 288 you read that Longfellow was a great lover of Nature. How do the two poems you have just read prove the truth of this statement? 4. Tell what you know about Longfellow's life.

Hiawatha's Fishing, p. 291. 1. The aim of an Indian boy was to be brave and strong, a great hunter, fisher, and warrior. How does this help to explain why Hiawatha was so happy as he went "all alone" to catch the sturgeon? 2. To what is the perch compared? The crawfish? 3. What fish was the first to take the bait? The second? 4. How did the sturgeon prove his great size and strength? 5. How did Hiawatha overcome the sturgeon? 6. Notice that this story has two parts; what are the sub-titles? 7. Read the poem aloud to show how musical it is.

The Sunken Treasure,* p. 299. *The Unsuccessful Voyage.* 1. Describe Sir William Phips as he sat in Grandfather's chair after the King had appointed him Governor of Massachusetts. 2. Tell of Phips's early life. 3. What promise did he make his wife? 4. What news did he hear of the lost Spanish treasure-ship? 5. What did he decide to do? 6. Tell the story of the *Rose Algier's* unsuccessful voyage. 7. Why was Phips eager to make

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, p. 336.

a second voyage? *Phips Finds the Treasure.* 1. Who fitted out Phips with another ship? 2. Why did he build a boat? 3. Tell how the treasure was found. 4. What became of the treasure? 5. What good qualities did Sir William Phips have that gave him confidence in himself? 6. With the help of a classmate, tell the story of the sunken treasure, one telling about "The Unsuccessful Voyage" and the other about "Phips Finds the Treasure."

Tell what you know about Hawthorne's life.

The Miraculous Pitcher,* p. 306. *Baucis and Philemon.* 1. What kind of old persons were Baucis and Philemon? 2. What kind of people were the villagers? *The Two Travelers.* 1. What kind of persons were the travelers? 2. How did Baucis and Philemon welcome the strangers? *The Marvelous Staff.* 1. What was peculiar about the traveler's staff? 2. What made Philemon think the traveler was an unusual person? 3. What names did the strangers have? *The Wonderful Supper.* 1. What was wonderful about the supper that Baucis and Philemon gave the travelers? *The Punishment of the Villagers.* 1. How did the traveler account for the mystery? 2. What punishment came to the neighbors? 3. Why did the strangers say there was neither use nor beauty in such a life as that led by the villagers? *The Reward of Baucis and Philemon.* 1. What reward came to Baucis and Philemon? 2. How did the oak tree and the linden tree fitly represent the loving service of Baucis and Philemon?

Discussion. What lesson does this story teach? Make an outline for the story, using the sub-titles as topics; then choose seven classmates to tell the story, following these topics.

"bore no traces," p. 307, showed no signs.

"sympathies of their nature," p. 312, kindness they should have.

"save when," p. 313, except when.

"how the case was," p. 317, the state of affairs (the pitcher was empty).

"ceased to have existence," p. 321, was now gone.

---

* See Suggestions for Silent Reading, page 336.

GLOSSARY

ā	as in *āte*	ē	as in *ēvent*	ō	as in *nōte*	ū	as in *cūt*
ă	as in *băt*	ĕ	as in *makĕr*	ŏ	as in *nŏt*	ů	as in *tůrn*
â	as in *câre*	ē	as in *ēve*	ô	as in *ôr*	û	as in *ûnite*
å	as in *åsk*	ĕ	as in *mĕt*	ō	as in *obey*	o͞o	as in *fo͞od*
ä	as in *ärm*	ĭ	as in *kĭnd*	ŏ	as in *dŏg*	o͝o	as in *fo͝ot*
ă	as in *senăte*	ĭ	as in *pĭn*	ū	as in *ūse*		

a-bun'dance (ă-bŭn'dăns), plenty
a-bun'dant (ă-bŭn'dănt), plentiful
ac'ci-den'tal-ly (ăk'sĭ-dĕn'tăl-ĭ), by chance
ac-com'pa-ny (ă-kŭm'pă-nĭ), go with
ac-cord' (ă-kôrd'), wish
ac-cord'ing-ly (ă-kôrd'ĭng-lĭ), thereupon
ac-cuse' (ă-kūz'), to blame
a-chieve'ments (ă-chēv'mĕnts), the great things you have done
ac-quaint'ed (ă-kwānt'ĕd), on friendly terms
ac-quired' (ă-quīrd'), obtained; got
Ad-ji-dau'mo (ăd-jĭ-dô'mō)
ad-mit'tance (ăd-mĭt'ăns), permission to pay a visit to
a-dopt'ed (ă-dŏpt'ĕd), taken as a son
a-dorn' (ă-dôrn'), to make beautiful
ad-vance' (ăd-vâns'), march forward
ad-van'tag-es (ăd-văn'tăj-ĕz), benefits; opportunities
ad-ven'ture (ăd-vĕn'tûr), an interesting experience, or happening
adz (ădz), a cutting tool used to trim off the surface of wood
af-ford'ed (ă-fôrd'ĕd), gave
a-glow' (ă-glō'), rosy with happiness
a'gue (ā'gū), fever and chills
a-lert' (ă-lûrt'), ready; listening
a-main' (ă-mān'), with full force
a-maz'ing (ă-māz'ĭng), surprising
am'ber (ăm'bĕr), yellow
am-mu-ni'tion (ăm-ů-nĭsh'ŭn), powder and balls
am'ple (ăm'p'l), large
an'cient (ān'shĕnt), olden
a-nem'o-ne (ă-nĕm'ŏ-nē), an early spring flower
a-non' (ă-nŏn'), and then at another time
an'tics (ăn'tĭks), tricks
Ant'werp (ănt'wĕrp), a city in northern Belgium
an'vil (ăn'vĭl), a block of iron on which metal is hammered into different shapes
anx'ious (ănk'shŭs), worried
ap-peal'ing-ly (ă-pēl'ĭng-lĭ), with a look that seemed to beg for aid
ap-pren'ticed (ă-prĕn'tĭst), agreed to give his services for a definite time in order to learn the trade
ap-proach' (ă-prōch'), draw near
ap-prov'al (ă-prō͞o'văl), agreement
ar'bor (är'bĕr), a shelter of vines woven together
Ar'gonne' (är'gŏn'), a district in the northeast of France where the American soldiers did much hard fighting during the World War
ar'gu-ment (är'gů-mĕnt), dispute
a-rouse' (ă-rouz'), alarm; frighten
ar'tic-les (är'tĭ-k'lz), various things
ar-til'ler-y (är-tĭl'ĕr-ĭ), a part of the army that fights with cannon
as-cend'ed (ă-sĕnd'ĕd), went up
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), appearance
as-sem'bled (ă-sĕm'b'ld), collected
as-sem'bling (ă-sĕm'blĭng), coming together
as-sur'ance (ă-sho͝or'ăns), statement

a-stir' (ȧ-stûr'), in motion
as-ton'ish-ment (ăs-tŏn'ĭsh-mĕnt), wonder; surprise
a-stride' (ȧ-strīd'), astraddle
a-thirst' (ȧ-thûrst'), thirsty
ath-let'ic (ăth-lĕt'ĭk), active; well built
at-tached' (ă-tăcht'), very fond of
at-tend'ed (ă-tĕn'dĕd), went to
at-trac'tion (ă-trăk'shŭn), charm
Au-gus'tin (ô-gŭs'tĭn)
au'to-bi-og'ra-phy (ô'tō-bĭ-ŏg'rȧ-fĭ), story of one's life written by oneself
av'er-age (ăv'ĕr-ăj), ordinary
a-ware' of (ȧ-wâr'), led to understand
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), sky-blue

back'ground (băk'ground), back out of sight
bade (băd), commanded
baf'fled tru'ants ral'ly (băf''ld trōō'ănts răl'ĭ), ones that ran away are collected and brought back
bail (bāl), dip; scoop out
bait'ed (bāt'ĕd), attracted
balm (bäm), a sweet-smelling plant or tree
bark (bärk), a small sailing-vessel
bat-tal'ion (bă-tăl'yŭn), a body of foot-soldiers
Bau'cis (bô'kĭs)
beam (bēm), a large plank
beech'en (bēch'ĕn), made of beech-logs
be-held' (bē-hĕld'), saw
be-hold' (bē-hōld'), pay attention to
Be'o-wulf (bā'ō-wo͝olf)
be-wil'dered (bē-wĭl'dĕrd), puzzled
be-witched' (bē-wĭcht'), enchanted
bil'lows (bĭl'ōz), ocean-like waves
Björn'son, Björn'stjerne (byûrn'sŭn byûrn'stârn)
blast (blăst), gust
bliss (blĭs), happiness
blithe (blīth), joyous
bluff (blŭf), rough
Boones'bor-ough (bōōnz'bŭr-ō), a settlement founded by Boone
bound'ed (bound'ĕd), ran rapidly with sudden leaps; bordered
bow'er (bou'ĕr), its leafy home

brac'y (brās'ĭ), refreshing
Brah'man (brä'mȧn), a native of Hindustan who belongs to the highest class
brav'ing (brāv'ĭng), bearing bravely
breast'work (brĕst'wûrk), a protecting wall hastily put up
breath'less (brĕth'lĕs), holding the breath because of eager interest
brew (brōō), prepare something for drinking
bric'a-brac (brĭk'ȧ-brăk), odd things used as ornaments
brin'dle (brĭn'd'l), having dark spots or streaks on yellowish-brown
brink (brĭnk), edge; bank
brisk'ly (brĭsk'lĭ), in a lively manner
brood (brōōd), the young of birds hatched at the same time
Bru'in (brōō'ĭn), a common name, in stories, for the brown bear
Brun'hild (brōōn'hĭld)
brush'wood (brŭsh'wo͝od), small branches of trees
buc'ca-neer'ing (bŭk'ȧ-nēr'ĭng), robbing
budg'es (bŭj'ĕz), moves
bul'lion (bo͝ol'yŭn), silver that has not been made into coins

ca-na'ry (kȧ-nā'rĭ), a kind of grass fed to birds
cane'brake' (kān'brāk'), thick growth of canes, plants with long, stiff, hollow stems, common in the south
cap-tiv'i-ty (kăp-tĭv'ĭ-tĭ), imprisonment
cap'tor (kăp'tŏr), one who holds another as prisoner
ca-ress' (kȧ-rĕs'), a gentle touch
car'ry-log (kăr'ĭ-lŏg), a two-wheeled cart used for hauling logs
cas-cade' (kăs-kād'), flow
cat'kin (kăt'kĭn), the soft, furry flower of the willow and other trees
cau'tion (kô'shŭn), warning; advice
cau'tious-ly (kô'shŭs-lĭ), carefully, that is, trying hard to give the right answer
cav'ern (kăv'ĕrn), a large cave
cease'less (sēs'lĕs), never-ending

cen'tu-ry (sĕn'tū-rĭ), one hundred years
chal'lenged (chăl'ĕnjd), demanded that he fight
chal'len-ger (chăl'ĕnj-ẽr), one who demands of another that he fight
chan'nel (chăn'ĕl), the deep part of a river where the main current flows
chan'ti-cleer (chăn'tĭ-klēr), rooster
charge of powder (chärj), enough powder to load a rifle
Char'le-magne (shär'lẽ-măn)
charm the country side, by your singing delight the people for a long distance
cheep (chēp), chirp
Cher Am'i' (shâr' ä'mē'), good friend
Chil'i-coth'e (chĭl'ĭ-kŏth'ē)
chis'el (chĭz'ĕl), the sharp iron tool used in carving statues and figures
cir'cum-stanc-es (sûr'kŭm-stăns-ĕz), conditions; happenings
clad (klăd), dressed
clam'or (klăm'ẽr), noise; shouting
clam'or-ous (klăm'ẽr-ŭs), noisy
clar'i-on (klăr'ĭ-ŭn), trumpet
cleared (klērd), opened up by removing the trees
clear'ing (klēr'ĭng), open space where the trees had been cut
clev'er (klĕv'ẽr), smart
cliffs (klĭfs), high, steep rocks or banks
clus'ter-ing (klŭs'tẽr-ĭng), growing together in bunches, or clusters
co', boss, come, bossy (a pet name for a cow)
col'o-nists (kŏl'ō-nĭsts), settlers in a new country
col'o-ny (kŏl'ō-nĭ), a settlement
com-bined' (kŏm-bīnd'), together
com'fort-ed (kŭm'fẽrt-ĕd), cheered
com-man'der-in-chief' (kŏ-măn'dẽr-ĭn-chēf'), the officer of highest rank in the army
com'mon-ly (kŏm'ŭn-lĭ), usually
com-mu'ni-ty (kŏ-mū'nĭ-tĭ), neighborhood
com-pan'ion-ship (kŏm-păn'yŭn-shĭp), comradeship; friendship
com'pa-ny (kŭm'pä-nĭ), number of people
com-pelled' (kŏm-pĕld'), forced
com-plain' of (kŏm-plān'), am finding fault with
com-plet'ed (kŏm-plēt'ĕd), finished
com-plete'ly (kŏm-plēt'lĭ), entirely
com'rade (kŏm'răd), companion
con'fi-dence (kŏn'fĭ-dĕns), trust; a feeling of boldness
con'fi-dent (kŏn'fĭ-dĕnt), sure
con-fu'sion (kŏn-fū'zhŭn), shame
con-geal' (kŏn-jēl'), freezes
con'quered (kŏng'kẽrd), overcome
con'se-quen-ces (kŏn'sẽ-kwĕn-sĕz), results; whatever may happen
con-sid'er (kŏn-sĭd'ẽr), think over carefully
con-sid'er-a-bly (kŏn-sĭd'ẽr-ä-blĭ), quite a little
con'sul (kŏn'sŭl), an official appointed by a government to live in some foreign country to care for its citizens in that country
con-tempt'i-ble (kŏn-tĕmp'tĭ-b'l), worthless
con-tend'ing (kŏn-tĕnd'ĭng), fighting
con-tent' (kŏn-tĕnt'), satisfied
con'tents (kŏn'tĕnts), all that was in it
con-tin'ued (kŏn-tĭn'ŭd), kept up
con-ven'ient (kŏn-vēn'yĕnt), comfortable
con-ver-sa'tion (kŏn-vẽr-sā'shŭn), talk
con-vinced' (kŏn-vĭnst'), proved to me
cord'ed (kôrd'ĕd), put into piles of a certain size
Corn-wal'lis (kôrn-wŏl'ĭs)
cor'po-ral (kôr'pō-răl), the first rank in the army above private
corps (kōr), the largest division of the American army
course (kōrs), path
court (kōrt), a royal palace
cow'boy' (kou'boi'), a cattle herder on horseback
crag (krăg), a rough, steep rock
crazed (krāzd), insane
cre-at'ed (krē-āt'ĕd), made up
crest (krĕst), a tuft of feathers upon the head of a bird
crev'ice (krĕv'ĭs), crack; opening

crit'i-cal (krĭt'ĭ-kăl), dangerous; when things were at their very worst
crook (krŏŏk), bend
crown (kroun), the very top
cruised (krōōzd), sailed back and forth between various points
cun'ning (kŭn'ĭng), clever
cu'ri-ous (kū'rĭ-ŭs), strange
cur-mudg'eon (kŭr-mŭj'ŭn), a bad-tempered and stingy person
cur'rent (kŭr'ĕnt), the swiftest part of a stream

Danes (dānz), people who lived in what is now Denmark, Norway, and Sweden
dark'some (därk'sŭm), dark; gloomy
dazed (dāzd), so surprised and happy he could hardly understand
de-cid'ed-ly (dē-sīd'ĕd-lĭ), firmly
decks (dĕks), decorates
de-clared' against it (dē-klārd'), would not give his consent
de-fi'ance (dē-fī'ăns), daring him
del'i-cate (dĕl'ĭ-kăt), dainty; easily broken
de-li'cious (dē-lĭsh'ŭs), very pleasant
de-light'ful (dē-līt'fo͝ol), full of enjoyment
de-liv'er-ing (dē-lĭv'ĕr-ĭng), giving out
dells (dĕlz), valleys
de-nied' (dē-nīd'), refused
Den'mark (dĕn'märk), a country in Europe
dense (dĕns), thick
de-part' (dē-pärt'), leave; go away
de-ri'sion (dē-rĭzh'ŭn), scorn
de-sert'ed (dē-zûr'tĕd), left alone
de-serve' (dē-zûrv'), have a right to
des'per-ate (dĕs'pĕr-ăt), in very great danger
de-struc'tion (dē-strŭk'shŭn), ruin; downfall
de-ter'mi-na'tion (dē-tûr'mĭ-nā'-shŭn), strong purpose
de-ter'mined (dē-tûr'mĭnd), decided
dif'fi-cult (dĭf'ĭ-kŭlt), hard; uncommon
dif'fi-cul-ty (dĭf'ĭ-kŭl-tĭ), trouble
dil'i-gent-ly (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnt-lĭ), busily; steadily
dim (dĭm), not able to see clearly
di-rec'tion (dĭ-rĕk'shŭn), thing she had been told to do
di-rect'ly (dĭ-rĕkt'lĭ), at once
dis'a-gree' (dĭs'ă-grē'), have ideas that are not the same
dis'ap-point'ment (dĭs'ă-point'mĕnt), failure to get what he expected
dis-charge' (dĭs-chärj'), pay
dis-cour'aged (dĭs-kŭr'ăjd), cast down; ready to give up
dis-cov'er (dĭs-kŭv'ĕr), find
dis'mal (dĭz'măl), gloomy; sad
dis-played' (dĭs-plād'), set out so it can be seen
dis-pute' (dĭs-pūt'), quarrel
Dis-tin'guished Service Cross (dĭs-tĭng-gwĭsht), small bronze cross on a ribbon given to a soldier for a very brave act
dis-turbed' (dĭs-tûrbd'), troubled
di-vine' (dĭ-vīn'), heavenly; holy
Di-vis'ion (dĭ-vĭzh'ŭn), one of the large sections of the American army
dol'ing (dōl'ĭng), giving out in small portions
dot (dŏt), tiny thing
draught (drăft), drink
drear (drēr), gloomy
drear'y (drēr'ĭ), cloudy; dark
drowse (drouz), light sleep
drow'si-ly (drou'zĭ-lĭ), sleepily
drudg'er-y (drŭj'ĕr-ĭ), work that is hard and uninteresting
drums (drŭmz), squirts the milk into the tin pail and makes a sound like a drumbeat
duc'at (dŭk'ăt), old coin, worth about $2.28
dun (dŭn), brown
dusk'y (dŭs'kĭ), dark

ed'dies (ĕd'ĭz), small whirlpools
el'der-bloom (ĕl'dĕr-blo͞om), the white or pink flowers of the elder
em-bark' (ĕm-bärk'), set sail
em'bers (ĕm'bĕrz), small pieces of coal burning slowly
em'pha-sis (ĕm'fă-sĭs), force
en-a'ble (ĕn-ā'b'l), make it possible for you

en-am'el (ĕn-ăm'ĕl), a smooth, glossy substance placed upon metal, glass, or pottery for ornament or protection
en-deav'or-ing (ĕn-dĕv'ĕr-ĭng), trying
en-gulf' (ĕn-gŭlf'), blot out
en'sign (ĕn'sīn; pronounced ĕn'sĭn in the U. S. navy), here, an officer of low rank
ere (âr), before
e-rect'ed (ē-rĕkt'ĕd), turned up
es'ti-mat-ed (ĕs'tĭ-māt-ĕd), valued; judged to be worth
ev'er (ĕv'ĕr), always
ex-ceed'ing-ly (ĕk-sēd'ĭng-lĭ), very
ex'cel-lent (ĕk'sĕl-ĕnt), of good quality
ex-claimed' (ĕks-klāmd'), cried out
ex'cla-ma'tions (ĕks'klà-mā'shŭnz), shouts
ex-haus'tion (ĕg-zôs'chŭn), weariness
ex-pe'ri-ence (ĕks-pē'rĭ-ĕns), practice
ex-plained' (ĕks-plānd'), said in such a way as to make his act understood
ex'plor-a'tions (ĕks'plōr-ā'shŭnz), trips made to examine the country
ex-plor'ing (ĕks-plōr'ĭng), examining thoroughly
ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), very pleasing
ex-ult'ing (ĕg-zŭl'tĭng), very happy

fag'ot (făg'ŭt), stick
fal'low (făl'ō), plowed land that has not been planted
fa-mil'iar (fà-mĭl'yàr), tame
fare (fâr), get along; food
fared (fârd), journeyed
fas'ci-nat-ing (făs'ĭ-nāt-ĭng), very interesting; charming
fa'vor-a-ble (fā'vĕr-à-b'l), likely to be successful
feat (fēt), deed; act
felled (fĕld), cut down
fer'tile (fûr'tĭl), having rich soil
fi'ber (fī'bĕr), sinew; muscle
film (fĭlm), thin skin
Flan'ders (flăn'dĕrz), a district of Belgium
flaw (flô), crack or break
fleece (flēs), coat of wool
flint'y (flĭn'tĭ), stony; hard
flit'ted (flĭt'ĕd), flew quickly
flor'in (flŏr'ĭn), old coin, worth about forty-eight cents
flushed (flŭsht), rosy from exercise
flut'tered (flŭt'ĕrd), flapped his wings without flying
foe (fō), enemy
fo'li-age (fō'lĭ-ĕj), leaves
fore'fa'thers (fōr'fä-thĕrz), ancestors
for'est-er (fôr'ĕs-tĕr), man who takes care of a forest
fore-told' (fōr-told'), told before it happens
forge (fōrj), place to heat iron so it can be hammered into any shape
for'mer (fôr'mĕr), earlier
for'ti-fied (fôr-tĭ-fīd), made strong
fos'ter-broth'er (fŏs'tĕr-brŭth'ĕr), one brought up as a brother, though not related
foun'dered (foun'dĕrd), made themselves lame by eating too much
frame (frām), build; body
franc (frănk), French coin worth about twenty cents in ordinary times
fresh'et (frĕsh'ĕt), a flood
fret'work' (frĕt'wûrk'), open-work
front (frŭnt), the position nearest the enemy
fru'gal (froō'găl), scanty; economical
fruit'ful (froōt'fo͝ol), bearing large harvests
fu'el (fū'ĕl), something to burn
fu'ry (fū'rĭ), rage; fierce anger

gales (gālz), strong winds; storms
gal'lant (găl'ănt), very brave
gal'le-on (găl'ē-ŭn), large ship, used in the time of Columbus and after
game (gām), animals which are hunted, for food or sport
Ga'ne-lon' (gà'n'-lôn')
gar'ri-son (găr'ĭ-s'n), soldiers guarding a fort
gasped (gàspt), caught her breath
gazed (gāzd), looked long
ge-loo'ri (gē-lōō'rĭ), a kind of chipmunk
ges'ture (jĕs'tûr), movement
gills (gĭlz), breathing-organs of a fish

Gitch'e Gum'ee (gĭ'chĕ gŏŏ'mĕ), Indian name for Lake Superior. It means Big-Sea-Water
gleam (glēm), shine brightly
glee (glē), joy; happiness
glen (glĕn), small, narrow valley
glis'ten-ing (glĭs''n-ĭng), shining
gloom (gloōm), darkness
glo'ried (glō'rĭd), glorious
glow (glō), brightness
good'ly (goŏd'lĭ), large
good'man (goŏd'măn), master of the house
Goths (gŏths), people who lived in Northern Germany long ago
gov'er-nor (gŭv'ĕr-nĕr), ruler
grace (gras), beauty
grad'u-al-ly (grăd'ū-ă-lĭ), little by little; slowly
gran-dee' (grăn-dē'), nobleman
grant (grȧnt), allow as a favor
grasp (grȧsp), hold
grat'ed (grāt'ĕd), scraped
grat'i-tude (grăt'ĭ-tūd), thankfulness
graz'ing (grāz'ĭng), eating grass
greet'ing (grēt'ĭng), addressing with politeness and respect
Gren'del (grĕn'dĕl)
grid'i-ron (grĭd'ĭ-ŭrn), broiler
grief (grēf), great sorrow
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), cross
grim (grĭm), stiff; stern-looking
gui'don (gĭ'dŭn), a flag
gym-na'si-um (jĭm-nā'zĭ-ŭm), a place for exercising

hail'ing (hāl'ĭng), calling to
hand'i-cap (hănd'ĭ-kăp), something that hinders one's success
har'dy (här'dĭ), strong enough to bear hardships
har'ness (här'nĕs), saddle, blanket, and everything worn by a horse
harsh (härsh), rough
has'sock (hăs'ŭk), a tuft of grass
hast'y (hās'tĭ), quick to act
haugh'ty (hô'tĭ), proud
haunts (hänts), favorite places
head'quar-ters (hĕd'quôr-tĕrz), the place from which the work of the army is directed
heave (hēv), lift up
heaved (hēvd), rose and fell as if it was hard to breathe
hedg'es (hĕj'ĕz), a fence formed by bushes growing closely together
heed'ing (hēd'ĭng), paying attention to
heif'er (hĕf'ĕr), young cow
herbs (ûrbz), plants whose stems are used for food or seasoning
here-aft'er (hēr-ȧf'tĕr), after this
here-with' (hēr-wĭth'), with this
hew'ing (hū'ĭng), cutting and shaping
Hi-a-wa'tha (hī-ȧ-wô'thȧ)
hilt (hĭlt), handle
Hirsch'vog-el (hûrsh'fō-gĕl)
hith-er-to' (hĭth-ĕr-tōō'), before this time
hoar'frost (hōr'frôst), white frost
hob (hŏb), a shelf on the side of an open fireplace, on which a pot or kettle may be kept warm
hob'bled (hŏb''ld), limped
hold (hōld), defend
home'ly (hōm'lĭ), common; everyday
hom'ing (hōm'ĭng), trained to return home from a distance
hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l), kind; friendly
hos-pi-tal'i-ty (hŏs'pĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), food and lodging given in a kind and friendly manner
host'ess (hōs'tĕs), a woman who is entertaining a guest, or guests
house'hold (hous'hōld), all those who live in the same house
house'wife (hous'wĭf), a woman who manages a household
hov'el (hŏv'ĕl), cottage
Hroth'gar (hrŏth'gär)
hud'dled (hŭd''ld), crowded together
hues (hūz), bright colors
huge (hūj), very large
hum'ble (hŭm'b'l), lowly; those who are not vain or proud
hum'bug (hŭm'bŭg), nonsense
hu-mil'i-ty (hū-mĭl'ĭ-tĭ), meekness
hurled (hûrld), threw with great force
husks (hŭsks), the outside covering of some grains, nuts, etc.
husk'y (hŭs'kĭ), hoarse
hut (hŭt), a small house

i-de'al (ī-dē'ăl), perfect example of
ill'got'ten (ĭl'gŏt'ĕn), obtained by wrong means.
il-lus'trat-ed (ĭ-lŭs'trāt-ĕd), made clear so that its meaning is easily seen
i-mag'ined (ĭ-măj'ĭnd), made-up
im'i-tat'ing (ĭm'ĭ-tāt'ĭng), doing in the same manner
im'pu-dent (ĭm'pū-dĕnt), bold
in'ci-dents (ĭn'sĭ-dĕnts), happenings
in-cli-na'tion (ĭn-klĭ-nā'shŭn), liking
in-hab'it-ants (ĭn-hăb'ĭ-tănts), those who live in any place; dwellers
in'no-cent (ĭn'ō-sĕnt), pure and simple
in-quir'y (ĭn-kwīr'ĭ), search, by asking here and there
in-sist'ed (ĭn-sĭst'ĕd), held firmly to my plan
in'stant (ĭn'stănt), of this month
in-tense'ly (ĭn-tĕns'lĭ), deeply
in-ter-rupt'ed (ĭn-tĕ-rŭpt'ĕd), broke in upon her talk
i'ris (ī'rĭs), a plant having large, handsome flowers of many colors; sometimes called "the flag"
isles (īlz), small islands

jack'al (jăk'ăl), the wild dog of Europe, Asia, and Africa
Je'han Daas (yā'hän däs)
jest'ing (jĕst'ĭng), joking
jour'ney-cake (jûr'nĭ-kāk), a kind of bread made of cornmeal
judged (jŭjd), guessed
jus'tice (jŭs'tĭs), fair treatment

Kay'oshk (kā'ŏshk)
Kear'sarge (kēr'särj; here, kē'ăr-särj, for rime), a mountain in New Hampshire
keel'son (kĕl'sŭn), a beam above the keel
Ken-o'zha (kĕn-ō'zhä)
knave (nāv), a rascal; a cheat
knight (nīt), a warrior of a special rank in olden times
knee (nē), a piece of timber used to fasten the beams of a ship to her sides

lad'en (lād"n), loaded with fruit
La-fa-yette' (lä-fä-yĕt'), the French general who helped the Americans in the Revolutionary War
la-ment'ing (lä-mĕnt'ĭng), mourning
lance (lăns), a long pole with a sharp steel head, used as a weapon
land'mark (lănd'märk), any object which marks a place
la-pel' (lä-pĕl'), the fold of the front of a coat
laths (läths), thin strips of wood, nailed on a wall to hold the plaster
lea (lē), meadow; pasture
league (lēg), a measure of distance; in some countries three miles
ledge (lĕj), shelf
leg'ends (lĕj'ĕndz), stories which have been handed down
lei'sure-ly (lē'zhûr-lĭ), slowly
like'wise' (līk'wīz'), also
lilt'ing (lĭl'tĭng), lively; gay
limb (lĭm), leg
lin'nets (lĭn'ĕts), small singing-birds
list'less-ly (lĭst'lĕs-lĭ), as if he did not care about anything
lit'ter (lĭt'ĕr), group of young animals all the same age
locks (lŏks), curls
lodg'ing (lŏj'ĭng), a place to stay
loi'ter-ing (loi'tĕr-ĭng), staying
loom (lōōm), machine for weaving threads into cloth
lot (lŏt), fortune; what we can make of our lives
lou'is d'ors (lōō'ĭ dôr), French coins, then worth over $4.00 each
low'ing (lō'ĭng), mooing
low'ly (lō'lĭ), humble
loy'al-ly (loi'ăl-lĭ), in a patriotic way
lub'ber (lŭb'ĕr), awkward; knowing nothing about a boat
Lub'bock, Sir John (lŭb'ŭk)
lulled (lŭld), made sleepy
lu'mi-nous (lū'mĭ-nŭs), shining

ma-gi'cians (mä-jĭsh'ănz), those who perform wonderful tricks
mag-nif'i-cent (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt), wonderful; splendid
main (mān), chief; principal
maize (māz), Indian corn

man'tles (măn't'lz), dresses
mar'gins (mär'jĭnz), shores
mar'i-ners (măr'ĭ-nĕrz), seamen
Mar-sil'i-us (mär-sĭl'ĭ-ŭs)
mar'vel-ous (mär'vĕl-ŭs), wonderful
Mas'ke-no'zha (măs'kē-nō'zhà)
Mas'sa-soit' (măs'à-soit')
mas'ter-build'ers (măs'tĕr-bĭl'dĕrz), skillful carpenters
mas'tered (măs'tĕrd), conquered
match'less (măch'lĕs), there is nothing like it
match'lock' (măch'lŏk'), old-fashioned gun
mate (māt), wife
mead'ow-close' (mĕd'ō-klōs'), a grassy place that is fenced
mel'o-dy (mĕl'ō-dĭ), tune; song
mer'cies (mûr'sĭz), blessings
mi'gnon-ette' (mĭn'yŭn-ĕt'), a very fragrant garden flower
milch (mĭlch), that gives milk
mink (mĭnk), a small animal valued for its soft, brown fur
min'strel (mĭn'strĕl), musician; storyteller
mi-rac'u-lous (mĭ-răk'ū-lŭs), able to do wonderful things
mirth (mûrth), joy; happiness
mis'chie-vous (mĭs'chĭ-vŭs), naughty
Mish'e-Nah'ma (mĭsh'ē-nä'mà)
Mish'ook (mĭsh'o͝ok)
mi'ser (mī'zĕr), very stingy person
mis'sion (mĭsh'ŭn), service; task
moc'ca-sin (mŏk'à-sĭn), a kind of shoe, first worn by Indians
mod'eled (mŏd'ĕld), shaped
mon'ster (mŏn'stĕr), a huge creature of strange form
mor'al (mŏr'ăl), meaning; lesson
mor'sel (môr'sĕl), bit; mouthful
mo'tioned (mō'shŭnd), waved
mount'ed (mount'ĕd), climbed up
mus'cu-lar (mŭs'kū-lär), strong
mu-se'um (mū-zē'ŭm), a place where a collection of curious or beautiful things is kept
mu'ti-nous (mū'tĭ-nŭs), refusing to obey orders
mu'ti-ny (mū'tĭ-nĭ), refusal to obey
muz'zle (mŭz''l), nose and mouth, taken together; snout
myr'i-ad (mĭr'ĭ-ăd), countless
mys'ter-y (mĭs'tĕr-ĭ), secret

Nah'ma (nä'mà)
neigh'bor-hood (nā'bĕr-ho͝od), people living near together
nest'lings (nĕst'lĭngz), young birds that have not left the nest
no'bles (nō'b'lz), men of high rank
nook (no͝ok), place hidden away
note (nōt), see; notice
nought (nôt), nothing

O-bi'on (ō-bī'ŏn)
ob-scure' (ŏb-skūr'), humble
ob-served' (ŏb-zûrvd'), said
oc-ca'sion (ŏ-kā'zhŭn), time
oc-ca'sion-al-ly (ŏ-kā'zhŭn-ăl-lĭ), now and then
O'ne-on'ta (ō'nē-ŏn'tà)
op-por-tu'ni-ty (ŏp-ŏr-tū'nĭ-tĭ), chance
op-posed' (ŏ-pōzd'), argued against
or'gan-ized (ôr'găn-īzd), started
or-na-men'tal (ôr-nà-mĕn'tăl), beautiful
out'right' (out'rīt'), aloud
out-tow'ers (out-tou'ĕrz), rises high above
out-wit'ted (out-wĭt'ĕd), beaten by cunning
o'ver-came' (ō'vĕr-kām'), won a victory over; conquered
o'ver-whelm' (ō'vĕr-whĕlm'), to cover over completely

pac'es (pās'ĕz), steps
pag'eant (păj'ĕnt), a play
pale (pāl), fence
pal'ette (păl'ĕt), plate on which a painter mixes his colors
pall (pôl), covering; cloak
par-tic'u-lar (pär-tĭk'ū-lär), special
par'tridge (par'trĭj), a game-bird
pass (pàs), a passageway through a mountainous country
Pa-trasche' (pà-träsh')
peak (pēk), the very top
peer (pēr), look as far as you can
per-plex'i-ty (pĕr-plĕk'sĭ-tĭ), troubled wonder
per-se-ver'ance (pûr-sē-vēr'ăns), power to stick to a thing

per-sist'ed (pĕr-sĭst'ĕd), kept on trying
per-sis'tence (pĕr-sĭs'tĕns), determination
per'son-age (pûr'sŭn-ĕj), person
per-suade' (pĕr-swād'), make willing
pew'ter (pū'tĕr), a white metal formerly much used instead of silver
Phi-le'mon (fĭ-lē'mŏn)
pierc'ing (pēr'sĭng), bitter
pi-o-neer' (pī-ō-nēr'), one who goes to live in a new country
pipe (pīp), to play on a musical wind instrument, as a fife; to sing
pit'e-ous (pĭt'ē-ŭs), begging for pity
plead'ed (plēd'ĕd), begged
plod'ding (plŏd'ĭng), walking with much difficulty or trouble
plumes (plōōmz), feathers waving
plum'y (plōōm'ĭ), feathery
plun'der-ing (plŭn'dĕr-ĭng), robbing
point (point), particular place
pol'len-dust (pŏl'ĕn-dŭst), a fine, yellow powder in seed plants
por'ce-lain (pôr'sē-lân), a kind of fine, white earthenware
por'tal (pôr'tăl), entrance; doorway
Por'to de la Plat'a (pōr'tō dĕ lä plä'tä)
post (pōst), the place where a body of troops is stationed
pot'ter (pŏt'ĕr), one who makes earthenware or stoneware articles
pov'er-ty (pŏv'ĕr-tĭ), lack of money
pow'er-ful (pou'ĕr-fo͝ol), strong
pres'ence (prĕz'ĕns), company
pre-served' (prē-zûrvd'), protected; saved; kept
pro-ceed'ed (prō-sēd'ĕd), went on
pro-claim' (prō-klām'), shout out
pro-ject'ing (prō-jĕkt'ĭng), sticking out
pro-nounced' (prō-nounst'), declared; said that he was
pro-pos'al (prō-pōz'ăl), suggestion
pros'pect (prŏs'pĕkt), chance
pros-per'i-ty (prŏs-pĕr'ĭ-tĭ), success; good fortune
pros'per-ous (prŏs'pĕr-ŭs), happy
prov'erbs (prŏv'ĕrbz), wise sayings
Prov'i-dence (prŏv'ĭ-dĕns), God
prov'ince (prŏv'ĭns), colony
pro-vis'ions (prō-vĭzh'ŭnz), food
pur'ple (pûr'p'l), turn to a purple color, that is, ripen
pur-sued' (pûr-sūd'), chased

quaff'ing (kwăf'ĭng), drinking
quag'mire (kwăg'mīr), a piece of soft, muddy ground
quail (kwāl), the bobwhite
quaint (kwānt), queer; old-fashioned
quake (kwāk), shake; tremble
qual'i-ties (kwŏl'ĭ-tĭz), things which make up character
quar'ters (kwôr'tĕrz), place of lodging for soldiers
quest (kwĕst), search
quick (kwĭk), living
Quick'sil-ver (kwĭk'sĭl-vĕr), Mercury, the messenger of the gods
quiv'er-ing (kwĭv'ĕr-ĭng), trembling
quoth (kwōth), said; spoke

ra'di-ance (rā'dĭ-ăns), brightness
raft'ers (răf'tĕrz), a beam that helps to support the roof of a house
ral'ly (răl'ĭ), collect in order
ranch (rănch), a large tract of land, on which cattle, sheep, or horses are raised
range (rānj), reach
ran'som (răn'sŭm), money paid for the release of a prisoner
ra'tion (rā'shŭn; răsh'ŭn), a fixed share of food
ra-vine' (rà-vēn'), a long, deep hollow made by running water
read'i-ly (rĕd'ĭ-lĭ), quickly; promptly
re-al'i-ty (rē-ăl'ĭ-tĭ), actual fact
realm (rĕlm), world
rear (rēr), behind them
reb'els (rĕb'ĕlz), people who are setting up a government of their own, and fighting those who ruled them before
rec'og-nize (rĕk'ŏg-nīz), knew
rec'ol-lect' (rĕk'ŏ-lĕkt'), remember
re-cov'er-y (rē-kŭv'ĕr-ĭ), getting well again
re-cruit' (rē-kro͞ot'), new soldier
reef (rēf), rocks or a stretch of sand near the surface of the water
reel'ing (rēl'ĭng), whirling
re-frain' (rē-frān'), chorus

re-fresh'ing (rē-frĕsh'ĭng), cool and pleasant to the taste
re-gain' (rē-gān'), win back
re-gard'eth (rē-gärd'ĕth), takes care of
Re'gin (rē'gĭn)
re'gion (rē'jŭn), section of the country
reigned (rānd), ruled
re-joiced' (rē-joist'), were happy
re-leased' (rē-lēst'), set free
rel'ish (rĕl'ĭsh), enjoy
re-mark'a-ble (rē-märk'ā-b'l), wonderful; noted for
rem'nant (rĕm'nănt), remainder
re-mote' (rē-mōt'), far away
re-mot'est (rē-mōt'ĕst), faintest
rend (rĕnd), tear
re-pay' (rē-pā'), to pay back
re-port' (rē-pōrt'), the sound of a gun
re-pose' (rē-pōz'), rest; quiet
rep're-sents' (rĕp'rē-zĕnts'), stands for
re-quired' (rē-kwīrd'), needed
res'i-dence (rĕz'ĭ-dĕns), home
re-sist' (rē-zĭst'), try to get away
re-solved' (rē-zŏlvd'), determined
re-spect' (rē-spĕkt'), honor
Rev-o-lu'tion-a-ry (rĕv-ō-lū'shŭn-ā-rĭ)
rheu'ma-tism (rōō'mā-tĭz'm), a disease of the joints
ri-dic'u-lous (rĭ-dĭk'ū-lŭs), foolish
rifts (rĭfts), openings
ri'ot-ers (rī'ŭt-ĕrz), those who attack the property of others
rip'ples (rĭp'l'z), waves slightly
riv'u-let (rĭv'ū-lĕt), stream; brook
rod (rŏd), 16½ feet
rogues (rōgz), rascals
Ro'land (rō'lănd)
Roo'se-velt, The'o-dore (rō'zĕ-vĕlt, thē'ō-dōr)
round'ing up (round'ĭng), going out on horseback and driving in
roy'al (roi'ăl), belonging to a king; fit for a palace
ruffed grouse (rŭft grous), a game-bird. The male bird has a "ruff" or tuft of feathers on its neck
ru'ins (rōō'ĭnz), the remains of a building after it has been knocked to pieces
Rum-pel-stilt'skin (rŭm-pĕl-stĭlt'skĭn)
sa'ble (sā'b'l), black
Sah'wah (sä'wä)
sal'ly (săl'ĭ), rush
samp (sămp), porridge made of Indian corn coarsely ground and browned
sam'pler (săm'plĕr), a piece of fine needlework, used only to show the skill of the worker
Sar'a-cen (săr'ā-sĕn)
Sa-ra-goss'a (să-rā-gŏs'ā)
sas'sa-fras (săs'ā-frăs), the bark of the root of the sassafras tree; the sweet smelling oil made from it is used as a medicine and for flavoring
sa'vor-y (sā'vĕr-ĭ), pleasant to the taste
scant'y (skăn'tĭ), small
scathe'less (skāth'lĕs), unharmed
score (skōr), twenty
scowl'ing (skoul'ĭng), frowning
scrim'mage (scrĭm'āj), fight
sear (sēr), dry; withered
sen'ti-nel (sĕn'tĭ-nĕl), soldier appointed to guard a place
ser'geant (sär'jĕnt), the second rank in the army above private
set'tlers (sĕt'lĕrz), people who go to live in a new region
sharp'shoot-er (shärp'shōōt-ĕr), one who is a very good shot
Shaw'gash-ee' (shô'gă-shē')
sheaf (shēf), a bunch of the stalks of grain tied together
shel'ter (shĕl'tĕr), protection
Shi'va (shē'vä)
shoots (shōōts), young and tender parts of the branches
shorn (shōrn), robbed
shrewd (shrōōd), wise
shut'tle (shŭt''l), an instrument used to carry the thread in weaving
Si-be'ri-an (sī-bē'rĭ-ăn), belonging to a place in Asiatic Russia
sid'ing (sīd'ĭng), the lumber in the outside wall of a frame house
Si'gurd (zē'gŏŏrt)
sim'i-lar (sĭm'ĭ-lăr), of the same kind
sin'gu-lar (sĭng'gū-lăr), very strange
sit'u-a'tion (sĭt'ū-ā'shŭn), condition
six'pence (sĭks'pĕns), an English coin worth about twelve cents
skulk (skŭlk), to sneak away

sledg'es (slĕj'ĕz), sleds
slough (slou), a place full of mud and water
slug'gards (slŭg'ârdz), lazy people
smith'y (smĭth'ĭ), the workshop of a smith
smote (smōt), struck
soar (sōr), fly high
so, boss, be quiet, bossy
sound'ly (sound'lĭ), thoroughly
spines (spīnz), pointed, stiff growths
spire (spīr), steeple
spir'it-ed (spĭr'ĭt-ĕd), lively
spir'its (spĭr'ĭts), feelings; courage
Squan'to (skwŏn'tō)
stag'gered (stăg'ĕrd), moved unsteadily; stumbled
stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), strong
start'ed (stärt'ĕd), roused
state'ly (stāt'lĭ), dignified; serious looking and acting
states'man (stāts'măn), a man skilled in the affairs of government
stead'fast-ly (stĕd'fȧst-lĭ), firmly
steed (stēd), a spirited horse
stock (stŏk), number
straight'way (strāt'wā), at once
strand (strănd), run aground
strewn (stro͞on), scattered
striv'ing (strīv'ĭng), working hard
stroll (strōl), walk; ramble
stub'ble (stŭb''l), the stumps of any kind of grain left in the ground
stud'ding (stŭd'ĭng), one of the upright supports on which the laths are nailed in making a partition
stur'dy (stûr'dĭ), strong; healthy
sub'ject (sŭb'jĕkt), one who promises to obey another
sub-mit'ted (sŭb-mĭt'ĕd), gave up
suc-cess' (sŭk-sĕs'), getting what she wanted; result
sum'mit (sŭm'ĭt), highest point
sun'flushed (sŭn'flŭsht), reddened by the sun, that is, ripened
su-pe'ri-or (sū-pē'rĭ-ēr), larger
sup-ply'ing (sŭ-plī'ĭng), serving
sur-round'ed (sŭ-round'ĕd), formed a line all around them
sur-round'ing (sŭr-round'ĭng), neighboring
sus-pect' (sŭs-pĕkt'), lay the blame on
Su'tri (so͞o'trē)
swag'ger-ing (swăg'ĕr-ĭng), walking around in a conceited manner
swarm (swôrm), crowd; mass
swaying (swā'ĭng), moving back and forth
swerve (swûrv), turn

tal'low-chand'ler (tăl'ō-chănd'lĕr), one who makes candles from the fat of animals
tav'ern (tăv'ĕrn), hotel
taw'ny-col'ored (tô'nĭ-kŭl'ĕrd), yellowish brown
teem'ing (tēm'ĭng), filled with fish
tend'ed (tĕnd'ĕd), looked after
thick'et (thĭk'ĕt), thick growth of trees and shrubs
Tho'reau (thō'rō)
thresh'old (thrĕsh'ōld), piece of wood under a door
thril'ling (thrĭl'ĭng), exciting
tim'id-ly (tĭm'ĭd-lĭ), as if she were a little afraid
toil (toil), hard work
tol'er-a-bly (tŏl'ĕr-ȧ-blĭ), rather
tolled (tōld), struck
tom'a-hawk (tŏm'ȧ-hôk), light war ax
tomb (to͞om), monument; grave
top'ple (tŏp''l), fall
tor'tures (tôr'tûrz), terrible suffering
tot'ter-ing (tŏt'ĕr-ĭng), moving unsteadily
Tow'er (tou'ĕr), very tall building
town-meet'ing (toun-mēt'ĭng), gathering of all the men living in the town to carry on the business of the town
trace (trās), follow the path of
trail (trāl), track
tran'quil (trăn'kwĭl), quiet; calm
trans-par'ent (trăns-pâr'ĕnt), clear
tread (trĕd), step; walk
trea'sure (trĕzh'ûr), riches
trench'ers (trĕn'chĕrz), plates
tri-um'phant-ly (trī-ŭm'fȧnt-lĭ), happily because she thought she was right
trudged (trŭjd), walked sturdily
tuft'ed (tŭft'ĕd), decorated
tur'moil (tûr'moil), disturbance

twi'light (twī'līt), the time just before dark

U'gud-wash' (ōō'gŏŏd-wŏsh')
um'pire (ŭm'pīr), person chosen to settle a dispute
un'com-plain'ing-ly (ŭn'kŏm-plān'-ĭng-lĭ), cheerfully
un-der-stand'ing (ŭn-dĕr-stănd'ĭng), idea of the meaning
u'ni-verse (ū'nĭ-vûrs), world
un-just' (ŭn-jŭst'), unfair
un-tir'ing (ŭn-tīr'ĭng), working all the time
urge (ûrj), persuade by repeating
ut'ter (ŭt'ĕr), tell; complete

vale (vāl), little valley
va'ri-ous (vā'rĭ-ŭs), different
vast (vást), far-reaching
ven'i-son (vĕn'ĭ-z'n), deer meat
ven'ture (vĕn'tûr), dare; do timidly; go safely
ven'ture-some (vĕn'tûr-sŭm), ready to run into danger
vi'cious (vĭsh'ŭs), wicked
vic-to'ri-ous (vĭk-tō'rĭ-ŭs), successful
view (vū), sight
vig'or-ous (vĭg'ŏr-ŭs), healthy; full of life
viv'id-ly (vĭv'ĭd-lĭ), plainly; clearly
vowed (voud), made a solemn promise to himself

wa'ger (wā'jĕr), prize
waist'coat (wāst'kōt), vest
wake (wāk), track
Wal'den (wôl'dĕn)
wares (wârz), goods; articles
war'i-ly (wā'rĭ-lĭ), carefully; as if afraid
war'riors (wôr'yĕrz), fighting men
wa'ver (wā'vĕr), pause; sway from one side to the other
wax'ing (wăk'sĭng), growing
way'far-er (wā'fâr-ĕr), traveler; person going along the road
weak'ling (wēk'lĭng), one who is not strong and healthy
wea'pons (wĕp'ŭnz), things to fight with
wear'y (wē'rĭ), tired
weath'er-beat'en (wĕ'thĕr-bē't'n), worn and soiled from being out in all kinds of weather so long
weld (wĕld), join by melting and hammering
well'a-day' (wĕl'ă-dā'), alas
wick'et (wĭk'ĕt), gate
Wig'laf (wĭg'lăf)
wil'der-ness (wĭl'dĕr-nĕs), country not settled or cultivated
will (wĭl), willingness
win'nowed (wĭn'ōd), moved as if separating grain from chaff
wist'ful (wĭst'fo͝ol), sad; longing
with'ered (wĭth'ĕrd), dried
with-out' (wĭth-out'), out of doors
with-stand' (wĭth-stănd'), be strong; hold out against
wit'ness (wĭt'nĕs), one who has seen or can prove a thing
wrap'pers (răp'ĕrz), outer garments
wrought (rôt), made
wry (rī), crooked; as if he did not like the thought

year'ling (yĕr'lĭng), an animal one year old
yield'ed (yēld'ĕd), brought forth
yoke (yōk), harness
yon (yŏn), yonder; those

zig'zag (zĭg'zăg), crooked
Zo'ŏ-log'i-cal Gar'dens (zō'ŏ-lŏj'-ĭ-kăl gär'dĕnz), public parks where animals, birds, etc., are kept

MANUAL FOR

THE ELSON READERS

BOOK FOUR

(REVISED EDITION)

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON

AUTHOR ELSON GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

Copyright 1923, by
Scott, Foresman and Company

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 359

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ORDER OF READING 360
Selections Grouped According to Theme 361

SILENT AND ORAL READING
Silent Reading
Testing for Speed and Comprehension 364
The Silent Reading Method at Work 367
A Type Lesson 368
The Assignment 370
The Recitation 371
Suggestions for Extra Activities 372
Silent Reading in the Recitation Period 373
Oral Reading 374

PART ONE. Our Country and Our Homes
Introduction 375
Lord Cornwallis's Knee Buckles 376
A Glimpse of Washington 376
A Song for Flag Day 377
A Story of the Flag 377
Some Glimpses of Lincoln 378
How Theodore Roosevelt Overcame His Handicap 378
A Little Soldier of the Air 379
The Quest 379
Little Brown Hands 380
Evening at the Farm 380
A Dog of Flanders 381
A Boy's Song 381
No Boy Knows 382
A Farewell 382

PAGE

What the Wood-Fire Said 383
Pioneer Tales 383
Early Settlers 384
Daniel Boone 384
The First Thanksgiving Day 385
Proverbs of Solomon 386
A Backward Look 386

PART TWO. Fairyland and Adventure

A Forward Look 387
Through the Looking-Glass 387
The Quangle Wangle's Hat 388
Rumpelstiltskin 388
The Porcelain Stove 389
That Calf 389
A Brave Boy's Adventure 390
The Christmas Fairy and Scrooge 390
A Backward Look 391

PART THREE. The World of Nature

A Forward Look 392
Planting the Tree 392
How the Leaves Came Down 392
May 393
The Squirrels at Walden 393
How the Chipmunk Got Its Stripes 394
The Singing Lesson 394
Bob White 395
Bees and Flowers 396
Taking Lunch with a Wild Grouse 396
The Brook-Song 397
A Wonderful Weaver 397
Mishook, the Siberian Cub 397
The Months: A Pageant 398
A Backward Look 405

PAGE

PART FOUR. Famous Heroes of Long Ago
A Forward Look ... 407
Beowulf, the Brave Prince ... 407
Sigurd, the Youthful Warrior ... 408
Roland, the Noble Knight ... 408
A Backward Look ... 410

PART FIVE. Great American Authors
A Forward Look ... 411
Benjamin Franklin ... 411
The Wharf ... 411
Proverbs from Poor Richard's Almanac ... 411
A Trick for Doing Good ... 411
John Greenleaf Whittier ... 411
The Drovers ... 411
The Fishermen ... 411
The Fish I Didn't Catch ... 412
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow ... 412
Daybreak ... 412
Rain in Summer ... 413
Hiawatha's Fishing ... 413
Nathaniel Hawthorne ... 413
The Sunken Treasure ... 413
The Miraculous Pitcher ... 414
A Backward Look ... 415

INTRODUCTION

This Manual has been prepared in the belief that reading is the most important subject in the curriculum, and that to teach it effectively requires careful daily preparation. In the congested program of studies incident to the present-day school, such preparation has become exceedingly burdensome to the teacher. The author hopes to lighten the task by providing ready-to-use material which may be freely drawn upon.

The Elson Readers are pioneers in the field of *thought reading*. Recent studies, particularly those in silent reading, emphasize anew the fact that *comprehension of thought* is the primary aim in all reading. Since *thought-interpretation* is the chief aim in all reading lessons, the teacher should test her pupils occasionally to make sure that they have a thorough understanding of the story-unit. She should see to it that pupils have ability in both silent and oral reading.

This Manual aims to give such ready helps, by means of questions, suggestions, explanations, and word-lists, as will satisfy the requirements of the various selections. That is, it aims to suggest ways of helping the child to overcome the difficulties that lie in the way of his understanding good literature. Explanations and suggestions alone will not do this, but they will be of great service in creating conditions that make for genuine pleasure in reading good poetry and prose. Everything possible should be done, both to command the child's interest in the selection, and to awaken his admiration for it. The teacher's expressions of pleasure in the piece, if genuine, will go far toward stimulating a like feeling in the minds of pupils.

The Helps in the Reader itself and the whole content of the Manual are simply hints as to possible ways in which the teacher may lead her pupils into the realm of worth while literature, both in prose and verse.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ORDER OF READING

In the Elson Readers selections are grouped according to theme or authorship. Such an arrangement enables the pupil to see the dominant ideas of the book as a whole. This purpose is further aided by an informal Introduction (see *Book Four,* pp. 8-10) and a brief Review for each main group. (See pp. 80, 157, etc.) The text, therefore, is not a scrapbook of miscellaneous selections, but it emphasizes certain fundamental ideals, making them stand out clearly in the mind of the pupil. This result can best be accomplished by reading all the selections of a group in the order given, before taking up those of a different group. The order of the groups, however, may be varied to suit school conditions or individual preferences.

It goes without saying that selections particularly suited to the celebration of special days will be read in connection with such festival occasions. For example, "The First Thanksgiving Day," page 66, will be read immediately before the Thanksgiving holiday, even if the class at that particular time is in the midst of some other main part of the Reader. Before assigning a selection out of order, however, the teacher should scrutinize the notes and questions, to make certain that no references are made within these notes to a discussion in an Introduction or to other selections in the group that pupils have not yet read. In case such references are found, the teacher may well conduct a brief class discussion to make these questions significant to the pupils.

It is the belief of the author that many of the longer prose stories may well be read silently and reported on in class. (See "Suggestions for Silent Reading," *Book Four,* page 336.) In this way the monotony incident to the reading of such selections aloud in class will be avoided. However, the class will wish to read *aloud* certain passages from these longer units because of their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. *Class readings* are suggested as an effective way to give purpose to oral reading.

SELECTIONS GROUPED ACCORDING TO THEME

The following groups are not intended to indicate an order of reading, but to show the wide range of theme-topics offered and to make the material readily available for festival or special exercises:

HELPFULNESS

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON (17)
SOME GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN (23)
A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR (28)
A DOG OF FLANDERS (38)
THE SINGING LESSON (172)
BEES AND FLOWERS (175)
THE RIVULET (185)
A TRICK FOR DOING GOOD (278)

THANKSGIVING

EARLY SETTLERS (59)
THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY (66)

CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE (144)
THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT (200)

ARBOR DAY

PLANTING THE TREE (161)
MAY (164)
THE TREE (166)
TAKING LUNCH WITH A WILD GROUSE (179)

FLAG DAY

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY (19)
A STORY OF THE FLAG (20)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON (17)
LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES (13)
A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE (134)

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

SOME GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN (23)

COUNTRY LIFE

EVENING AT THE FARM (36)
LITTLE BROWN HANDS (34)
A BOY'S SONG (47)
THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN (167)
BOB WHITE (174)
THE BROOK-SONG (184)
A WONDERFUL WEAVER (187)
RAINING (186)
THAT CALF (130)
THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH (285)
THE DROVERS (280)

HISTORY

A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR (28)
PIONEER TALES (53)
LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES (13)
A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE (134)
EARLY SETTLERS (59)
DANIEL BOONE (62)

JOY

A BOY'S SONG (47)
MAY (164)
BOB WHITE (174)
THE BROOK-SONG (184)
THE RIVULET (185)

HOPE

RAINING (186)
LITTLE BROWN HANDS (34)
WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID (50)
TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP (164)

HUMOR

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS (83)
THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT (92)
THE WISE JACKAL (103)
THE FOOLISH JACKAL (108)
THAT CALF (130)

LOVE

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES (169)
THE PORCELAIN STOVE (110)

WONDER

THE CHILD'S WORLD (183)
A WONDERFUL WEAVER (187)

ADVENTURE

MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB (188)
THE PORCELAIN STOVE (110)
RUMPELSTILTSKIN (95)
A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE (134)
THE SUNKEN TREASURE (299)
THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER (306)
A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR (28)

GREAT HEROES

BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE (217)
SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR (235)
ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT (253)

STORIES OF THE SEA

THE FISHERMEN (283)
THE SUNKEN TREASURE (299)
HIAWATHA'S FISHING (291)

HOSPITALITY

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER (306)
A DOG OF FLANDERS (38)

FOR MEMORIZING

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY (19)
THE QUEST (33)
LITTLE BROWN HANDS (34)
A BOY'S SONG (47)
NO BOY KNOWS (48)
A FAREWELL (49)
PLANTING THE TREE (161)
HUMILITY (173)
BOB WHITE (174)
THE CHILD'S WORLD (183)
THE BROOK-SONG (184)
THE RIVULET (185)
RAINING (186)
A WONDERFUL WEAVER (187)
THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT (200)
(Selected Units)
DAYBREAK (289)
RAIN IN SUMMER (289)
HIAWATHA'S FISHING (291)
(First Page)

SILENT AND ORAL READING

SILENT READING

This Reader contains abundant material for both silent and oral reading, and most reading lessons should include both. Like adults, pupils read for various purposes, chief of which are (*a*) for the story-plot, (*b*) to gain facts, (*c*) to master the selection in all its details.

Some selections are to be read mainly for enjoyment, that is, for the story, only incidentally for the information they contain. Particularly distinct examples of this type are "The Miraculous Pitcher" and the stories of Part IV. Such stories often bulk large and exemplify the economic value of speed in silent reading. Besides, they emphasize the advantages of using the class period mainly for the consideration of content.

Other selections are informational and are read mainly for the facts they contain, and only incidentally, if at all, for the story element. "Pioneer Tales," "Early Settlers," "Bees and Flowers," "The First Thanksgiving Day," "The Squirrels at Walden," "Taking Lunch with a Wild Grouse," "Mishook, the Siberian Cub," and numerous other selections throughout the book are excellent examples of silent reading material of the fact-gathering type. Sometimes the primary aim to be stressed by the teacher is the main thread of the story, supplemented by secondary aims, such as the *facts* of character, of story-setting, of social customs, etc.; selective reading to point a parallel or to answer specific questions; reading to form moral or æsthetic judgments; reading to find graphic passages for illustration by means of pictures or diagrams, etc. The kind of selection and the purpose for which it is read have to do with the method of treatment to be employed. In preparing lessons in geography

or history and in the use of geographical and historical stories pupils have the best possible opportunity for increasing ability to gather facts quickly from the printed page. Such material is excellent for *training in silent reading of the fact-gathering type.*

Obviously, modes of procedure in silent-reading lessons vary, depending upon the reading aims and the pupils' needs. Some lessons are mainly for drill purposes or training exercises. More often the aim is to gain experience in thought-getting without specific attention to silent reading as such. An infinite variety of procedure is possible and desirable. Pupils may work individually or in groups or as a unit. They may use the same material, they may have different material, or each group may have its own material, differing from that of other groups. They may make no preparation in advance, in which event the silent reading forms a part of the recitation. More often the silent reading will be done in advance of the recitation, setting free the class period for the consideration of contents. Occasionally, depending upon the need of pupils, the recitation will be given to *training in speed and comprehension* or *to the use of testing devices.*

Testing for Speed and Comprehension

Experience shows that reasonable speed is an aid to comprehension, for a slow pupil, by increasing his reading rate, improves his comprehension. Scientific tests prove that eye span has much to do with speed and that the ability to take in larger groups of words, *phrasing ability,* is an important factor in reading efficiency. Drill on phrases will help to increase eye span. Pupils may read so rapidly that they fail to get the thought or they may gain in comprehension at the expense of reasonable speed. It is the teacher's problem to determine for each pupil

a reasonable, economic rate of reading. Obviously, this rate varies somewhat according to the degree of difficulty the selection has for the pupil—the less difficult, the more rapid the rate. In general, reading efficiency is best attained when the literature is not too difficult. Reading has for its purpose the gaining of thought from the printed page. The test of all reading is how much of the content has been clearly grasped. Devices for testing thought-comprehension are valuable to the degree in which they register the fullest content the pupil has gained from his reading. *The chief value of tests is found in the stimulus they give pupils to fix the habit of always reading as rapidly as possible and always reading for thought.* Because of this fact they may be used more or less sparingly, depending upon the pupil's need for stimulus. At least once during the school year one of the standard tests, such as the Thorndike, may be used to advantage. Such a test is a helpful check against the individual judgment of the teacher.

This Reader provides a number of ways of testing the ability of pupils in thought-getting. There is nothing particularly new about the use of such devices for testing purposes. Thoughtful teachers have always used means for finding out how much of the content pupils have gained from their reading. The use of questions designed to bring out the important facts in the selection or the main thread of the story has long been a favorite device. The following are possible ways of testing pupils:

(*a*) By using questions covering the most important facts or ideas contained in the selection (see page 336); or by having each pupil prepare such questions for some classmate to use in testing his thought-getting ability, and by using a companion's questions for similar purpose.

(*b*) By telling the story from a given outline or by preparing an outline to guide in telling the story. (See bottom of page 336.)

An interesting social exercise may be had by assigning the several topics of the outline to small groups, to be reported on in class, each group giving a brief abstract of the story-unit assigned. These reports will present a brief, orderly résumé of the selection.

Each pupil should keep a record of his reading rate and his thought-getting ability. The following form will suggest a way to record the results of informal tests:

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

DATE	TITLES	SPEED		COMPREHENSION
		No. of minutes required to read story	No. words per minute	Ten points for each of ten test questions*
	Beowulf, the Brave Prince..... Total No. words, 4033			
	The Miraculous Pitcher..... Total No. words, 4105			

*Questions to be selected by the teacher.

CLASS RECORD

DATE	SPEED			COMPREHENSION			
	No. words per minute			Ten points for each of ten test questions			
	Lowest	Highest	Median	Lowest	Highest	Median	

THE SILENT READING METHOD AT WORK

Throughout this Manual suggestions are given in connection with each selection, involving the use of the silent reading

method in its various applications. A particularly detailed application will be noted in the first story in the Reader, "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles." Other typical applications, such as the following, will be found variously repeated throughout the Manual: summarizing paragraphs in single sentences (see p. 379); listing details under an assigned topic (p. 378); rapid silent reading of simple material in class (p. 380); reading selectively to form ethical or æsthetic judgments (p. 380); finding parallels and drawing comparisons (p. 381); forming mental pictures (p. 380); reading to answer specific questions (p. 382); reading to form estimates of character (p. 384); reading to prove statements (p. 384); pictorial representation (p. 380); finding examples (p. 380); scanning several selections for points of similarity (p. 400); collecting data on matters of information (p. 395); listing all the details found in a specified paragraph (p. 398).

THE SILENT-READING METHOD—A TYPE LESSON

Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles

The teacher realizes that one of the chief differences in the silent reading method of handling the daily reading lesson and the oral reading method is the fact that the oral reading in class is omitted or minimized. In other words, if we regard the procedure of the oral reading lesson as consisting of certain definite steps, such as the assignment, the pupil's preparation, the reading aloud in class, and the analysis of the text in class, the procedure of the silent reading lesson will be practically the same, except that one step (the oral reading of the entire selection in class) will in many cases be omitted. The most obvious and

immediate result of this is that the recitation period is set free for other purposes than oral reading; and the two chief purposes which may be served in this free time are: *first,* an enormous increase in stimulating discussion (which may lead in many directions—to the working out of problems, library reading, etc.); and *second,* an increase in the amount of material read, in that the recitation period may itself be used in part for further silent reading.

It will be seen at once that in the use of the silent reading method, the attitude of both teacher and pupil toward the reading lesson is, of necessity, different from their attitude toward the oral reading lesson. When the pupil is preparing an oral reading lesson, he has constantly in mind (a) reading aloud in class a small portion of the selection studied and (b) listening to others read a story with which he is already familiar; these undoubtedly influence his preparation. The teacher's preparation of the lesson, too, may be colored by the fact that she expects to spend the recitation period in listening more or less passively to the reading of one pupil after another. In the silent reading lesson, on the other hand, the pupil (if the lesson has been properly assigned) reads with definite aims in view—questions to answer, judgments to form, opinions to express, problems to solve, etc.; and he knows that not only is he going to be required to show exactly how much he has got out of the selection in hand, but also that he will have opportunity for the interesting give-and-take of a conversation that radiates out from the reading lesson into his outside reading and into his daily experience.

The teacher who is to guide this interesting and stimulating discussion can not trust to learning what the lesson is all about as she listens to the children read it; she must be forearmed with a thorough knowledge of the selection to be discussed and with a full equipment of questions and suggestions that will serve, on

the one hand, actually to test the pupils' silent reading, and, on the other hand, to develop to the utmost the ethical and artistic possibilities of the literature studied. Thus the assignment and preparation are of the utmost importance. The teacher may always, to the greatest advantage, use a larger part of the recitation period than is possible under the oral reading method, *in providing an interesting setting* for the selection to be read and *in stimulating curiosity and a desire to read it.*

The Assignment

In order to do successfully the independent work involved in a silent reading assignment, the pupil must approach his reading with interest and with definite aims in view. The teacher may herself formulate these "reading aims" (see *Child-Library Readers, Book Five,* pages 8 and 13), or she may select questions from the "Discussion" in connection with each selection—questions that seem fundamental. For instance, in the discussion of "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles," on page 328 of the Reader, questions 1 and 3 furnish admirable reading aims. The pupil may at times enjoy selecting his own reading aims from the different discussions; in the discussion on page 328, question 4 is a curiosity-provoking question that a pupil might choose as an aim in reading. Such reading aims should not deal with details, or with detached facts, but should go to the heart of the selection and cover its main theme.

In assigning "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles," then, one method of handling the story is to ask pupils to read questions 1 and 3 of the discussion on page 328, and then tell them to read the story especially to find answers to these questions. Call their attention also to the rest of the discussion, and the phrases for study, and make clear the fact that the phrases for study may be found in the Glossary under the initial letter of the first word in the phrase. Make them feel that it is important to

be able to pronounce the proper names, when they use them in recitation, and, to illustrate, have them look up "Cornwallis" in the Glossary. These points are treated in "How to Enjoy Your Reading," page 16, in the Reader, which may well be taken up as part of the assignment at this point. Probably "Your Book-Comrade" and "A Forward Look" have already been discussed; if not, talk them over with pupils, and then ask pupils to read page 16 in order to find out how the discussion, the Glossary, and the phrases for study will help them in their reading. Emphasize the point that these are not *tasks* but *helps.*

The Recitation

The recitation will naturally begin with a discussion of the reading aims. This may be followed by questions to test the results of silent reading, such as the following: 1. What reason had the British soldiers for taking the farmers' wheat, corn, cattle, and horses? 2. What did Anne do when her pet cow was taken away? 3. What promise did General Cornwallis make Anne? Did he keep his promise? Individual pupils may be called upon to answer these questions orally or all may be asked to write brief answers, the papers to be marked by the teacher.

Following these fact-gathering questions, topics of discussion and general interest may be taken up, such as the following: 1. What does "galloped" (p. 14) make you see? Did Anne really gallop? 2. Why do you think Anne became a patriotic woman? 3. How does this story help you to see how much we owe to George Washington? 4. You will find an excellent story, "Betty's Ride: A Tale of the Revolution," in the *Child-Library Readers, Book Five.* Indeed, the *Child-Library Readers* are planned throughout as an *extension series* for the school reading program. In Book Four of the series, for example, many of the ideas and topics treated in *The Elson Readers, Book Four,* are extended and amplified. The story "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-

Buckles" may thus be extended not only by the excellent story mentioned above in the *Child-Library Readers, Book Five,* but also by a carefully selected list of "Library Reading" and by many suggestions for silent reading assignments, theme topics, and problems of various kinds. Other selections in *The Elson Readers, Books Four* and *Five,* receive similar amplifications in *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five;* particularly strong are the groups dealing with conservation, industry, citizenship and service. The teacher will thus find in the *Child-Library Readers* a carefully worked out body of material admirably adapted both to *extend* and to *reinforce* the ideas and ideals stressed in *The Elson Readers.* 5. What other stories of the American Revolutionary War have you read? 6. You will enjoy reading "Laetitia and the Red Coats" by Lillian L. Price (in *Revolutionary Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*). 7. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Word List: *seized; quarters; Revolution.* 8. Make a collection of pictures for your bulletin board that portray scenes from the American Revolutionary War, gathered from newspapers and magazines.

Suggestions for Extra Activities

It will be seen that some of the topics and problems suggested above involve more outside preparation and further reading. They especially serve to link up the pupil's experience and his life outside the school with his reading in school, and are therefore very valuable. In some cases they will serve to keep the bright, keen pupil interested while his slower classmates are spending more time on the text itself. For instance, a rapid and capable reader may be asked to read other stories and report on them very briefly to the class. (This report should not involve telling the entire story but should be in the nature of an answer to some such question as "What is the story about?" and should be told in such a way as to make other pupils desire to read the

same story.) Some pupils may even be allowed to read silently during the class period, while others are reciting, or to work on special problems to report later to the class, thus doing away with the wasting of the quick pupil's time by compelling him to listen to the work he has already grasped.

Silent Reading in the Recitation Period

So far, silent reading has been considered as a matter of outside preparation on the part of the pupil, but it may also be made a valuable part of the recitation period. Questions may be asked that require the pupil to turn to the text and glance or skim it over in order to find the answer; and this is very valuable for teaching the ability to read selectively, to cover a large amount of material rapidly in order to find certain things, to weigh one part against another, and to form literary judgments. The following questions based on "Lord Cornwallis's Knee-Buckles" are of this nature: 1. Find lines that give you a vivid picture. 2. Select a passage that especially interests you and read it aloud to the class, giving reasons for your choice. 3. Find lines in the story that the picture on page 15 illustrates. 4. Find lines that give you a good picture of the main character in the story.

Another valuable silent reading device for class use is furnished by the words suggested for study (see question 9, in the discussion at the top of page 377). The pupils may first be asked to give the meaning of a word from its context. This will require them to glance over the sentence in which the word or phrase occurs to see if they can tell the meaning from the general sense of the sentence. The value of this exercise for enabling pupils to grasp meanings while reading silently is obvious. Then pupils may be asked to find the meaning as given in the Glossary, which again involves the rapid skimming of a page to find specific information. The finding of pronunciation

also calls for the same ability to skim a page in search of desired information.

Short and simple selections such as "Humility" (p. 173) and "Rain in Summer" (p. 289) may often be read entire silently during the recitation period, the discussion following immediately; and the recitation may end with the oral reading of the poem instead of beginning with it. Very long stories may well be begun silently in class, and finished outside of class, thus enabling pupils to cover more ground for one lesson than would otherwise be possible.

Oral Reading

All the poems in this book should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. They should first be read to the class by the teacher or by a pupil who is a good reader; then taken up for more detailed consideration. Finally, the poem-whole should be read aloud by a pupil or by a group of pupils, each reading a stanza or a group of stanzas that form a distinct unit of the poem. Likewise selective units from prose stories should be read aloud. In this way oral reading is given motive and purpose. In many cases *class readings* are suggested. Lines that answer specific questions or that prove certain beliefs or opinions may well be read aloud.

PART ONE

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOMES

INTRODUCTION

The Elson Readers, Book Four, is not a miscellaneous scrapbook, but, on the contrary, is organized with a view to emphasize in the minds of pupils certain fundamental ideas and ideals. Each of the five Parts is intended to stress certain of these essentials. The teacher will bear in mind that each selection in a given group has a relation to the main ideas of the Part. Hence the children should be made conscious of the plan of organization.

Before taking up the individual selections, read what is said about the organization of the text material on page 360 of this Manual; also what is said in the Preface of the Reader under "plan of organization," pages 3 and 4. Direct the attention of pupils to the organization of the material of this Reader; have them turn to the Table of Contents, pages 5-7, and name the titles of the five main Parts into which the selections are grouped.

Have pupils read and discuss in class the introduction to the book, "Your Book-Comrade," pages 8-10, utilizing the questions on this unit found in the Reader, page 328. Note that each of the five paragraphs on page 9 has an illustration suggestive of the Part which the paragraph treats. See that pupils understand the significance of each of these pictures. Call attention to the picture at the top of page 8 and to the bookshelf represented on page 10.

Next, have pupils name the titles of the selections in Part I; read and discuss "A Forward Look" on pages 11-12. These preliminaries should aim to acquaint the pupils with the plan of the book and the dominant ideas of the five main groups. If

deep and lasting impressions are to come from their reading, pupils should be taken over these details with care and always with a view to awaken pleasing prospects and to gain a clear understanding of the organization and the content of the Reader.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S KNEE-BUCKLES

This excellent patriotic story offers suitable material for the use of the silent-reading method. Pupils read the story out of class. The lesson may therefore be given to a discussion of the content gained. Discuss the pictures on pages 13 and 15. For detailed questions and suggestions see pages 368-373 of this Manual.

A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON

The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 328, may be helpful in bringing out the main thoughts of the story: 1. What have you read about Washington that helps you to see why he was said to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"? 2. A soldier has opportunities to do great deeds; by what other acts can you tell what his character is? 3. What tells you that Washington was ready to help his men and share their hardships? 4. What did the corporal learn from this incident? 5. What have you learned from stories and picture books as to the kind of "uniform" Washington's soldiers wore in the Revolutionary War? What uniform did our American soldiers wear in the recent World War? 6. By what two titles is Washington called in this story? (Commander-in-chief; general.) 7. How do these lines from Emerson apply to Washington?

"Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky."

8. Mention two acts of kindness on the part of others for which you feel grateful. 9. Tell the meaning of the following (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *corporal, fortified, breastwork.* (Pupils can give the meaning they think apt from the use in the context; then, in a parallel column they can verify, correcting by reference to the Glossary.) 10. Why is this an apt selection for Part I? 11. Why do Americans keep alive the memory of Washington? 12. Why is the title of this story apt? 13. You will enjoy reading "The Commander-in-Chief" (in *Happy Holidays* by Frances G. Wickes).

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Read the poem to pupils or have a good reader do so. The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 328, may be helpful in bringing out the main thoughts of the poem: 1. The colors of the flag have a meaning: red is for bravery, white for purity, and blue for justice; how does the poet refer to these meanings in the first stanza? 2. How many stripes has the flag and what do they show? What is their color? 3. The "good forefathers' dream" refers to the forefathers who adopted this flag and gave this meaning to its colors; in what way does the flag "shelter through the night"? (It protects life and property.) 4. To what are the drum beats compared? 5. Notice how the lines of the poem suggest a march; what does "ripple" suggest? (A brook.) Have you ever seen ripples of water running over rough, shallow places? 6. What name is our flag called in the last stanza? 7. Does this poem help you to respect and love the flag of our country? 8. Tell the meaning of: *guidon; gleam.* 9. See that "gloried" (glō rĭd) is pronounced correctly.

A STORY OF THE FLAG

Flag Day in our country comes on June 14; have pupils tell how we celebrate on that day. Use these questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 329, to bring out the main thoughts of the story: 1. What feeling for the flag had the boy before he went abroad? 2. How was this feeling for the flag changed? 3. Why, if you were traveling in a foreign country, would you be glad to see the flag of your country? 4. American Consuls are sent to the important cities of other countries to look after the business interests of the United States and to help to keep good feeling between the countries; Americans who live or travel in foreign countries look to

the American Consuls to give them aid and protection. 5. Find, in a history of the United States, what Lafayette did for Americans, and read a short account of it to the class. 6. Why did the boys remove the old flag from Lafayette's tomb? 7. The boys could not make a speech; how did they show their feeling for the flag of their country and for Lafayette? 8. The flag is the symbol of our country—a thing that you can see, which stands for something you cannot see; name some of the things the flag stands for—at least one or two. (Freedom, justice, protection, etc.) 9. How does this story of the flag help you to see more of its meaning? 10. Will it help you to see more than silk or bunting when you now see the flag? 11. Will it help you to love our flag more? 12. Why do you think our flag is beautiful? 13. Tell about our nation—its size, its resources, its schools, its flag, its songs, etc. 14. Sing some of our national hymns. 15. Tell why this story belongs in Part I. 16. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *adventure; weather-beaten; particular.*

SOME GLIMPSES OF LINCOLN

Lincoln, like Washington, is honored for his service to his country. Ask pupils to tell what "glimpses" of Lincoln are given. Use these questions together with those found in the Reader, page 329, to aid in bringing out the main thoughts of the story: 1. Why was it said the post-master of New Salem carried the post-office around in his hat? 2. What word might we use instead of "fair play"? (Justice.) 3. Do you know who appoints post-masters? 4. Use another expression for "bully." (A blustering fellow.) 5. Do you think Lincoln's boyhood qualities had anything to do with his becoming President? 6. On page 9 you read that we owe much to such great men as Washington and Lincoln; does this story make you feel our debt to Lincoln? Why? 7. You will enjoy reading "Our American Knight," by Faulkner (in *The Story-Lady's Book*). 8. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *umpire; challenger.*

HOW THEODORE ROOSEVELT OVERCAME HIS HANDICAP

Use the questions found in the Reader, page 329. Roosevelt's pluck and perseverance and his fearless courage appeal strongly to pupils, par-

ticularly to boys. He is the type of the ideal citizen who loved his home and homeland. Have pupils read again what is said in the last paragraph on page 11 and the first half of page 12, showing that the *love of home* is the basis of *love of the homeland* (patriotism). Impress upon pupils that it is the duty of everyone to develop and maintain a healthy body. Discuss ways of doing this: My rules for eating; fresh air and exercise; bedroom windows open. Write a single sentence that summarizes what is told in the first paragraph on page 27. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *perseverance; weakling; handicap.*

A LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE AIR

This story of the famous homing pigeon that saved the lives of one hundred and ninety-four American soldiers in the World War shows how *love of home* furnishes the basis for *love of country.* Make the impression deep and lasting. Read to pupils other accounts of the service of birds and dogs and horses in the World War. See "Our Animal Allies," Baynes (in *Harper's Magazine,* January, 1921); "How Ben Saved Cantigny," Dyer (in *Ben, the Battle Horse*). *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five,* contain interesting stories to extend this subject and a wide list of library titles for related reading.

THE QUEST

Here is the story told in verse of a restless boy whose love of home brought him back from his quest, feeling that "This old brown house under the apple tree was the loveliest and best." Use these questions in addition to those in the Reader, page 330: 1. This poem is a lesson on the value of contentment; were you ever restless or discontented? 2. What picture does the first stanza give you? Tell what you see in it. 3. Why did the boy think his home a "dull" place? Which word in the first line tells you this? 4. What do the second and the third stanzas tell you? 5. What are "lands most fair"? 6. What cured this boy of restlessness? 7. Use another word for *quest;* for *dullest.* The teacher may well read to pupils (or have a good reader do so) stories or poems that picture simple homes, such as "Home, Sweet Home"; "The Old Oaken Bucket"; "The Grape-Vine Swing"; "Een Napoli" (the home-sick boy), etc. (See Manual for *The Elson Readers, Book Five.*)

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

First read the poem to the pupils or have a good reader do so. Then use these questions together with those found in the Reader, page 330, to bring out the main thoughts of the poem: 1. Where do you think the boy lived who did the things mentioned in the first stanza? 2. Which of these things have you ever done? 3. What bird is mentioned in the first stanza? 4. What time of year does the poem refer to? 5. Why does the poet say "soft-tinted October light"? 6. Which lines rime? 7. What do we call a song such as the one mentioned in the last line of the third stanza? 8. What does the poet call the seashells mentioned in the third stanza? 9. What does she tell you about the place where the oriole makes its nest? 10. Find lines that show striking pictures, such as "They toss the new hay in the meadow." 11. Close the lesson by having pupils read the poem aloud, each reading one stanza. 12. Distinguish between the endings of *chisel* and *castle*. Use these lists for drill:

travel (ĕl)	squirrel (ĕl)	peril (ĭl)
gravel	ravel	Latin (ĭn)
panel	puzzle	satin
flannel	nestle	cabin

EVENING AT THE FARM

After reading the poem to pupils or having a good reader do so, the following questions may be used to bring out the main pictures in the poem: 1. Find lines which the picture on page 36 illustrates. 2. What does the first stanza make you see? The eighth line? 3. At what time of day do shadows "lengthen"? 4. Using the poet's words, write line 7, page 36, as you would express this thought; why did the poet write the line as he did? 5. If you were sent on this errand would you see the things this boy saw? 6. What time of year is described in the poem? 7. What did the boy's call mean? 8. Find lines that tell you his call was answered. 9. What lines rime? 10. What do you like about the picture in the second stanza? 11. Use another word for *tranquil*. 12. What is the "twilight"? 13. Can you hear the kitchen clock "tick drowsily"? 14. What "flashing streams" are referred to in the next to the last line? 15. Find lines that show beautiful pictures as:

> "The cattle come crowding through the gate,
> Lowing, pushing, little and great."

16. Find lines that are made beautiful by alliteration; that is, by the repeating of a letter at the begining of several words, as "c" in

"The cattle come crowding through the gate."

A DOG OF FLANDERS

The following questions together with those found in the Reader, pages 330-331, will help to bring out the main thought of the story: 1. From a map show Antwerp, Belgium, and Holland. Parts of Belgium, Holland, and France, at the time of this story, formed the country of Flanders. Antwerp, on the North Sea, now the main seaport of Belgium, was then a city of Flanders. The coast of Belgium is low; canals cross the country, and dikes keep out the sea. 2. The people of Belgium are noted for their neatness; how was this shown in the houses of the village? 3. In Belgium windmills are used to pump water from the lowlands so they may be used for farming; find reference to the windmill in the third paragraph. 4. Find lines that give you a picture of Patrasche (pä-träsh'). 5. Compare Jehan Daas's treatment of the dog with that of the first master. 6. What Society in our country has for its purpose the humane treatment of animals? 7. How did old Jehan earn his living? 8. In what way did Patrasche repay the kindness of the old man and the child? 9. Why were they all so happy together? 10. What other dog stories have you read? 11. Tell the meaning (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *score; landmark; yielded.* 12. You will enjoy reading "A Snow-King," by Frank R. Stockton (in *Stories of Brave Dogs, Retold from St. Nicholas*). See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five,* for interesting stories about dogs.

A BOY'S SONG

It is well always to introduce a poem, particularly a short poem, by reading it aloud to the class or having a pupil read it. The following questions may suggest others that will help to bring out the main pictures of this poem: 1. What pictures does the first stanza give you? 2. Which line tells "Where the gray trout lies asleep"? 3. Did you ever fish for trout? 4. What does *lea* make you see? This word is commonly used in Scotland, where the author of this poem lived. 5. What does the second stanza make you see? 6. What did the boy see on his walk? 7. Have you ever seen all of these things? 8. Which of the things suggested in the third stanza have you ever done in summer? 9. What picture does the fouth stanza give you? 10. Why does the poet say "clustering"

nuts? 11. Have you ever gathered hazel nuts? How do they "fall free"? 12. When you go for a long walk what things do you look for? 13. Find the lines that rime. 14. Why do you think this boy would be strong and healthy? 15. Pronounce: *cleanest; greenest; sweetest; deepest; steepest.* 16. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *lea; nestlings; trace; clustering.*

NO BOY KNOWS

Read the poem to the class or have a good reader do so. Then give attention to the individual stanzas. Use the following questions in addition to those found in the Reader, page 331, to bring out the main thoughts of the poem: 1. James Whitcomb Riley is the author of this poem; what other poem by this author have you read? 2. Riley is called the "Hoosier" poet because he was a native of Indiana. The school children of Indiana each year celebrate the birthday of the Hoosier poet. 3. The last line of each stanza tells what "no boy knows"; what is it? 4. Have you ever seen the picture of trees in the water of a brook or creek? Did the branches in the picture look like lace-work? 5. Have you ever seen the sunshine on the ground under trees in the woods? Did it look like network, interlaced as if woven or spun? Why are "brook-laced" and "spun-sunshine" apt fancies? 6. Do you know the call of your mates? Why does the poet speak of them as "truant" mates? (Because bent on pleasure rather than work or duty.) 7. What is meant by "'cross-lots"? 8. In the fourth stanza of whom is the poet thinking? 9. Do you think he has himself and his boyhood experiences in mind throughout the poem? 10. Did you ever "drowse" on the floor? 11. Have you ever heard a "cricket's cheep"? 12. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *fared; realm; divine.*

A FAREWELL

Use the following questions to make the poem meaningful: 1. The poet tells the child he can not give her a song (poem) because the skies are dull and gloomy. He says no lark could sing (pipe) to skies so dull, but he gives her one lesson for every day's use; why does the poet mention the lark rather than some other bird? (The poet lived in England where the lark is noted for its song.) 2. In what words does the poet address the child? (My fairest child.) 3. Boys and girls like to imagine them-

selves doing great and noble things; mention some noble things that a child has a chance to do. 4. What will the doing of these things make of one's life? (Happy as a grand, sweet song.) 5. Use another word for *pipe*. 6. Memorize the poem.

WHAT THE WOOD-FIRE SAID

Present the poem as a whole by reading it to the class. Then use these questions to bring out the main thoughts and make it meaningful: 1. In this poem who is talking? To whom? 2. What picture does the first stanza give you? Read the stanza to bring out this picture. 3. What uses of the tree are mentioned in the second stanza? 4. What are "blossoming dells"? Why do cows wear bells? 5. How could the winds tell the poet what they knew of the meadow flowers? 6. How do you like the poet's fancy that the meadows dreamed at the trees' feet? 7. What "sweet faces" do you know that come in spring? Why are flowers said to have "myriad graces"? 8. How do cheeks look that are "like primroses"? 9. Have you ever seen the sunshine when the rain is falling? Did it look like "silvery" threads or "braid"? 10. Find words that tell of the tree's use to the birds and vines. 11. Can you use another word for "tossed"? Find another word in the poem as apt as "tossed." 12. What was "tilted like ships on black, billowy seas"? 13. Why did the wood say the tree's good deeds were soon forgotten? With what is the tree's falling compared? What "sweet mission" (useful thing) remains for the wood to do? 14. Do you think *our* good deeds are soon forgotten? 15. Do you like the poet's fanciful way of telling the uses of the tree? Does it help you to see its uses? Can you think of any use the tree has that the poet has not mentioned? (See "Planting the Tree," page 161.) 16. Find lines that rime. 17. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *dells; myriad; graces; shorn; mission*. Read the poem aloud to bring out the pictures.

PIONEER TALES

These two informational stories, "Bringing Home the Powder" and "The Bear Hunt," are excellent silent-reading material. Use the following questions, together with those found in the Reader, pages 331-332, to bring out the main thoughts of the story: 1. In Crockett's time, how was meat secured? 2. How did Crockett prepare for the trip? 3. What difficulties did he encounter in crossing the river? 4. Why was Crockett so determined to go home without waiting for good weather? 5. Find lines that

show: (*a*) that he was quick in overcoming; (*b*) that he was not afraid of hard work; (*c*) that he was quick to think and act in sudden danger. 6. What kind of men are needed to settle a new, wild country? Was Crockett such a man? 7. What qualities had Crockett that you admire? 8. Give an account of Crockett's bear hunt. 9. Were you ever so cold that you were afraid you would freeze to death? 10. *Pronounce:* op'po-site (ŏp'ō-zĭt); op-po'nent (ŏ-pō'nĕnt). 11. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *freshet; channel; slough; piercing; tomahawk.*

EARLY SETTLERS

This selection offers good material for the use of the silent-reading method. Use the following questions, together with those found in the Reader, page 332, to bring out the main thoughts: 1. Have you ever seen a sight such as that described in the first four paragraphs? 2. Trace on a map the journey of these settlers; what states did they cross? 3. In what state did they build a cabin? 4. What is a *canebrake*? 5. In this new country, what advantage was it to the settlers to make their home on a river? 6. Think of their needs and imagine what they bought at New Orleans with the money received for the logs. 7. What qualities had these settlers that made them successful? 8. This story gives a good picture of the early settlers of our country; how does it help us to understand and value their work? 9. Tell the meaning of: *loom; ague; venison; carry-log.*

DANIEL BOONE

This selection offers good opportunity to employ the silent-reading method. Use these questions in addition to those found in the Reader, page 332, to bring out the main thoughts of the story: 1. Why is Daniel Boone an interesting character? 2. What kind of man did it take to settle the wild country, open to attack by savage Indians? Was Boone this kind of man? 3. How did the Indians treat Boone while he was a captive? Why? 4. Why did he want to hide a part of his ammunition? 5. Boonesborough was on the Kentucky River; why were forts needed in that country? 6. From this story what do you think a "garrison" is? 7. How many miles a day did Boone travel in his escape to the fort? 8. Boone knew the Indians would pursue him; imagine some of the incidents of such a journey. 9. Read an incident that shows Boone's coolness and quickness when in danger. 10. Read lines to show that Boone's hard wild life did not

make him rough. 11. Tell what you know of Boone in his old age. 12. What other stories of Boone have you read? 13. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *ransom; captive; trail; charge of powder.* 14. What other tales of pioneer life have you read? Do you like to read such stories? Why?

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

This selection is presented in dramatized form, the better to impress upon children the primitive conditions incident to the beginnings of our great national festival. Moreover, the story loses none of its value as a reading lesson by reason of this treatment, and it offers material suitable for a school play of unfailing interest to old and young. As a play, it lends itself to stage and costume effects, or it may be given in the classroom to good advantage without either of these.

The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 332, will help to bring out the main thoughts of the selection: 1. What does the picture on page 66 tell you? 2. Where and when did this scene take place? 3. Why did Governor Bradford name a day for public Thanksgiving? 4. How long had the colonists been in this country? 5. Where did they come from? In what ship? 6. Tell of their suffering. 7. Who was Massasoit? 8. Why were the Indians invited to the feast? 9. What had Squanto taught the white settlers? What had he taught the boys? 10. Of what did the feast consist? 11. Of what does the present-day Thanksgiving dinner consist? 12. Compare the kind of light that the colonists had to work by at night with that which we have now. (*Child-Library Readers, Book Five,* contains an interesting story on the evolution of artificial light that the teacher may read or have read to pupils.) 13. For what was Priscilla famous as a cook? 14. Who was Miles Standish? Why did he order "practice at arms"? 15. What is a "matchlock"? 16. For what did the mother say they should give thanks? 17. You will enjoy reading "Squanto" and "Friends or Foes" (in *Stories of the Pilgrims,* Pumphrey); also "A Turkey for the Stuffing," Katherine Grace Hulbert (in *Happy Holidays,* Wickes). 18. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *grieve; maize; tread; tallow.* (The teacher should bear in mind that Priscilla, John Alden, and Miles Standish are characters with whom most children will become more familiar at a later period in their reading. In consequence she should aim to impress these names so that they will be remembered.)

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON

1. Which selections in Part I contain characters to which the second proverb applies? 2. To which characters in "A Dog of Flanders" does the third proverb apply? 3. Memorize this proverb. 4. Find a selection in Part V of this Reader to which the last proverb may be fitly applied. ("The Fish I Didn't Catch," p. 285.) 5. Memorize the proverb that you like best. 6. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context (*b*) from Glossary: *mercies; grievous; haughty; proverb.*

A BACKWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class page 80, finding answers to the questions given. Has the reading of the selections in Part I strengthened and deepened the pupils' love and appreciation of their home and their country? If so, this division of the book has been effectively treated. Each of the five Parts of the Reader is intended to emphasize certain fundamental ideas and ideals, and these should be made to stand out clearly in the pupil's mind. The "Forward Looks" and "Backward Looks" are aids to this end. Encourage pupils to make a collection of apt quotations clipped from newspapers and magazines for a "home-and-country" exhibit in school. Committees may be appointed to arrange the material for exhibition on the bulletin board of the school.

PART TWO

FAIRYLAND AND ADVENTURE

A FORWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class "A Forward Look," pages 81-82 of the Reader, calling attention to the picture at the top of page 81. This preview should give a pleasing promise of fairies, fun, and adventure. It should have the effect of creating a class spirit in keeping with that of the selections in the group and thus insure real enjoyment on the part of both pupils and teacher. As the selections referred to in the Forward Look are mentioned, pupils should be asked to turn to the opening page of each story or poem, in order to identify it by title or picture, or both. Thus, when, in the first paragraph, "Alice in Wonderland" is mentioned, have pupils turn to page 83 for the title and the picture. Similarly, when the "Quangle Wangle," "The Wise Jackal," and others are mentioned, have pupils turn to the first page of the story and read the title, using the Table of Contents, page 6, to guide in locating the selections. The Forward Look should put the class in a state of expectation, ready to see and enjoy "funny people and still funnier animals." Not only should pupils see and enjoy good humor, but they should be helped to distinguish clever, wholesome humor from that which is merely coarse and vulgar.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

Newspapers and magazines provide present-day humor mainly by means of cartoons and funny pictures; what cartoons do you read regularly? Make a collection of cartoons and humorous pictures for "Cartoon Day" in your school and mount them on the bulletin board.

So that pupils may have the necessary background, have them read the "Helps to Study" given in the Reader, pages 332-333. Call attention to the sub-titles in the story. Ask which is the funniest of these units. *Other questions:* 1. What does the picture on page 83 illustrate? On page 91? 2. What "rule" did Alice mean? 3. Did she prove by her argument that she was right about the rule? 4. Why do you think the Red Queen "changed the subject" so suddenly? 5. To argue is to give reasons for believing you are right; was Alice fond of argument? 6. Read lines that tell of some of her arguments with the Queens. 7. Are you fond of playmates who like to argue? 8. How do the answers and remarks of the

Queens make Alice feel? Is she able to convince them that they are wrong? 9. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context (*b*) from Glossary: *interrupted; ridiculous; pleaded; piteous; vicious.*

THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

This poem from Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense* is intended to be read aloud for amusement and enjoyment. The nonsense of this book is of so masterful a kind that John Ruskin wrote: "Surely the most beneficent and innocent of all books yet produced is the *Book of Nonsense,* with its carols, inimitable and refreshing, and perfect in rhythm. I really don't know any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors." Explain that the author means by "idle self" his moments of leisure. Bring out details of the poem by the following suggestions and questions: 1. The picture on page 93 represents the hat; read the description given in the first stanza. 2. What does this stanza tell you? 3. Who is talking in the second stanza? 4. What does he say? 5. What does each of the other stanzas tell you? 6. Which lines are most nonsensical? 7. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *grant; luminous.*

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

This fairy tale offers excellent material for silent reading, of the type in which the story-element is the chief aim. (See suggestions for Silent Reading on page 364 of this Manual.) Pupils should read silently and rapidly, keeping a record of the time required to complete the story. When this has been done the following ten questions may be given to find how much each pupil has gained from his reading: 1. How did the miller's boasting of his daughter bring great trouble upon her? 2. When the miller's daughter went to the palace, what did the king command her to do? 3. Who helped her out of her trouble and what did she give him to spin for her? 4. Find lines that tell of the dwarf's second visit; what did the maiden give him this time? 5. Tell of the dwarf's third visit and of the promise she made him. 6. Tell of the dwarf's later visit; what "chance" did he give the queen? 7. How did the queen learn the dwarf's name? 8. Why do you think the dwarf knew the girl was to be queen? 9. What did she think of her chance of becoming a queen? 10. Whom did Rumpelstiltskin blame for the queen's guessing his name?

The above questions may be valued at ten points each. Some additional questions may be used to advantage, but because of their general nature

and the fact that some of them call for opinion or judgment, these should not form a part of the informal test.

General questions and topics: 1. Picture the place where the messenger found "the little man"; describe your picture. 2. Find lines that show that the dwarf felt sure the queen would not learn his name. 3. This kind of story is called a fairy tale; was there ever a time when fairy tales were believed to be true stories? 4. Who wrote this fairy tale? What other Grimm stories have you read? 5. Find lines that the picture on page 96 of the Reader illustrates; lines that the picture on page 101 illustrates. 6. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *clever; curious.*

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

This story is suitable for silent reading of the fact-gathering type; show how this story, such as might happen in real life to any boy, differs from the fairy tale. The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 333, will aid you in finding what the pupils have gained from their reading: 1. Picture the little town in which August lived; what do you see in your picture? 2. Picture August and tell what you see in your picture. 3. Tell how August came to be so named; how the family came to call the stove "Hirschvogel." 4. What did you learn about the stove from reading the story? 5. Why did August object to his father's selling the stove? 7. What resolve did August make and how did he prepare for the trip? 8. To whom did the traders sell the stove? 9. What did the king do when August had told him the story of the stove? 10. Find lines in the story that show you what kind of boy August was.

Topics for Discussion: (One-minute talks.) (*a*) Did August's father do right in selling Hirschvogel? (*b*) My opinion of August's actions in opposing the sale and removal of the stove; (*c*) Evening in the Strehla home; (*d*) Explain the pictures found in the Reader on pages 112, 120, 125.

THAT CALF

This humorous poem should be read aloud. The reading may well take the form of a dramatization, one pupil representing the old farmer, while a group of children take the parts of the animals and the fowl. Or pupils may arrange the poem in dialogue fashion:

Old Farmer (addressing the cattle): Now which of you, last night, shut the barn door while I was in bed?

Cattle (shaking their heads): It must have been Spot.
Dapple-gray: I was not up this way last night, as I now recollect.
etc., etc., etc.

The following questions may be helpful: 1. Why was Spot blamed by the others? 2. What reply did Spot make to the farmer? 3. What did the others say when they heard the farmer praise Spot? 4. What reply did Spot make to them? 5. Have you ever seen persons who acted toward others as these animals acted toward Spot? 6. Point out the most humorous lines in the poem. 7. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *suspect; accuse; foundered.*

A BRAVE BOY'S ADVENTURE

The story should be read through silently as previous preparation. Use these and other questions to test comprehension. The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, page 333, will help to bring out the main thoughts of the story: 1. What "strangers" do you think Horse-Shoe Robinson feared? 2. Give a reason why the Ramseys were particularly anxious for "the news from the army." 3. Tell how the British soldiers had disturbed the Ramseys. 4. Find lines that tell you how the mother felt about Robinson's plan; how did the boy feel about it? 5. Have you ever seen a powder-horn? Do you know what a "scrimmage" is? 6. Find lines that tell you Horse-Shoe Robinson loved fun. 7. What did the smoke from the cabin chimney tell Robinson? 8. What are "signals"? 9. Why did Robinson tell the boy to call him "Captain"? 10. How did Andrew show that he was brave? 11. Show how this story of real life differs from fairy stories, such as "Rumpelstiltskin." 12. Tell of any other adventure on the part of a boy that you know or about which you have read. 13. Would you enjoy an adventure such as this brave boy had? 14. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *artillery; corps; swaggering; ensign.*

THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY AND SCROOGE

In the Reader this story is given the form of a dramatization, in the belief that the dramatic instinct of children should be cultivated as an aid to the interpretation of literature. Moreover the story loses none of its value as a reading lesson by reason of its dramatic treatment. It furnishes a pleasing and appropriate play, suited to the Christmas festival, and may be given with or without staging, in the classroom or on the platform of

a school auditorium. It offers opportunity for enlisting the active interest of a large number of pupils in the school—a feature that has decided value.

Act I gives a picture of Scrooge as a selfish miser, with a hard, unfeeling heart.

Act II gives a picture of the kind and loving Cratchits, living happily, even under the stress of poverty.

Act III gives a picture of Scrooge's change of heart—of his acceptance of the Fairy's Christmas gift, and of his new-found sympathy for others.

The following questions, in addition to those found in the Reader, pages 333 and 334, will aid in bringing out the main thoughts of the story:

Act 1. Read Scrooge's words, declining his nephew's invitation to Christmas dinner.

Act II. 1. What do you think was Scrooge's idea of a merry Christmas? 2. Why did Scrooge first refuse the Christmas gift that the Fairy brought him, and afterward accept it?

Act III. 1. What shows you that Scrooge's heart is changed? 2. There are Scrooges to be found today; have you ever seen such persons? 3. This story was written by the great English story-writer, Charles Dickens. This explains why the goose is the center of the Christmas feast; what is used for the main dish of the Christmas feast in our country? 4. Find another evidence that this is an English story rather than an American. (Sixpence.) 5. Find humorous passages. What Christmas stories have you most enjoyed reading? Why is this a good Christmas story? (It shows how the Christmas spirit of "good will" influenced a selfish man and made him kind-hearted.) See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five* for interesting Christmas stories. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *humbug; sixpence.*

A BACKWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class the "Backward Look" on pages 157-158, finding answers to the questions given. Has the reading of the selections in Part II helped pupils to see and enjoy humor and nonsense? Have they come to see that adventures occur not only in the magic world of fairies, but that exciting adventures come to real boys and girls all over the world? Refer again to "A Forward Look" on page 81, comparing with the "Backward Look" on pages 157-158. You will enjoy giving a class period to the "Backward Look." Encourage pupils to report on their favorite cartoons and to bring to class particularly good examples of humor expressed by means of the funny pictures. The teacher will censor the examples offered for the school bulletin board.

PART THREE

THE WORLD OF NATURE

A FORWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class "A Forward Look," pages 159-160, calling attention to the picture at the top of page 159. It should be the aim in this survey of this unit of the book about to be taken up to acquaint pupils with the dominating ideas of the Part and to give them a pleasing view of this division of the text. The teacher may well enlarge upon the magic of Nature, pointing out concrete examples familiar to the children. Poets observe more closely than most persons do and their fancies about Nature are truly wonderful. Whenever a selection is mentioned in the forward look, pupils should turn to the title in the text, using the table of contents to guide in finding the story. For example, when "Bob White" is mentioned, pupils will turn to the page in the text and read the title.

PLANTING THE TREE

This poem should be read aloud for its splendid rhythm. The picture on page 161 suggests Arbor Day. Have pupils memorize the poem. Find what things mentioned in the poem the pupils know. Tell the meaning of: *keelson; rafters; spire; crag.* See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five* for interesting stories and poems on trees and conservation of forests.

The famous Washington elm (Cambridge, Mass.) under which George Washington took command of the American army, July 3, 1775, died in 1923. Have pupils bring to class any stories or pictures of this tree.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

Read the poem aloud to pupils or have a pupil who is a good reader do so. Then see that the stanzas, one by one, are rightly interpreted by questions such as the following: 1. In the first stanza, who is talking? 2. To whom is the tree speaking? 3. In this stanza what does the tree call the leaves? (His children.) 4. Which lines rime? 5. What does this stanza make you see? 6. Read it to make others see your picture. 7. Develop

the other stanzas similarly. 8. Read the words that the leaves whispered among themselves. 9. How did the tree send his children to bed? 10. What does the third stanza make you see? 11. The fifth? 12. Read these stanzas aloud to bring out these pictures. 13. Who is "the one from far away"? 14. Is the poet's fancy of winter, with "white bedclothes draped upon her arm," an apt comparison? 15. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *huddled; swarm.*

MAY

These lines should be read aloud to the class by the teacher or a pupil who is a good reader. Then some questions will help pupils to gain a fuller and more exact meaning. The following will suggest others: 1. The poet speaks of May as if it were a person; do you know why? 2. Can you tell why the poet fancies May as a "merry" person? 3. What does "rollicking" tell you about May? 4. How does a brook "laugh"? How does it "gurgle and scold"? 5. In the fifth line who is meant by "she"? Can you think of a reason for the use of "she" instead of "he"? 6. What did May do to the birds? To the bees and butterflies? To the trees? 7. Find another fancy as pleasing as that of the buds looking out "to see what the trouble was all about." 8. Read aloud the two lines to bring out the beauty of this fancy. 9. The poet uses four fancies to tell of things that May did; which of these four fancies do you like best? 10. Which lines rime? 11. Write in your own words the two lines which tell what May did to the bees and butterflies; explain why the author's order of words is different from yours. 12. Tell why you like the month of May. 13. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *outright; bade.* Have one or more pupils read aloud the entire poem. For other interesting poems of the seasons, see *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five.*

THE SQUIRRELS AT WALDEN

Henry D. Thoreau was a noted American naturalist. He made a close study of animals and birds and trees while he was living in a cottage that he had built in Walden woods near Concord, Massachusetts. A picture of this cottage is found in the Reader on page 167.

This selection is suitable for silent reading of the fact-gathering type. Questions such as the following will help you to determine what the pupils

have gained from their reading: 1. Have you ever seen a squirrel? What color was it? 2. What kind of squirrel does Thoreau tell us about? 3. Have you ever seen a red squirrel? 4. Use another word for *baited;* for *warily.* 5. "Fits and starts" means "irregularly"; at irregular intervals of time. Have you ever seen a leaf blown by the wind, by "fits and starts" as Thoreau had noticed? 6. "Paces" means "steps"; use the word in a statement. 7. A rod is sixteen and a half feet; step off on the floor "half a rod." 8. Have you ever watched any animal or bird closely? What habits of the animal or bird did you learn? 9. Have you ever seen tame squirrels? Tell of any incidents in connection with them. 10. The squirrel is noted for his habit of laying up a store of food for winter use; he is industrious and ——. (Fill the blank with the apt word to describe this characteristic of the squirrel.)

Topics for Discussion: (*a*) some squirrels that I know; (*b*) some tricks I have seen squirrels do.

HOW THE CHIPMUNK GOT ITS STRIPES

The following questions will aid in bringing out the main thought of the story: 1. Find lines that tell what the geloori was doing. 2. Do you think he could have saved his nest in that way? 3. At first Shiva thought the geloori very foolish; when he understood the little animal's reason, did he laugh at him for beginning such a hopeless task? 4. Tell what happened at Shiva's touch. 5. Why did he give these stripes to the geloori? 6. In what other way did the god reward the geloori's love and patience? 7. Do you know a chipmunk at sight? 8. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *bail.*

THE SINGING LESSON

Read the poem to the class or have a pupil who reads well do so. Then have pupils help you to state in a few sentences, to be written on the board, the main thought of the poem. In this way a brief abstract of the story is given. A few questions will help in interpretation: 1. What mistake did the nightingale make? 2. How did she feel after she had done this? 3. What did the nightingale do that the owl does? 4. The dove told her that she was "behaving like a goose"; what did the dove mean by that remark? 5. The nightingale is noted for its sweet song; could such a bird be called

"common"? 6. Why did the dove call the nightingale "a bird of joy and delight"? 7. The dove told her what to do; then how did the nightingale sing? 8. Can you use another word for "divinely"? (Heavenly.) 9. Why does the poet mention that the night was calm? 10. Why did the nightingale pay no attention to the people who listened? 11. What is the "moral" of this story? 12. Read aloud the six lines of the poem "Humility" and tell how they apply to "The Singing Lesson." 13. Note these apt expressions and try to use words equally good in each case: *false note; musical beak; wonderful psalm; sang to the skies.*

BOB WHITE

This poem abounds in beautiful pictures, such as the first line gives. The aim is to have pupils *see* these pictures. Questions will aid in this: 1. Who was the "plump little chap in a speckled coat"? 2. "Zigzag" is an apt word to describe a rail fence; have you ever seen such a fence? 3. Can you tell why a rail fence is built in "zigzag" fashion? (So the wind cannot blow it down.) 4. Read the lines that help you to know the season of the year; the time of day; do you know when buckwheat ripens? Have you ever seen a field of buckwheat? 5. At what time of year is "corn stacked"? (Corn is here used to mean any kind of grain.) 6. Read the first stanza to bring out the picture clearly. 7. What question is asked in the second stanza? How is it answered in the third? 8. What does the poet mean by "hailing some comrade"? Give another word for "comrade"; for "blithe." 9. Have you ever seen a field of ripe corn or grain? What picture does "gold and amber grain" give you? What does "billows" make you think of? (Waves of water.) Have you ever seen a field of grain that looked like billows? 10. Have you ever seen stubble? Does a barefoot boy like to walk through a stubble field? Why? 11. Do you know any other birds that are named for what they seem to call? (The cuckoo and the whippoorwill.) Has Bob White any other name? 12. Notice how the repeating of a letter at the beginning of several words in a line helps to give a musical sound, pleasing to the ear, as repeating "b" in the line "breezy, bracy morn" (*bracy* means "bracing"); find another line in this poem that is made musical in this way. 13. Find lines that contain apt descriptive words (plump, speckled). 14. Read aloud lines that give you a striking picture, such as, "He sits on the zigzag rails remote"; if you are not quite sure what *remote* means, look it up in the Glossary. 15. Read the entire poem aloud to bring out the joy Bob White feels. See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five* for other interesting poems of birds.

BEES AND FLOWERS

This selection tells us some of the interesting facts about the world of Nature. It is well suited to the purposes of silent reading for fact-gathering. Read again what is said in the "Forward Look" on pages 159-160 about bees and flowers. The questions in the Reader, page 334, will be helpful. In addition, use the following: 1. What kinds of bees are mentioned in this story? See that the children understand "takes it leisurely enough." 2. Tell where the bees find honey and where they store it. 3. Why do plants make honey? 4. Why do some flowers have sweet scents? 5. What two flowers does the author tell you about, that have all the things necessary to attract bees—a beautiful color, a sweet scent, and a graceful shape? Do you know any others? 6. What is peculiar about the daisy (day's eye)? 7. Explain the last paragraph; had you ever before thought of flowers and bees in this way? 8. Tell what facts you have gained from this selection; will this lesson help you to observe and study bees and flowers more closely? 9. You will enjoy reading "Bumblebees" (in *Knowing the Insects Through Stories*) and in hearing your teacher read "Mason Bees" (in *Insect Adventures*, Fabre).

TAKING LUNCH WITH A WILD GROUSE

Mr. Baynes is a well-known lover of birds and animals, and has done a great deal for their protection and humane treatment. He is a frequent contributor to current magazines, and is the author of *Wild Bird Guests*.

The following topics will furnish specific data to guide pupils in their silent reading of this interesting true story:

I. How the wood-chopper became acquainted with this grouse that Mr. Baynes went to see.
II. How the grouse met Mr. Baynes.
III. The device used by Mr. Baynes to find the grouse on his second visit; they lunch together.
IV. The little grouse prevents Mr. Baynes from taking a walk.
V. The grouse enjoys a picnic dinner with Mr. Baynes and his friends.
VI. The leave-taking of Mr. Baynes and his friends.

Brief oral reports on these specific topics will reveal how well the pupils have used their reading to gain definite information.

You will enjoy reading "Little Friend Sparrow," a Korean legend (in *Happy Holidays*, Wickes), for it tells of a friendship with a little bird.

THE BROOK-SONG

The teacher should read this poem of cheer to the children or have a pupil who reads well do so. Help the pupils to see the pictures that the poem contains, by asking questions such as: 1. "What picture do you see when you read the first stanza?" 2. Have you ever seen ripples in a little brook "reach each other's hands and run"? 3. To what does the poet compare these ripples when they join "hands and run"? 4. What picture does the second stanza give you? 5. How do you like the poet's fancy that "the water-bugs raced round and laughed at him"? Have you ever seen water-bugs? 6. Find a similar fancy in the third stanza and tell what you see in your picture when you read this stanza. 7. Why do you think the poet speaks of the center of the brook's current as "golden-braided"? 8. Have you ever seen a leaf sailing on a brook? 9. The last two stanzas tell of the poet's boyhood pleasure in the little brook and asks it to sing him to sleep; who is called "the dreamer"? 10. Memorize the first three stanzas. 11. Compare this poem with the one that follows, "The Rivulet," and treat the two as one lesson; then follow with "Raining." 12. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *film; lilting; refrain.*

A WONDERFUL WEAVER

This imaginative poem is full of beautiful pictures and clever fancies. The aim is to help the children to see and enjoy these wonderful fancies; to do so is to cultivate their imagination. Some questions like the following will be helpful: 1. What do we call "the white mantel," or cloak, which the weaver makes? 2. How does this cloak help the earth? 3. What is the weaver's shuttle? His loom? 4. What does "in the gloom" tell you? 5. Where does the weaver put the laces that he weaves? 6. What does he do for the meadow? For the post? 7. How does he change the pump to a ghost? Did you ever see such a ghost? 8. What does the sun do to the work of the weaver? 9. Find another fancy in the poem as pretty as that of the trees covered with lace. 10. What is it to "deck" the trees? 11. Can you think of a fancy about snow that is not mentioned in this poem? 12. Find lines that rime. Memorize the poem. 14. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *shuttle; decks; flinty; quaint.*

MISHOOK, THE SIBERIAN CUB

This story offers excellent material for silent reading. It is informational and at the same time has an interesting story-element. A brief

abstract of the narrative may be given by pupils, using the outline provided by the headings of the several units:

I. In the den.
II. The first walk.
III. Getting ready for winter.
IV. The bear hunt.
V. Mishook's new home.
VI. In the forest again.

The following topics will serve to call out interesting discussions:

I. A picture of the young cubs.
II. The den which was Mishook's first home.
III. How bears live in winter without eating.
IV. Did the elder cub drop Mishook's sister into the water purposely?
V. The trouble the bears brought to the villagers.
VI. How Thomas located the bear's den.
VII. Why Mishook was returned to the forest.
VIII. What the pictures on pages 188, 192, 199 illustrate.
IX. Other bear stories I have read.
X. The best bear story I ever read.

Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *muzzle; ravine; brushwood; mischievous; dense.* Tell in a single sentence the thought of the last paragraph of the story. See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five* for additional stories of bears.

THE MONTHS: A PAGEANT

This poem provides an attractive play, suitable for any season of the year, but especially appropriate at Christmas or Easter time, or at the closing of the school year. It lends itself to stage and costume effects, but it may be rendered to advantage without these accompaniments. As a dramatic reading conducted by twelve pupils, each representing one of the months, it affords a splendid class exercise in responsive reading. Treated in this way, it offers a pleasing number on any program of school exercises. Moreover, the poem loses none of its value as an exercise in oral reading by reason of its dramatized form. The author, Christina G. Rossetti, was an English poet, and this fact accounts for some of the terms used, as well as for some of the objects in Nature that are treated. These should be noted by the teacher and pointed out to the children.

JANUARY

1. What reason does January give for commanding the fagot to "sparkle" and the embers to "glow"? 2. What tells you that snow covers the ground? Tell what "loitering" means. 3. In England Robin Redbreast remains throughout the winter but in some parts of our own country he is an early spring bird; does he come as early as January in your region? 4. Recite any poem that you know about Robin Redbreast. Memorize these lines from Frank Dempster Sherman:

"January, bleak and drear,
First arrival of the year,
Month of all months most contrary,
Sweet and bitter January."

5. See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five,* for other seasonal poems on birds and flowers. 6. Tell the meaning (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *fagot; waistcoat.*

FEBRUARY

1. How do a few snowdrops "prove the world awake"? 2. The poet compares the lambkin and the snowdrop; in what are they alike? 3. Use another word for "braving." 4. March is the windy month; have you heard the winds "sing"? 5. "Sway" and "whirling" are aptly used words; can you use another apt word for each of these words? 6. What does the second stanza on page 202 make you see? The third stanza? 7. What word can we add to the last line, page 202, to make the meaning clear? (Hasten.) 8. Which lines rime? 9. Read the page aloud to bring out the pictures clearly. 10. Tell the meaning of: *tottering; braving.*

MARCH

1. March is often called the "stormy" month; what does March say he does? 2. What words tell you that when March leaves violets spring up? 3. "Quake" is to quiver, to shake; do you know another name for the "windflower"? (Anemone.) 4. The catkin's fruit is its ripened seed. 5. The last stanza gives you what pictures? Have you ever heard the wind "making music" in the tree tops? What does the poet fancy the branches of the tree to be? (Harpstrings.) 6. "Say me nay" means "prevent me." 8. Three of our American poets have written charmingly of March. Memorize each of the stanzas quoted from their poems, on the next page.

"The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies."
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

"With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stormy Winter dies:
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise:
March!"
—*Bayard Taylor.*

"Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets."
—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

APRIL

1. Did you ever see eggs in a sparrow's nest? How many were there? 2. What picture does the first stanza give you? 3. What can sparrows do even though they cannot sing? 4. What does April ask the sparrows to do? 5. April calls March "the most flying" month; why is this apt? 6. Why does March call April "hope and sweetness"? 7. What picture does the second stanza give you? 8. For what is the nightingale noted? April says to the nestlings, "you'll be nightingales one day"; what does she mean? 9. Does "country side" mean the region or the people? When will the nightingales "charm the country side"? 10. Read the page aloud to make the pictures clear. Read aloud the following from other poets:

"'Tis a month before the month of May
And the Spring comes slowly up this way."
—*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

"Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers."
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

May

1. April is the month of showers; how does May refer to this characteristic of April? 2. Read aloud words that tell how full of happiness May is. 3. Can you use another word for "waxing"? 4. May says "all that is, is fair"; what does she mean by these words? 5. May names some flowers that are hers; what are they? Which of them do you know? 6. Find a line that tells where forget-me-nots grow. 7. Can you use another word for "blows," in the line "With all that blows"? 8. What birds does May mention? Which of them do you know? The linnet and the cuckoo are English song birds; what does the poet say their songs mean? 9. Memorize the following lines from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
'Bud, little roses! Spring is here!'"

June

1. Read aloud the first stanza. 2. What fruit and flowers does June find when he comes? 3. Read aloud the lines that tell what the poet says the sun does for June. 4. Read aloud the last stanza. 5. Does noontide seem as quiet as the poet pictures it in the words, "noontide's silence deep"? 6. June is called the month of roses; can you tell why? 7. The poet James Russell Lowell wrote:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

July

1. By "flag" is meant a flowering plant, the iris; "curved pyramid of bloom" relates to fruit arranged in the form of a pyramid, four-sided, tapering to the top; "scatheless" means "unharmed"; 2. When do ears of corn come out upon the stalk? 3. Why do earth and air owe to July the fact that they both "smell as sweet as balm"? 4. What makes them smell so sweet? 5. Read aloud the entire page to bring out the meaning.

August

1. What grains are mentioned, each as supplying "someone's bread"? 2. Which of these grains do you know? 3. Does wheat furnish "bread for man or for beast"? 4. Do oats furnish food for man or for beast, or for both? 5. Which furnishes "a bird's savory feast"? ("Canary" here means Canary grass, the seed of which is a favorite bird food; "savory" means pleasant to taste or smell.) 6. Memorize the third stanza on page 208. 7. Sometimes a boy or girl is adopted into a family to which he is not related; such a child is called a foster brother or sister. Do you like the poet's fancy that the "folk in fur and feather" are our foster brothers and sisters? This kinship is the ground for the doctrine of the "brotherhood of man." It follows that brotherly feeling, a spirit of kindness and helpfulness, should mark our treatment of our fellowman and of our friends in "fur and feather." It is interesting to note the sentiments of other poets.

Robert Browning wrote:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

7. To which season does August belong? September? 8. August is the "harvest month"; what crops are harvested in August? 9. Why does August say September comes with "the first thought of Autumn in her eye"? 10. Is it merely the poet's fancy that September brings "the first sigh of Autumn wind among her locks"?

September

1. What does the first stanza make you see? 2. What fruits does September bring that you know? 3. Which of these fruits do you like

best? 4. Have you ever seen damsons that were "pearled"? 5. Can you tell why the poet fancies that September's song is "half a sigh"? 6. Memorize what other poets have said of September and Autumn:

Bryant said of Autumn days:

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear."

Helen Hunt Jackson wrote of September:

"The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

By all these lovely tokens,
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer."

7. What are "sear" leaves? By "note" is meant "to take notice of"; "to count." 8. Do you like the poet's fancy that the autumn wind is calling the leaves and lamenting their falling? 9. Compare this fancy with that found in the following lines:

"The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more."

10. By "pall" is meant a covering or cloak. 11. Read the page to bring out the pictures clearly.

October

1. What cause for cheer does October mention? 2. What "crops" does October offer to September? 3. Which of these do you know? Have you seen walnuts growing on the tree? 4. Do we usually light our "first fire" in October? 5. Have you ever roasted chestnuts? 6. What pictures do you see in the stanza that begins with "crack your first nut"? 7. Read this

stanza aloud to bring out these pictures clearly. 8. Why does the poet say that November looks "dim and grim"? What are November's "dismal ways"? 9. Memorize these lines from other poets, about October:

"O sun and skies and flowers of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

"O sun and skies and clouds of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather."

—*Helen Hunt Jackson*

"My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves,
Woven like cloth of gold and crimson dyed;
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

"And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

NOVEMBER

1. What cheer does November say she brings? 2. By "a-chill" is meant "chilled"; do we often have "fog" in November? 3. What is a "hoar" frost? 4. Why does the frost say that in November "the earth lies fast asleep"? Does the earth really sleep in winter? 5. When will the earth "wake to mirth"? 6. Can you give a reason for November's saying that December is "all aglow"? Memorize what other poets have written about November:

Sir Walter Scott wrote:

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear."

Lucy Larcom wrote:

"Who said November's face was grim?
Who said her voice was harsh and sad?
I heard her sing in wood-paths dim,
I met her on the shore, so glad,
So smiling, I could kiss her feet!
There never was a month so sweet."

Alice Cary said of November:

"The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow."

DECEMBER

1. Why does December want no closed doors? 2. Does December seem a cheery month to you? 3. Do we usually have snow in December? 4. In what way is December both the "dimmest and brightest month"? 5. What time in December do the "lengthening days" begin? (In the latter part, 21st.) 6. The last two lines make an inquiry; ask the question in your own words. 7. Can we be cheerful and happy even though the day be gray? 8. How can we have sunshine within? 9. Memorize December's speech; also the following lines from Sir Walter Scott:

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

A BACKWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class the backward look, pages 213-214. This backward look should provide an enjoyable exercise, taking stock of the

benefits and pleasures furnished by the group of selections composing Part III, The World of Nature. Ask pupils questions such as the following: 1. Which selection did you like best? 2. Which gave you a hearty laugh? 3. Which contained the cleverest fancies? 4. From which did you learn most? 5. Which tells that men are kin to "that folk in fur or feather"? 6. Quote passages that you have memorized in Part III. 7. What poem of bird or flower have you found in recent newspapers or magazines? 8. Bring to class and read the poem about birds or flowers that you like best. 9. Make a collection of suitable pictures and poems for "Bird Day" in your school.

PART FOUR

FAMOUS HEROES OF LONG AGO

A FORWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class "A Forward Look," pages 215-216. The heroes described in this Part lived before the time when newspapers and books were read—before the art of printing was known. How was a hero's fame kept alive in those days? How did these stories come to be more wonderful as they were told and retold? Part IV tells fascinating stories of three great heroes of long ago; give their names and tell in what country each lived. These stories offer excellent material for silent reading. They should be read out of class and reported on in the recitation. Two or three lessons for each of these hero stories is adequate, since they should be read mainly for enjoyment, for the story.

BEOWULF, THE BRAVE PRINCE

The story of Beowulf is told in a poem which is one of the most remarkable in English literature. It is considered an English poem, for the language is Anglo-Saxon and the poem depicts the manners and customs of the Anglo-Saxons before their invasion of England. The leading characters, however, are Danes and Geats (Goths), who probably lived in the southern part of Sweden.

Whether the stories told in the poem were original with the poet or adapted and connected by him has been much debated. It is probable that stories of a hero like Beowulf, partly historical, partly mythical, may have existed long before the poem was written.

Teachers should read a good translation of part, if not all, of the poem, for no adaptation can show its beauty and strength. In telling the story for children of the fourth grade, the aim has been to reproduce as little of the gloom and terror of the poem as possible and yet to show the simple grandeur of the central figure. Beowulf, straightforward, faithful, brave, as heroes must always be, seeking nothing for himself, is a man whom our children need to know.

Use the questions found in the Reader, page 336. The following may suggest others: 1. Tell what you can of King Hrothgar's Hall. 2. How long did the Danes suffer from the monster Grendel? 3. Find words which

show that Beowulf had the spirit of the true knight. (Wherever there was need of his strength he was ready to give it, without thought of reward.) 4. What do you learn of Beowulf's character from his fight with the dragon? 5. Read aloud in class Beowulf's words spoken just before he died. 6. How did the story of Beowulf become known all over the world? 7. How will Beowulf's life help us today? 8. In a single sentence tell why you like Beowulf. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *warrior; gloomy; hilt; brink.*

SIGURD, THE YOUTHFUL WARRIOR

The story of Sigurd is told in the Volsunga-Saga of the old Norwegian-Icelandic literature. These legends are not peculiar to the Norse people but belong to the Teutonic race. Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland all claim the hero as their own. In Germany he is called Siegfried, but he is the same bright, brave warrior whom the more northern lands call Sigurd.

In the thirteenth century, many songs and stories about Siegfried were collected into one wonderful poem called the Nibelungen Lied. This forms the oldest existing monument of German epic poetry. Since that time, many stories, poems, and plays based upon the adventures of Sigurd have been written. The operas of the great composer, Richard Wagner, are the most famous of all these works.

The story will be read silently out of class. Use the questions and suggestions found in the Reader, page 337. In addition the following outline may be helpful:

I. Sigurd's mother tells him how to prepare himself to be a hero; find these words.
II. Why other children loved Sigurd.
III. A fairy story that I know about a sleeping princess.
IV. Some famous American warriors, of whom I have read.
V. Tell of Sigurd's horse; of his sword.

Some words to pronounce correctly: *warrior; sword; deceive; guarded.* (See dictionary.)

ROLAND, THE NOBLE KNIGHT

The legend of Roland is one of the oldest epics of early French literature. Most of the stories are believed to be without historical foundation,

but the most beautiful of all, the "Song of Roland," seems to commemorate an event which occurred about 778 A. D.

Eginhard, the secretary and minister of Charlemagne, tells in his "Annals" that certain Saracens came to that great ruler in the year 777 and offered to acknowledge him as their king. In consequence of this, Charlemagne made an expedition into Spain and took several cities, but when very near Saragossa, he turned north without taking that city. As the army crossed the Pyrenees mountains, the rear guard was attacked by the Gascons and all were slain. Roland, governor of the March of Brittany, was one of those who fell, fighting bravely.

This is all that history tells us about Roland. How the legend grew to its present proportions is not known. It is probable that the loss of the rear guard was sung by minstrels soon after the battle and that the Bretons took up these songs, making their own lord, Roland, the central figure. His prowess was sung until popular belief endowed him with strength and skill beyond that of mortals.

The legend gives us the manners and customs of a time when France was leader in Europe. It shows us the fighting life of the early middle ages and for this reason was very popular. The Norman chronicler, Wace, in his account of the Battle of Hastings, or Senlac, tells us that a minstrel rode before the Duke William, "singing of Roland and of Charlemagne, of Oliver and the knights who died at Roncevaux."

Have pupils tell the story of Roland, imagining themselves to be "minstrels," each pupil giving one topic of this outline:

I. Roland's boyhood.
II. Charlemagne finds Roland.
III. Roland's new home.
IV. Charlemagne and Roland in Spain.
V. Ganelon's wicked plan.
VI. The rear guard.
VII. Roland's last battle.

Use the questions and suggestions found in the Reader, pages 337-338. Also the following topics:

I. How I would probably feel toward Roland if I knew only what Ganelon told the Saracens about him.
II. Why Roland turned his face toward the land of Spain when he knew he was dying.

III. How the life of France's "greatest warrior and her noblest knight" helps us today.
IV. Words which show that Roland never boasted of his own deeds.
V. Words that I should understand and be able to use correctly: *Charlemagne; lance; rear; confident.*

A BACKWARD LOOK

The comparison of the noble heroes of long ago with our modern heroes, suggested on page 272, offers an opportunity for discussion of a valuable kind. What a boy or girl can do to be a noble hero of good citizenship is an excellent field for discussion. Tell pupils that a memorial hospital was recently dedicated in Panama in honor of Major-General William C. Gorgas, who cleaned up Cuba and Panama and rid the people of these countries of the dread disease, yellow fever, and then follow with such questions as: 1. Was he not a great hero? 2. Some favorite American heroes of whom I have read. 3. How we keep alive the memory of our American heroes. 4. How the memory of our great heroes helps us. 5. Hero days that we celebrate (Memorial Day, Armistice Day, etc.). 6. Finding statements of incidents to prove certain characteristics, such as those of Beowulf, Sigurd, or Roland, mentioned at the bottom of page 271 and top of page 272, is a valuable type of silent-reading procedure. See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four, Five* and *Six,* for other hero stories.

PART FIVE

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS

A FORWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class pages 273-274 of the Reader, seeking to give a promising outlook for pleasure in reading the selections in this last group of the book, in which you make friends of our own great American writers.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Read aloud and discuss in class the biography of Franklin, page 275 of the Reader, together with the additional facts given above under "A Forward Look." The following topics will guide:

I. Where and when Franklin was born.
II. What he did for Philadelphia.
III. Franklin did many thinks for his country. What one is mentioned? Of what others do you know?
IV. Two things for which Franklin is famous.

Use the questions and suggestions found in the Reader, page 338, and in addition ask the following: 1. What three selections from Franklin do you find on pages 276-278? 2. From what is "The Wharf" taken? "The Proverbs"? 3. Which proverb do you think you need most to practice? 4. What characteristic of Franklin is shown in "A Trick for Doing Good"?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Read and discuss in class the biography of Whittier on page 279 of the Reader. Then bring out interesting details of Whittier by facts and questions such as the following: 1. Few poets reflect in their poetry their life experiences more fully than does Whittier. His "Songs of Labor" picture early life on the farm in the hilly New England country; call attention to the suggestive panels on either side of Whittier's picture. 2. What three selections from Whittier are given on pages 280-287? 3. No doubt the poet describes in "The Drovers" some things that you have never observed; have you ever seen what is described in the third and fourth stanzas, page 281? 4. Which stanza does the picture on page 280 illustrate?

5. Read aloud the poem on pages 283-285 to bring out the pictures clearly, each pupil reading more than one stanza. 6. The poet uses *cot* for *cottage;* can you tell why? 7. Find another name for *landsman* given in this poem; in what way is the landsman like a weed? 8. See that the pupils understand: *amain; heave up; field of harvest; scaly tribes; teeming waters.* 9. What is meant by "the change and chances of the ocean and the sky"? By "the breath of heaven"? 10. What do we learn from "The Fish I Didn't Catch"?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Read and discuss in class the biography of Longfellow on page 288 of the Reader, and then bring out interesting details by such questions as the following: 1. Why is he called "The Children's Poet"? 2. Longfellow wrote several poems about the sea; can you account for his interest in the ocean? 3. He was interested in the life of the American Indians; what great poem describing Indian life did he write?

DAYBREAK

1. You will notice that "Daybreak" is a poem that has only two lines to each stanza; what does the poem describe? 2. Which of the many things that the wind did seems to be most fanciful? 3. Read lines that show the poet is thinking of the wind as a person. 4. Where does the poet say a wind came from? 5. Have you ever seen mists hang at night over the land near the sea? 6. What scatters the mists in the morning? Pronounce *mists,* giving the full sound of the last *s;* read the first two lines, making sure of the full sound of *mists.* 7. What does the wind do for the ships at sea? 8. Why cannot ships go forward when there is a heavy fog? 9. Can you picture the ships at sea when the wind rises? 10. Tell the meaning of *hailed, mariners.* 11. What are the *banners* of the forest? 12. What does the wind do to the leaves? 13. To the birds in the woods? 14. Why were the birds' wings *folded?* 15. A chanticleer is a cock or rooster; *clarion* means a clear sound; why does the rooster *blow* his clarion? What does the wind do with the rooster's *clarion?* 16. What did the wind whisper to the fields of corn? 17. Have you ever heard the wind whisper through the corn? 18. Have you ever seen a corn-field when the wind blew hard? 19. What did the wind want the bell in the tower to do? 20. In olden times it was the custom in towns to ring the church bell at six o'clock in

the morning to tell the people it was daybreak; read the lines that refer to this old custom. 21. Each stanza contains a picture; tell what you see in each picture. 22. Which picture do you see most clearly? 23. Which picture do you like best?

RAIN IN SUMMER

1. "Rain in Summer" is made pleasing by riming lines; point out the lines that rime. 2. Which of the things mentioned by Longfellow that the rain does, have you seen? 4. To what does the poet compare rain going down the gutters? 5. Use the questions found on page 339 in the Reader.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

"Hiawatha's Fishing" is one of the interesting pictures found in Longfellow's great epic poem; read the lines that tell what fish Hiawatha went to catch. Use the questions in the Reader, page 339. Have pupils read aloud the units as they are taken up, each pupil reading a complete unit. The poem abounds in pictures; ask pupils to find them and tell what they see in each picture, and then continue with the following: (For example, see page 292.) 1. Gitchie Gumee is the Indian name for Lake Superior and means "Big-Sea-Water"; why is that a good name? 2. Why was the sturgeon called "King of Fishes"? 3. What do the first eight lines make you see? 4. The sturgeon called Hiawatha "a rude fellow"; what other name did he call Hiawatha? 5. Make a list of Longfellow selections that you have read, including those found in this book. See *Child-Library Readers, Books Four* and *Five,* for other Longfellow poems.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Read and discuss in class the biography of Hawthorne, page 298. These questions will suggest others: 1. Why is he called "the great American story-writer"? 2. What two selections from Hawthorne do you find in this Reader? 3. From what book is each story taken?

THE SUNKEN TREASURE

In addition to the questions given on pages 339 and 340, use the following: 1. Do you like to read stories of hidden treasures? 2. Who is the chief character in this story? 3. Picture the room and the chair mentioned in the first paragraph. 4. Read the paragraphs that describe Sir William Phips. 5. Find lines that tell of his first voyage to recover the

lost Spanish treasure. 6. Tell of the finding of the treasure. 7. Find lines that tell of the money bags that were found. 8. What tells you that Phips kept his promise made to his wife? 9. King James aided Phips in his first voyage; why did the king not give him further aid? 10. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *mutiny; reef; transparent; bullion.*

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

1. Find lines that tell what kind of persons Baucis and Philemon were; what tells you whether they were rich or poor? 2. The villagers were unkind to the two strangers who sought their hospitality; in what words did Philemon tell his idea of hospitality? ("so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it.") 3. Find words that show Baucis had a similar idea of hospitality. 4. Find lines that tell what these villagers did that Hawthorne thinks you will find hard to believe. 5. Do you think there are still some people who are like the villagers in this story? 6. Are there still persons devoted to loving service like Baucis and Philemon? 7. Find lines that tell how the travelers looked. 8. How did Philemon think they would feel after their treatment at the hands of the villagers? 9. Why do you think Philemon's welcome "raised the spirits" of the travelers? 10. What do you understand by "raising their spirits"? 11. How did the younger traveler account for his being so lightfooted? 12. Tell all you can about the marvelous staff. 13. What did Philemon tell the travelers that shows he *acted* in accord with his *idea* of hospitality? ("We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard.") 14. What marvelous thing happened? 15. What question concerning the village did the elder traveler ask? 16. Read Philemon's answer to this question. 17. What did the younger traveler give as his name? 18. This is a story of mythology; Mercury (Quicksilver) is the messenger of the gods; do you know Mercury as shown in picture or statuary? 19. Why was the staff "marvelous"? 20. Find lines that tell about the scanty supper; what wonderful thing happened to the milk in the pitcher? To the bread? 21. Tell about the honey. 22. Philemon called the two travelers "wonder-working strangers"; can you tell why? 23. How did "Quicksilver" account for the fountain of milk in the pitcher? 24. Find lines that tell what kind of voice the elder traveler had; what did he say as the "four started from the cottage"? 25. What change had come over the village that the travelers now noticed? Find lines that tell what became of the villagers? 26. What reward came to Baucis and Philemon? 27. The stranger said to

Baucis and Philemon, "Show hospitality in your palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening"; can you think of a reason for his giving this advice? 28. Tell about the oak and the linden-tree; what sound did the wayfarer hear who paused beneath these trees? 29. Select and read to the class parts of the story that you like best. 30. Tell the meaning of (*a*) from context, (*b*) from Glossary: *hospitality; lodging; fertile; ancient; marvelous; guests; delicious; draught; curmudgeon; wayfarer.*

A BACKWARD LOOK

Read and discuss in class pages 325-327. Give emphasis to these great American authors as you would to great American statesmen, such as Washington and Lincoln. It is the aim of these reviews and summaries to give pupils a better understanding of the book as a whole, not as a miscellaneous scrapbook, but as consisting of five Parts: Home and Country; Fairyland and Adventure; The World of Nature; Famous Heroes of Long Ago; Great American Authors. This final backward look may well survey the entire book. The following questions will help you to determine the interests and tastes of pupils: 1. Which group did you enjoy most? 2. Which gave you most information? 3. Which group would you like to extend by reading more stories similar in kind? These and other questions that deal with the groups as distinct units will serve to leave vivid impressions of the main subjects treated in the book. See *Child-Library Readers* for stories and poems to extend the various stories and groups found in this book.